The Saturday Evening
POST
April 13, 1957 — 15¢

APR 9 '57

GOVERNOR MEYNER OF NEW JERSEY

The Woes of Willie Mays

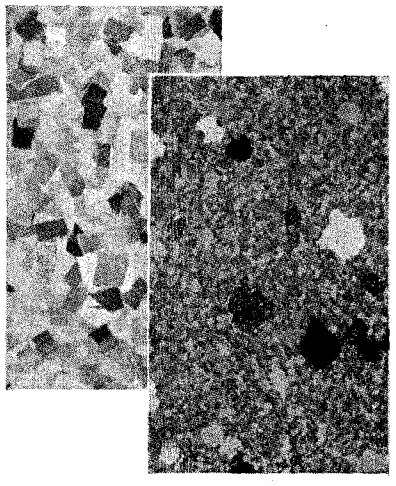
LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Extraordinary new resilient floor with built-in air bubbles "gives" comfortably underfoot, may soon replace all other kinds of floors in luxury homes.

REMARKABLE NEW KIND OF Armstrong FLOOR

...a built-in cushion of foam lets you walk on air



ALREADY AVAILABLE—Armstrong Floors with Cushion-Eze* in gay Spatter® Linoleum and smart new Mosaic* Corlon® plastic. Lots of lovely colors to choose from in either material.
*TRADE-MARK

AH! NEW COMFORT! Yes—there's air in this new floor—millions of tiny air bubbles that mean wonderful new comfort in your home. Armstrong Cushion-Eze is a layer of springy foam built right into the floor. This new kind of Armstrong floor gives you luxurious underfoot comfort, even after a long day on your feet. Now you can have this carpet-like comfort in every inch of every room...not just where you have rugs. This doesn't mean that floors with Cushion-Eze replace your rugs. On the contrary, they're designed to show them off more handsomely than ever.

SSHH! NEW QUIET! With this remarkable new floor, footsteps are delightfully hushed. And, when you use it upstairs, it also cuts down tremendously on noise transmitted through the ceiling to rooms below. What a blessing, especially if you have children!

MMM! NEW EASY CARE! This new type of floor is far easier to keep clean than the one you have at present. Because the surface has "give," it's almost impossible for dirt to be ground in. Go to your flooring dealer's and walk on Cushion-Eze. It's a delightful sensation—you're actually walking on air!

SEND FOR FREE 4-PAGE BOOKLET *with full-color illustrations of all styles available with Cushion-Eze. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5704 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.*

THE LAST WORD IN LUXURY— Armstrong FLOORS WITH CUSHION-EZE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TELEPHONE MEN AND WOMEN attend one of the training courses in day-to-day matters of telephone service, employee and public relations. These particular courses are for management people in the Bell Telephone Companies throughout the country. There are many other Bell System programs for the training and advancement of telephone people at various stages of their careers. They include broad liberal arts courses at leading universities as well as schools within the business for executives.

"From the building of people comes the progress of the business"

Bell System's management training programs benefit telephone users and the company as well as telephone men and women

There is nothing more important to good telephone service and to the future of the business than the finding and developing of capable people.

The Bell System has long been among the leaders in this field and it has pioneered many new methods for the training of telephone men and women at various stages of their careers.

What we aim to do is to provide both the opportunity and the preparation for a better job. The long-standing policy of making promotions from the ranks also helps to assure the continuing know-how and spirit of the organization.

This in turn brings far-reaching benefits to all who use the telephone and to the progress of the company.

It is an important reason for today's good service and the solid foundation for still better things to come.

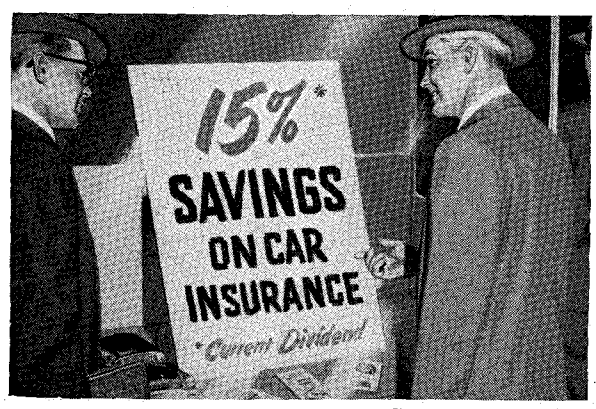
Working together to bring people together
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIBERTY MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you

Threatened with frightening damages but rescued by Liberty



IT'S GRAND TO GET SAVINGS! Hundreds of thousands of car owners all over the U.S.A. have enjoyed receiving their Liberty Mutual dividend at the end of the policy year. This saving (*currently 15%**) is real evidence of the way Liberty Mutual's efficient operation has benefited policyholders.

*Except on Massachusetts Compulsory Coverage and Assigned Risks.

IT'S EASY TO SWITCH to Liberty Mutual and get the famous direct service that gives you such excellent protection. 70% of Liberty's policyholders have switched to Liberty Mutual from other companies. Just phone the Liberty number (*or write*) and say when we may call. Liberty Mutual will take care of the rest.

"I was certain that the other party's claims were untrue," says this Liberty policyholder, "but I faced a frightening damage suit — way beyond my insurance coverage. My wife and I were greatly distressed. We'd just had our fourth child and would have been financially unable to pay any damages. The successful settlement out of court was due entirely to the skill and hard work of your claimsman. Your excellent service certainly rewarded us for our confidence in Liberty Mutual."

It's a wonderful feeling to know that your insurance company will really *stand by you.* Liberty protects you solidly and expertly. Wherever you drive in the U. S., Canada and Hawaii, Liberty's help will start as soon as you phone — day or night. And the cost of Liberty Mutual service is low. Savings (*through dividends*) are currently 15% in most states.

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Boston

Insurance for: *Automobiles, Liability, Group Accident and Health, Fire, Workmen's Compensation, Marine, Crime*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor* Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor* Beverly Smith, Jr., *Washington Editor*

Associate Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Demaree Bess, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, Arthur W. Baum, Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, Ernest O. Hauser, H. Ralph Knight, Steven M. Spencer, Harry T. Paxton, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Harold H. Martin, Robert L. Johnson, Jr., James P. O'Donnell, Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair, Jr.

Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor* William J. Stevens, Jr., *Assistant Managing Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor* Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Editorial Assistants: Edward H. Saile, William J. Bailey, Richard L. Lehman, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Bill Breisky, Ben Allen, Robert N. Taylor, Morton D. Hull

IN THIS ISSUE

April 13, 1957 *Vol. 229, No. 41*

4 Short Stories

End of a Marriage . . . . . *Nelia Gardner White* 26
The Platoon of Pariahs . . . . . *William Chamberlain* 30
A Dream for Sale . . . . . *George Loveridge* 37
Record Run . . . . . *William Manchester* 40

9 Articles

The Glamorous Governor of New Jersey . . . . . *Milton MacKaye* 23
The Seven Dictators of Broadway . . . . . *Stanley Frank* 28
The Woes of Willie Mays . . . . . *Edward Linn* 31
The Oddest War Ever Fought . . . . . *Noel Barber* 32
The Face of America: Prize Babies . . . . . *Photograph by Ivan Dmitri* 34
Pals of My Childhood . . . . . *Farley Mowat* 36
My Daughter's Silent World *Adelyn Pagenstecher, as told to Mary Ellen Stevens* 38
A Bloom for Mother-in-Law . . . . . *Frank J. Taylor* 42
Wonderful Wooden Sandwich . . . . . *Arthur W. Baum* 48

2 Serials

The Lady (Third of four parts) . . . . . *Conrad Richter* 44
Kiowa Moon (Fifth of seven parts) . . . . . *Alan Le May* 51

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 46
Verse . . . 63, 74, 97, 103, 106, 126
Keeping Posted 140

THE COVER

We see by the cover that Mlle. Rosalie de Paris has unloaded on madam a chapeau avec beaucoup de flower garden topside. It is darling, madam is fully convinced. And if you think it is a malformed nightmare whose logical repository is the ash-can, you must be just a puritanical old fogy, for it is also regarded as a masterpiece by that great American designer, Monsieur Alajálov de New York. So you may be sure that in the Easter parade it will rank high, or stick out, unless madam encounters some creature wearing positively-my-dear the same identical thing—and wouldn't that be a lulu of a spectacle? As for the character in the other bed, for once in his life he is noticing that his wife has a new hat. When he gets the bill, he will notice it again.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1957 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

How to read expiration dates *from your address label on the cover:* The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 46–57 or May 18, 1957; 18–57 or November 2, 1957.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Walter D. Fuller, Chairman of the Board; Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Morton S. Bailey, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address *at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect.* Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Have your new

SWEPT-WING

Dodge

(see pages 20 and 21)

delivered with

SOLEX

SAFETY GLASS

Your new Dodge will be even safer . . . driving will be even more enjoyable and comfortable . . . when it is equipped with a Solex windshield and windows. The soft, greenish tint of Solex Safety Glass lessens eyestrain, guards against the glare of intense sunlight. It keeps your car's interior cooler, because Solex absorbs at least 50% of the total solar heat.

Why not get all these additional advantages when you buy your new Dodge? The cost is less than you think.

SOLEX®

is a product of

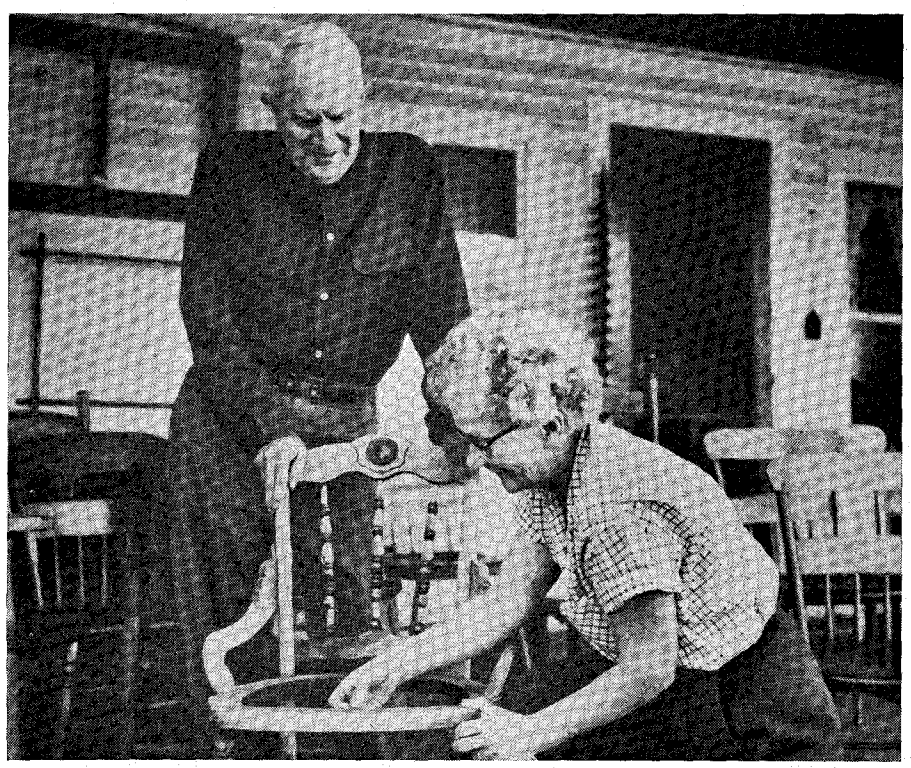
PITTSBURGH
PLATE GLASS COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

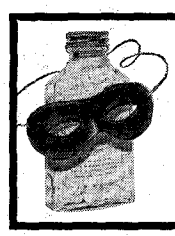
BAYER ASPIRIN
makes you
FEEL BETTER FAST!

® And it's one thing most everyone can take any time—WITHOUT STOMACH UPSET!

MORNING HEADACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST—A miserable morning headache doesn't have to ruin your whole day. Bayer Aspirin will bring remarkably fast relief! To see one reason why, drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water. What it does in the glass it also does in your stomach. It starts to disintegrate—is actually ready to go to work—*instantly*, to make you feel better *fast!*



MINOR RHEUMATIC PAIN? FEEL BETTER FAST—Countless persons who suffer from rheumatism, arthritis or sciatica find that Bayer Aspirin helps them keep active by bringing quick, temporary relief from minor pains. And Bayer Aspirin is not only amazingly fast, but wonderfully gentle, too—so gentle, doctors prescribe it even for small children.



Don't Pay Twice the Price of Bayer Aspirin for ASPIRIN "IN DISGUISE"! What is aspirin "in disguise"? . . . A pain relieving product that attempts to belittle straight aspirin, yet combines aspirin with such non-pain relieving ingredients as magnesium carbonate or aluminum compounds—and it costs you *twice the price* of Bayer Aspirin! So buy Bayer Aspirin. It's all pain reliever—100%.

Letters

Income Taxes: Ugh!

Dear Sirs:

I read with a mixed reaction of misery and merriment Mr. Neil Carothers' comments in the Post for March 2nd entitled TAX REGULATIONS ARE NOT FOR TAXPAYERS TO TRY TO UNDERSTAND. . . .

It is my humble suggestion that all existing tax laws, rules and regulations be scrapped and a fresh start made from

scratch by a commission of common garden variety of successful businessmen, definitely and specifically barring from seat on the commission all accountants, attorneys and astronomers.

WALTER T. CURTIS
Harrisville, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

If taxpayer wishes to avail himself of the benefits of certain measures to which he has recourse and which would serve to alleviate the problems connected with the computations as referred to and contained in said Regulations, he has several avenues open to him as follows, whichever comes soonest:

(a) He may give up farming (in the case of farmers)

(b) He may give up his business or other income-producing occupation (in case of nonfarmers)

(c) He may go on relief; OR

(d) He may shoot himself (provided, however, that such shooting be fatal) in the month preceding the month in which the installment is required to be paid.

(NOTE: The election of alternate (d) above does not operate to deprive taxpayer's spouse of the benefit of filing a joint return on 1956 taxes).

DANIEL E. PORTWOOD
St. Louis, Mo.

Newcombe's Courage

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your excellent article [I'M NO QUITTER] by that all-around American fellow, Don Newcombe [as told to Milton Gross, March 9]. How refreshing to hear of a guy who is man enough to weep about a great disappointment. I am an avid baseball fan and must admit I go for this player, Newcombe, even more after getting this insight on him from your article.

DORIS WILEY
Marion, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I don't think people knock Newcombe so much because he hasn't done well in a few series games, but more because of his wailing about being "picked on," etc. If he'd just accept defeats philosophically, and above all count his blessings instead of bemoaning a few bad games, people might not pick on him so much! . . .

"Newk" may not be a quitter and I'm not calling him "choke-up," either! But he *is* a big crybaby!

L. S. THORNWALD
Springfield, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I never read or heard such a string of cheap alibis, all of which came as after thoughts. If he really had a sore arm, why did he not have the courage to say so?

LOUIS H. MOORE
S. Laguna, Cal.

Take Off That Mustache

Dear Sirs:

The article I'M INVISIBLE TO ARABS [by William Peter Blatty, Feb. 23] is most informative and revealing. As a recent resident of the Middle East, I had always wondered what the U. S. Information Service employees . . . were up to. Now it seems they are pretending not to be there. I wonder how they can square this with their presumed mission in the cold war to influence the Arabs and make them favorably disposed toward our culture and foreign policy. . . .

Beirut, surprisingly, is a rather small city, and word of any strange behavior gets around, especially when it involves Americans. I'll bet a lot of Lebanese are laughing up their sleeves at this crazy American and his ridiculous one-man amateur spy ring. Come on, Blatty, take off your false mustache—we know you!

WILLIAM SPENCER
Washington, D.C.

What to Do With Kids

Dear Sirs:

The authors of WE STARTED OUR OWN SCHOOL [Miriam and Jerome Ellison, February 23] have the wrong approach to schools. No matter what type school it may be, the primary purpose for sending children there should never be for an unloading ground to take care of youngsters that are underfoot at home. Too many parents expect the schools to raise their children for them. The caring for children begins in the home and not in the school.

ALBERT PUGH
Painesville, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Thousands of parents all over the country are devoting countless hours and boundless energy to providing co-operative nursery schools for their children, not to "get them out from underfoot," but to enrich their children's lives and to learn more about the art and science of raising them.

(Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choose this all-new

Savage

with "years-ahead" styling and features

Here's the mower that's a *go-er* for *any* mowing job – whether it's just a light trim or a rough, tough tussle through tall weeds or matted clumps of grass.

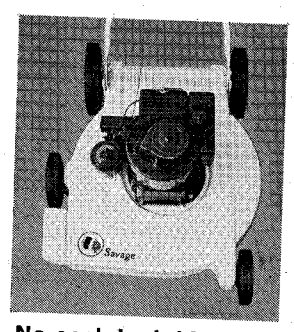
Cuts clean: slices the grass off neatly at any height you choose, clips the clippings into tiny particles, sprays them evenly out of the side ejection chute. No messy clumps, no raking!

Trims close: inset wheels let you trim within ¼" of trees, fences, walls, etc., with the side of the mower. And, unlike some other mowers, this Savage rotary trims close *in front, too!* No hand-trimming!

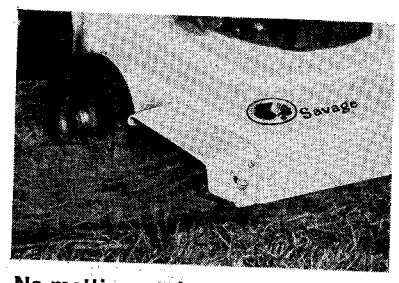
Lasts for years: ruggedly built, Savage "extra-strength" rotaries have an unbreakable all-steel deck and powerful 4-cycle gasoline engines (electric rotary, too). Precision-built by the world-famous makers of Savage firearms, these rotaries will give years of dependable, trouble-free performance!

Look at these outstanding features:

All-steel deck • Side ejection chute, with adjustable deflector • All-steel staggered wheels Wide-tread tires • Fingertip controls • "Snap-on" height-adjustable handle with Toe-tip safety latch Leaf mulcher • Powerful 4-cycle engines Close-trimming, side and front • 18" to 21" cut "Sta-Temp" hardened blade



No scalping! All-steel wheels with recessed hubs are staggered; prevent "scalping".



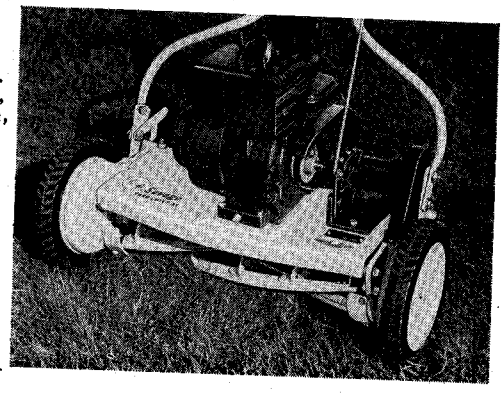
No matting, no hand-raking! Finely cut clippings spray evenly out of the side ejection chute; with exclusive adjustable deflector, clippings can be spread thinly or placed in windrows for easy removal.

No leaf-raking! Leaf mulcher (no extra cost) pulverizes leaves; no raking or burning!

No hand-trimming! Inset wheels let you trim right up to fences, trees, etc. *Trims close in front, too!* Saves hours of hand work!

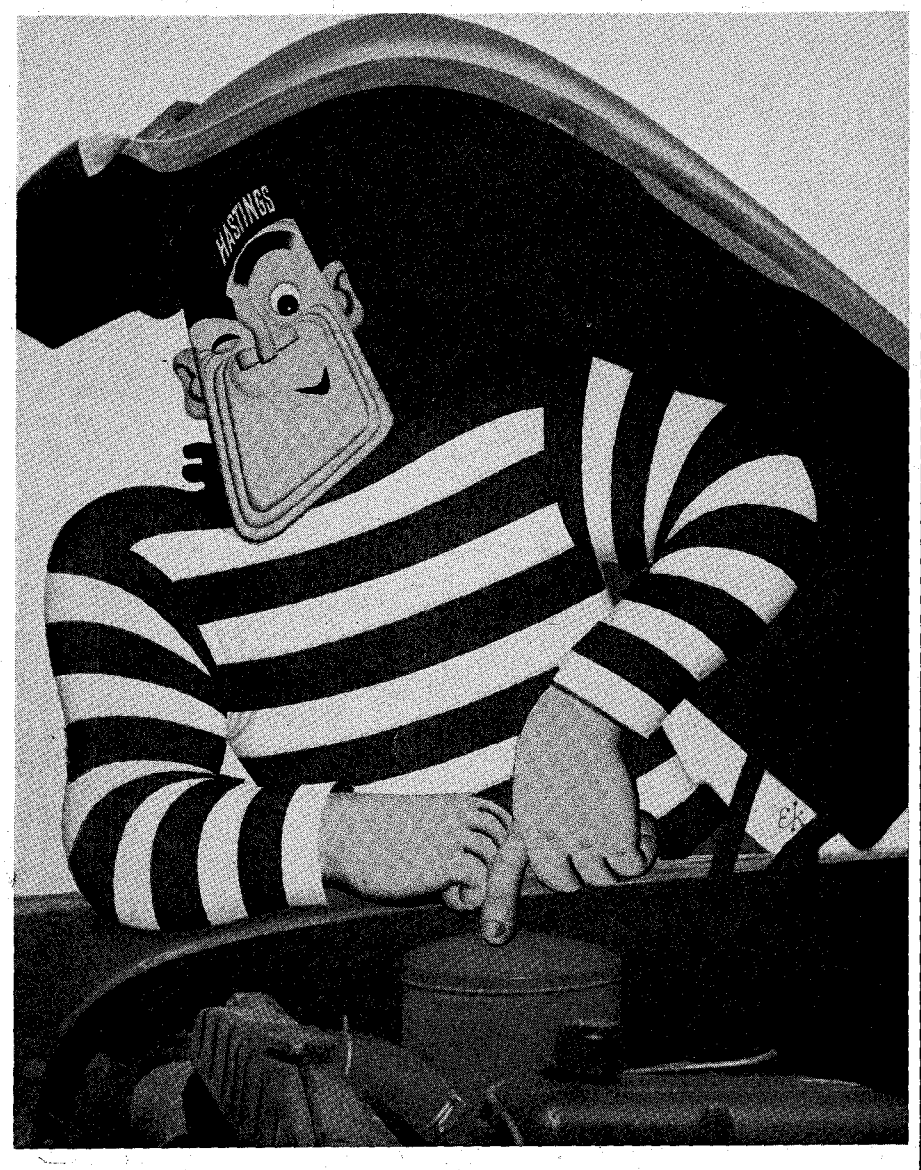
"SURE I GOT A SAVAGE MOWER—THEY MAKE MIGHTY GOOD GUNS, SO THEIR MOWERS SHOULD BE THE BEST, TOO!"

Savage makes 2 reel-type mowers, 18" & 21" cut, both self-propelled. Many fine features, for a velvet-smooth, scissor-sharp cut. Powerful Briggs & Stratton 4-cycle engines.



See these Savage mowers at your dealer's now. For free booklet, write to **SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION, Lawn Mower Division, Chicopee Falls 75, Mass.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



STOP WASTING MONEY
on worn-out piston rings!

Oil-pumping is the first sign of worn-out piston rings. And worn-out piston rings mean power drop-off—costly wastage of gas and oil—expensive repairs later on.

The sooner you act, the less it will cost. See your motor specialist the minute oil-pumping warns you there's trouble ahead. When he recommends new piston rings, ask him for Hastings. They're engineered exclusively for replacement service . . . to provide the additional lubrication worn engines need . . . to stop oil-pumping, save gasoline and restore lost performance.

Truly the best money you can spend on your car.

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY • HASTINGS, MICHIGAN

HASTINGS
PISTON RINGS
TOUGH on oil-pumping • GENTLE on cylinder walls

You can buy these Hastings Products with confidence:
Piston Rings, Casite, Wear Reducer, Oil Filters, Spark Plugs

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

They do not look upon children as amusing if somewhat diabolical pets, as do the authors of this article. They respect them as growing human beings who will be faced with solving the problems of the world of tomorrow. They know that if the children are to become adults capable of succeeding they need today the most intelligent guidance that they can be given.

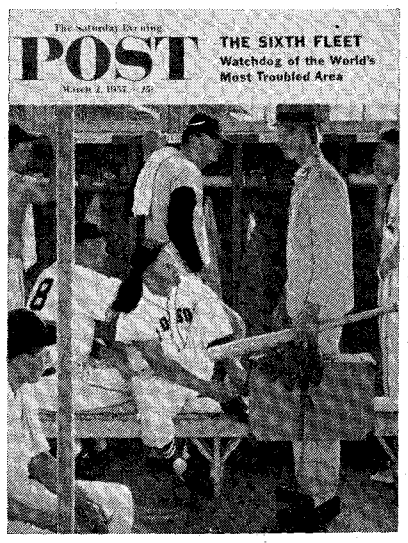
DOROTHY TESCHMACHER
Chairman of Co-operative Committee
N.Y. State Assn. for Nursery Education
Yorktown Heights, N.Y.

Big Moment

Dear Sirs:

Your March 2 cover by Norman Rockwell should give him an honorable membership in baseball's Hall of Fame. I believe all fans will say Aye! Aye!

JOHN KROGSTAD
Pepin, Wis.



Dear Sirs:

The cover picture . . . is a disgrace to Organized Baseball. Not since years ago did a rookie come into a major-league dressing room in such an appearance or stature.

JOHN D. YOUNG
Billings, Mont.

A New Lease on Sight

Dear Sirs:

MAGIC WITH EYEGLASSES was the phrase that caught my ear when a friend mentioned the article by Paul Kearney in the Post last September 29. . . . I took the implied promise of this title with considerably more than one grain of salt, as I had been many times disappointed by such elaborate claims of help for the partially sighted. However, after having the article read to me, I followed up the slender clues therein to the best of my ability, making five long-distance calls from my home in Philadelphia to New York. The last call referred me right back to Philadelphia—the Temple University Hospital Eye Clinic—where the ophthalmologist responsible for developing the low-vision lenses practices. In a twenty-minute visit, he fitted me with lenses with which I could see the smallest print for reading on his test card. This was magic indeed. For eight years I had been blind—that is, I had only 3% vision, which is much less than the limit of legal blindness. . . .

I had been an English teacher in a university, and had had to resign because of inability to read. My own eye doctor had told me there was no hope of lenses that would help. And now, this godsend.

KINGSLAND A. COFFYN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Science for Small Fry

Dear Sirs:

Bravo to the Beauvoir School for its farsighted planning in teaching science to kindergartners [CHILDREN ARE SMARTER THAN YOU THINK, by Mary Mitchell, March 9]. If more elementary schools would cultivate an interest in science in the early grades, there would be an ever-increasing resource of the scientists and engineers so needed in the modern scientific world. Instead of treating science as a necessary evil, it should be taught as an interesting and profitable experience.

MARY C. FREDA
Dearborn, Mich.

Our Critics' Corner

Dear Sirs:

THE PEACEFUL REBELLION [by Pat Kelly, March 9] is moving, exciting, with a definite element of conflict, and yet with an overlying gentleness that is very refreshing. It was also a very timely story, but not the type to stir up controversies.

Thank you for printing such a satisfying yarn.

MRS. CORRINE TRASK
Norman, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

Many times I wonder why you buy certain stories, but this one I know why. It is a classic.

MRS. A. K. SEDGWICK
N. Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I just finished reading MURDERER'S EYE [by Gerald Kersh] in the March 2nd issue.

Please, please don't publish any more stories like that one! . . .

Besides being hideous in itself, it sets up "old-wives tales" that will set back the advance of medicine and surgery. It tends to set up fears for anyone needing grafting or surgery . . . and especially I disapprove of the first paragraph—the idea or attitude set forth that one who makes such a donation "steals from his own grave."

MRS. LOUIS LEOSEN
Clarence, Iowa

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

23, 24, 25–Gus Pasquarella. • 26, 27–Coby Whitmore. • 28–Hans Knopf. • 29–Vandamm (Reportage), five from Culver. • 30–Dick Stone. • 31–Bob Towers, United Press, Wide World. • 32–Two by Peter Petraglia; Curtis Brown, Bert Hardy (Black Star). • 33–Bert Hardy (Black Star), British Information Service. • 34, 35–Ivan Dmitri. 36–Anonymous. • 37–Harry Schaare. • 38, 39–Bill Shrout. • 40, 41–Peter Helck. 42, 43–Malak. • 44, 45–Earl Mayan. • 48–Two by John Bickel; Sid Avery. • 49–John Bickel, Larry Fried. • 51–Fred Otnes. • 140–Fred Lilienfeld, anonymous, Warner Brothers, Universal-International Pictures, Gene Lester.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lucille Ball, as photographed by Mead-Maddick, on the set of "I Love Lucy" (Monday Nights, CBS-TV).

"I love telegrams," says Lucy—"especially Bunnygrams!"

Television's one and only Lucy is reading a Bunnygram to little Ricky. It's Western Union's special Easter greeting for children. Don't you know a child who would be as thrilled as Ricky to get his own Easter telegram, *signed* by Peter Rabbit himself? Of course you do! Call Western Union today!

And when you do, don't forget the grownups. Be sure to send *them* the Easter greeting that says so much . . . the *personal* message on Western Union's beautifully decorated Easter greeting blank. Share your joy with family and friends the most thoughtful way of all—Easter greetings by wire.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRY SPRINGTIME
in

LET THERE BE new lilt in your heart with this bright and blossoming season.

Let there be new sparkle in your eyes, new tingle in your pulse, new freshness in your spirits.

Let there be a new Buick in your life.

That does it—*beautifully.*

For you, behind the wheel of this big bold automobile, feel a tonic in your senses.

You feel it in the sweet new styling, the gay new colors, the tasteful newness—certainly.

But ah!—how you feel it in the *going!*

That's where Buick's newness comes to flower—in *performance*, in *command response*, in the *joy of driving.*

You, in this nimble stepper, boss a brand-new engine with the most exuberant vigor in all Buick history.

You, in this stalwart beauty, have on tap the new *instant* obedience of today's spectacular Variable Pitch Dynaflow.*

You, in *any* new Buick, go joyously along the dream car of the year *to drive.*

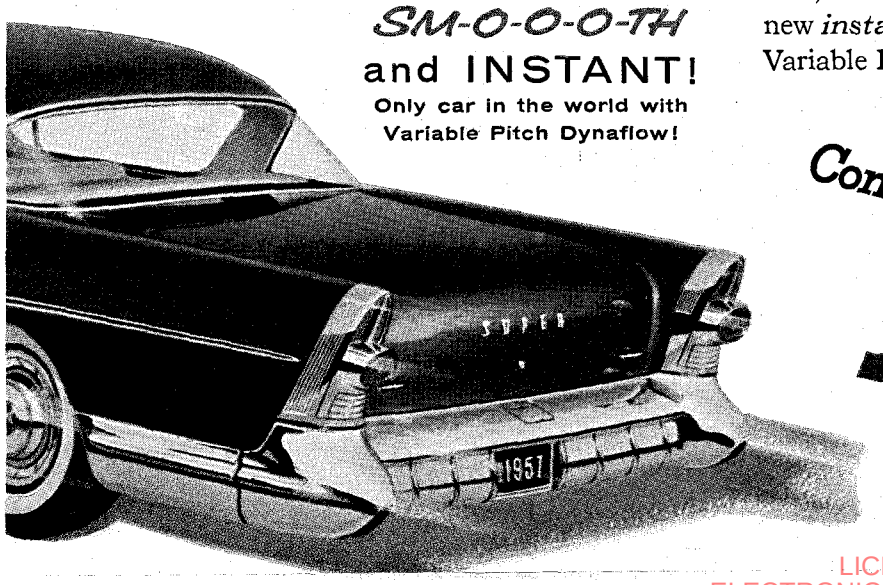
Go ahead and try it!

Try springtime in a Buick, with its e brightening colors and the boundless spirit eagles under its broad bonnet.

Try it, too, for a buy second to none. your Buick dealer now—and see how wond ful *this* Spring can be.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTC

**New Advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow is the only Dyna Buick builds today. It is standard on Roadmaster, Super Century—optional at modest extra cost on the Special.*



SM-O-O-O-TH
and INSTANT!
Only car in the world with
Variable Pitch Dynaflow!

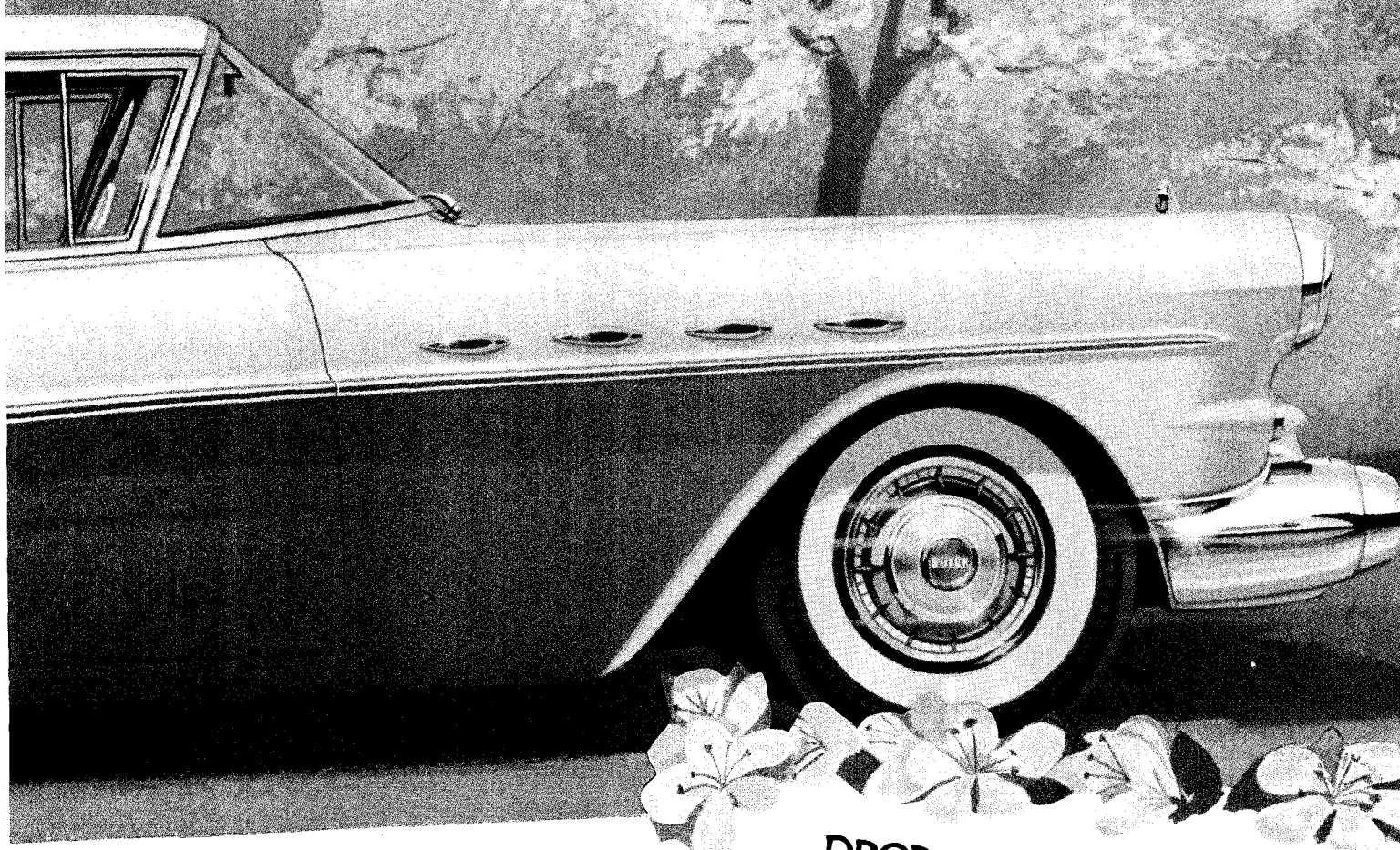
Come Swing into Spring and Prove it Yourself-

BIG THRILL'S

SPECIAL — CENTURY — SUPE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this Sweet Stepper



'RY THE "BUILT-IN CONSCIENCE"

BUICK'S EXCLUSIVE

SAFETY MINDER

t buzzes when you reach the miles-per-hour you reset for yourself. *You won't want to drive without it.* (Standard on ROADMASTER, ptional at extra cost on other Series.)

DROP IN FOR A WONDERFUL

SPRING TONIC

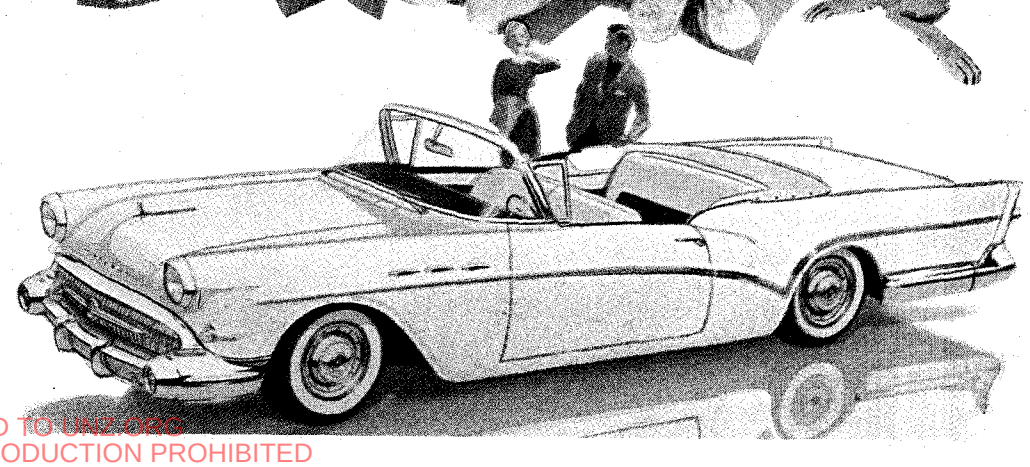
AT YOUR BUICK DEALER'S

NOW

SEE THOSE GAY NEW COLORS New radiant hues that glint and gleam like sunshine on dew!

FEEL THAT GREAT NEW ZING The high-spirited performance of new V8 power, and the *instant* response of today's Dynaflow!

PRICE THESE SPRING-SALE BUYS Riviera hardtops—Sedans—Convertibles—Estate Wagons—and the fabulous CABALLERO — all at easy-to-take prices. (If you can afford *any* new car, you can afford a Buick *today.*)



BUICK

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

OADMASTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

Labor Gets a Close-Up of Some High-Flying "Leaders"

Last month Governor Handley, of Indiana, signed a so-called "right-to-work" bill which had been passed by the state legislature, despite a union-sponsored "march on the capitol" and pickets around the executive offices. Although many people have the idea that "right-to-work" laws represent an effort to destroy labor unions, the purpose of "right-to-work" laws is simply to assure the worker that he need not join a union in order to get and keep a job. Inasmuch as Indiana is a heavily organized industrial state, the legislature's action takes on special significance. Why this indifference by the politicians to the wishes of the supposedly all-powerful labor bosses?

One answer at least comes not from Indiana, but from Washington, where Sen. John L. McClellan's Select Committee has been digging into the background of some of the labor leaders who undertake to decide for the common man what is best for him. Within the labor movement and without, doubts are beginning to rise as to whether it is a good idea to entrust one of an American's most precious rights to a powerful group like the one which has muscled into the slot-machine racket and all sorts of underworld activities, and has used its vast powers to dictate who may go into business and who shall be forced into bankruptcy. Of course, there are many labor leaders who work hard for the welfare of their constituents. But with the legalized union shop in their arsenal, the most unscrupulous labor bosses are free to operate as a state within a state.

Had it not been for the power of Congress to investigate, the startling revelations of what went on in the Teamsters' executive suite would probably never have been made, at any rate not in the orderly, complete and devastating manner as presented by the committee's chief counsel, Robert F. Kennedy. As a result of this probe, the American people, including millions of union members, have had an opportunity to understand what Lord Acton meant by his dictum that "power tends to corrupt; absolute power corrupts absolutely." In the future it will be just a little more difficult to persuade legislators, governors or the people generally that no right to work exists until the worker has made his peace and shared his wages with any set of goons who have managed to muscle into his union.

Perhaps it is not too much to hope that the Supreme Court will take note of the change of sentiment on the sanctity of the union shop. A year ago, when the court held that union-shop contracts with railroads could not be interfered with by state legislation as long as Congress permitted such contracts at the national level, Justice Frankfurter opined that "the change in the court's understanding of industrial problems... to no small degree reflected the changed attitude of the railroads toward the role of labor unions." If the court's views on the law are still responsive to "changed attitudes" by outsiders, perhaps the news from Indiana and the Senate committee room may yet attract judicial notice.

If Britain's Upper Class is Slipping, It's Doing it Gracefully

With the gradual disappearance of the English aristocracy into a quagmire of death duties, imperial decline and middle-class impertinence, it is fortunate that we already have a manual of aristocratic behavior and speech which, if it does not entirely explain how a common man can tell an aristocrat when he sees one, at least explains how English aristocrats recognize each other. The book is Noblesse Oblige (Harpers), edited by Nancy Mitford.

Miss Mitford starts off with an essay by Prof. Alan Ross, of Birmingham University, on Upperclass English Usage, which was printed in Helsinki, Finland, in 1954. Professor Ross, pointing out that "it is solely by their language that the upper classes are distinguished (since they are neither cleaner, richer, nor better educated than anybody else)," has invented a formula to set them apart from the common ruck of humanity. He classifies expressions used by Upperclass people as "U," while those used by others are characterized as "non-U."

Miss Mitford goes along with most of the Ross classifications, and Evelyn Waugh, who contributes his shilling's worth to the discussion, adds some of his own, like Lord Curzon's dictum that "no gentleman has soup at luncheon." However, according to Ross, "luncheon" is no longer "U," having been displaced by "lunch." "U" people also have dinner in the evening, although "non-U speakers (also U-children and U-dogs) have their dinner in the middle of the day."

The worst of it is (or was) that a "non-U speaker has no way of learning the rules sufficiently well to pass as U in U circles. If he doesn't betray his lowly origins by pronouncing 'girl' as 'gurl' instead of a modification of 'gel,' he will probably goof by saying 'Excuse my glove' when about to shake hands."

Of course, non-U people and Americans are likely to think that this kind of thing is intended to impress people who are in trade or wear white socks. Actually, according to Strix, who also contributes to Miss Mitford's book, "U speech is not, as many believe, an arrogant and 'snooty' institution, used mainly, like lorgnettes, for outfacing non-U speakers. It is the natural idiom of a comparatively small class and exists to further the purpose of communication within that class."

Mr. Waugh in his amusing comment on the subject declares that as a rule grandees avoid one another "unless they are closely related." In a ducal castle, Mr. Waugh declares, you might find "convalescent, penurious cousins, advisory experts, sycophants, gigolos and plain blackmailers. The one thing you could be sure of not finding was a concourse of other dukes." An irreverent American might suspect that unrelieved U-ness can be wearying, even to the most indisputably U.

When Will We Learn That Dictators are Hated at Home?

As anybody outside the more solemn echelons of the State Department could have predicted, our Indonesian friend, President Sukarno, has now taken off after the popular front with the Communists. Democracy may be all right for the West, he feels, but in his country it is for the birds.

Anyway, with the cheers of both Houses of the American Congress possibly still ringing in his ears, President Sukarno plumps for the notion that things can be stabilized by the admission of Communists to the cabinet. The rage of millions of Indonesians at this betrayal is a serious threat to the Sukarno regime.

This episode underscores the folly of efforts to improve relations with other nations by making too much of a fuss over the dictators whom they probably despise. As President Eisenhower put it in an address before a conference on a program for the People to People Partnership, "If we are going to take advantage of the assumption that all people want peace, then the problem is for people to get together and to leap governments—if necessary, to evade governments—to work out not one method but thousands of methods by which peoples can gradually learn a little bit more of each other."

What we do too often is just the opposite: take the say-so of the worst governments in the world and ignore the groanings and strivings of the millions of oppressed peoples under them. The result, as might be expected, is that we are astonished when something like the Hungarian rebellion comes along, revealing the fact, which should have been obvious, that nobody enjoys tyranny except the tyrants.

Manifestly it is difficult for our Government to ignore other governments or to engage in open subversive operations against them. We probably have to maintain minimal courtesies. But there is surely little point in urging such characters as Sukarno or Tito to visit us and thereby gain desperately needed prestige at home. Without being unnecessarily rude or aggressively brutal, we could at least confine our relations with totalitarian regimes to normal diplomatic chill. That way we stand a better chance of not being too deeply embarrassed when the blowoff comes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

National's De luxe adding machine...

Live keyboard* with keytouch adjustable to each operator!

Saves up to 50% hand motion — and effort! Never before have so many time-and-effort-saving features been placed on an adding machine.

Every key operates the motor — so you can now forget the motor bar. No more back-and-forth hand motion from keys to motor bar.

Keys are instantly adjustable to each operator's touch! No wonder operators are so enthusiastic about it. They do their work faster with up to 50% less effort. New operating advantages, quietness, beauty!

"Live" Keyboard with Adjustable Keytouch plus 8 other time-saving features combined only on the National Adding Machine: Automatic Clear Signal ... Subtractions in red ... Automatic Credit Balance in red ... Automatic space-up of tape when total prints ... Large Answer Dials ... Easy-touch Key Action ... Full-Visible Keyboard with Automatic Ciphers ... Rugged-Duty Construction.

A National Adding Machine pays for itself with the time-and-effort it saves, then continues savings as yearly profit. One hour a day saved with this new National will, in the average office, repay 100% a year on the investment. See a demonstration, today, on your own work. Call the nearest National branch office or National dealer.

Find Your National office or Dealer in the 'Yellow Pages'

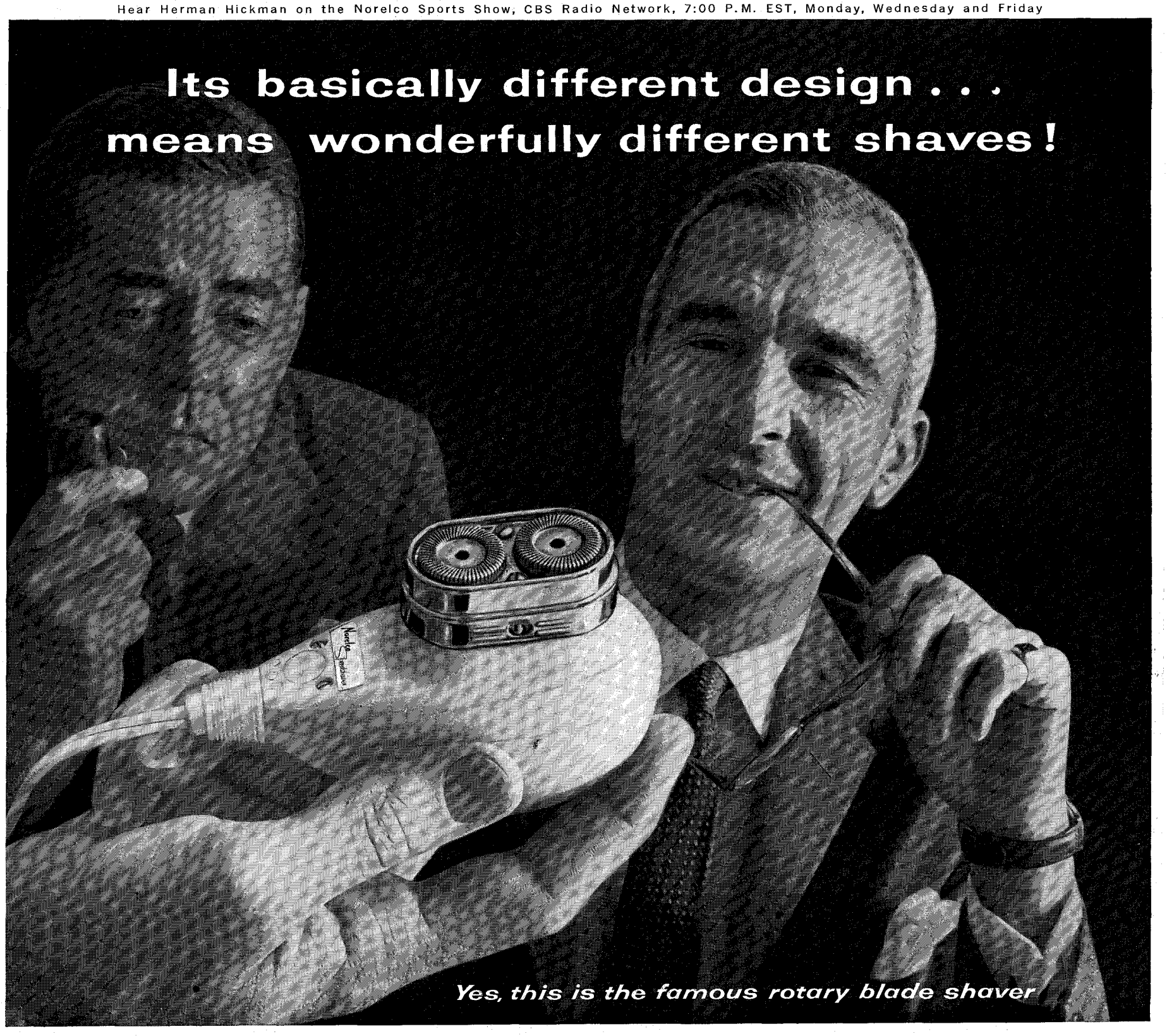
THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, DAYTON 9, OHIO

989 OFFICES IN 94 COUNTRIES

National

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hear Herman Hickman on the Norelco Sports Show, CBS Radio Network, 7:00 P.M. EST, Monday, Wednesday and Friday



and as for speed, it's the fastest ever!

the New Norelco Speedshaver

Up to now, electric shavers have used a stop-start, back-and-forth ⇄⇄ action, the blades constantly changing direction. This often tends to pinch, especially with tough beards. But Norelco's rotary blades, electric shaving's first basic improvement in 23 years, work on a totally different principle, enabling you to shave as *close* as you like *without* hurting your skin. Only this *new* Norelco Speedshaver, the fastest ever, has 12 razor-keen rotary blades whirling beneath stationary skin guards. They never stop, never change direction ↻ ↻ *stroke* off whiskers with the smooth, *continuous* action of a barber's razor.

Here, gentlemen, is the *natural* way to shave—without soap-and-water fuss. Men everywhere are waking up to the perfection of Norelco's rotary blade shave and the speed of the new Norelco Speedshaver.

More reasons *why Norelco is the largest-selling electric shaver in the world, the fastest-growing shaver in America today:* • Patented skin-stretcher upends whiskers for skin-close shaves no matter which way they grow • Real brush motor doesn't heat up • Self-sharpening blades • Lubricated for life • Quietest of all 4 leading shavers • Easy to clean • Designed to fit the hand.

Most dealers offer **15 day FREE home trial.**

New Norelco Speedshaver shown here, AC/DC. With leather travel case . . . . . $24.95.

New Norelco Sportsman runs on flashlight batteries or plugs into car lighter. . . . . Now only $24.95.

New Norelco Debutante Speedrazor gives safe "powder puff shave". AC/DC. . . . . $17.50.

New Lady Norelco Speedrazor deluxe twin-header. Zipper travel case. AC/DC. . . . . $24.95.

The New

NORELCO

Speedshaver

Now the fastest ever

NORELCO is known as **PHILISHAVE** in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world. **NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC.,** 100 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Other products: High Fidelity Radio-Phonographs, Research and Control Instruments, Electron Microscopes, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the Golden

Anniversary

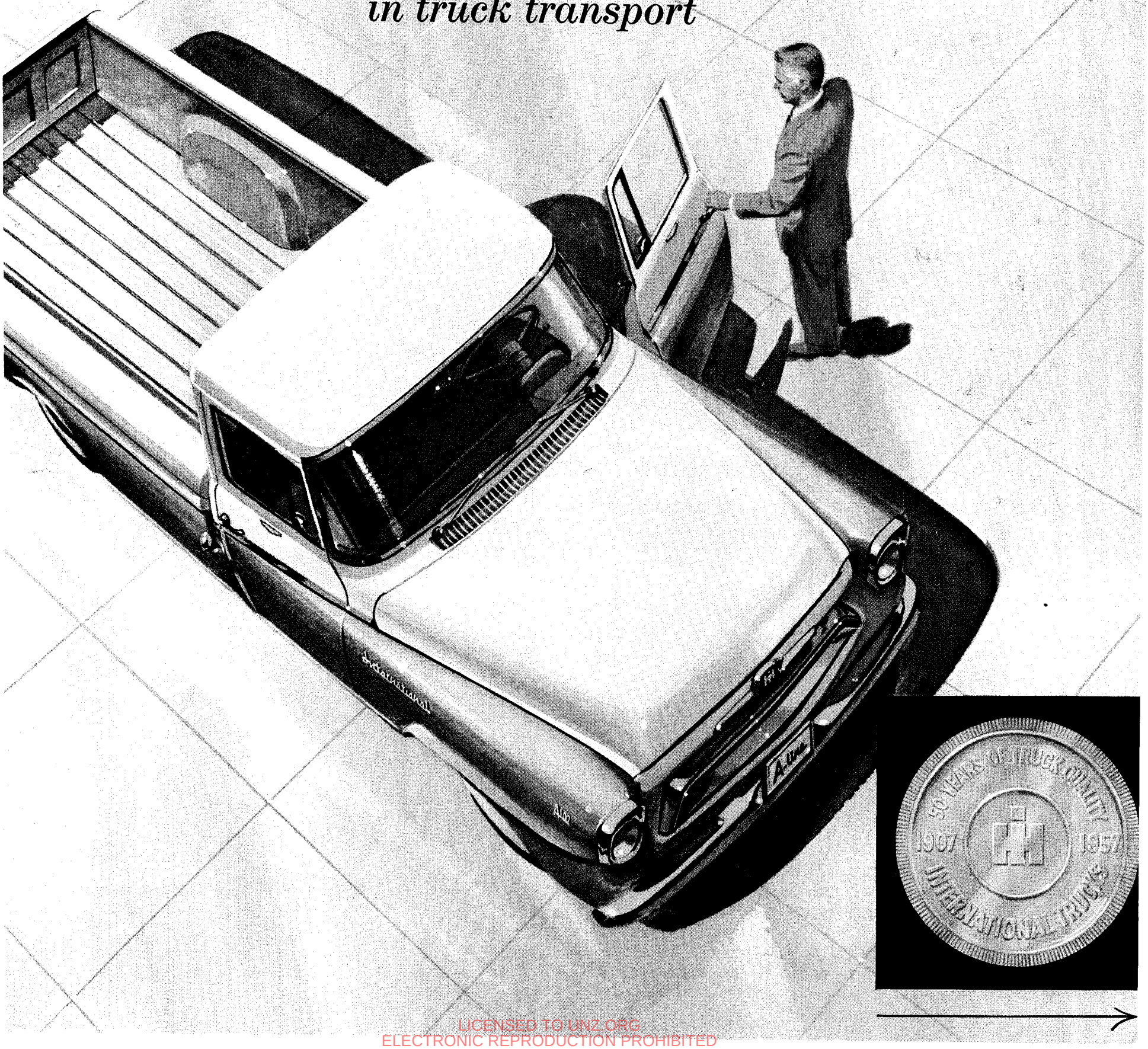
of International Trucks

you are invited

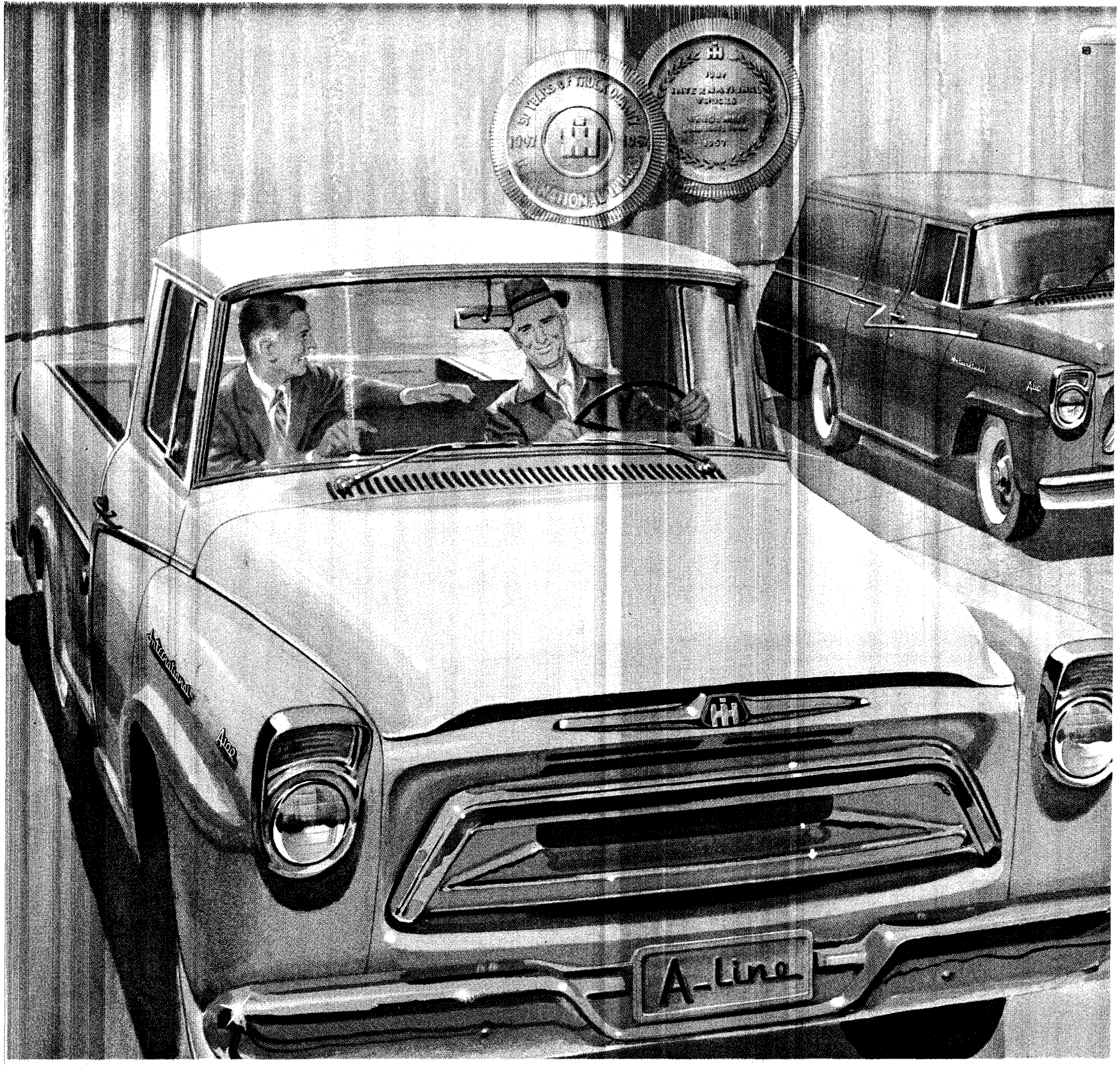
to open the door

to a new era

in truck transport



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRESENTING THE *NEW*

Golden Anniversary

NEW ACTION-STYLING! MORE USABLE POWER!

BUILT TO COST LEAST TO OWN!

Here is the crowning achievement of fifty years of truck building—the new Golden Anniversary INTERNATIONALS!

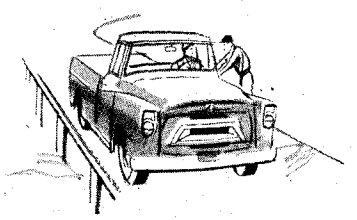
They're *Action-Styled* with fresh, clean lines that set a new style pace.

They have new engines with more *usable* horsepower—including the most powerful "six" available in its field! Exclusive new cab mounting for quieter, more level ride. New brakes, new steering, new frames—many more features.

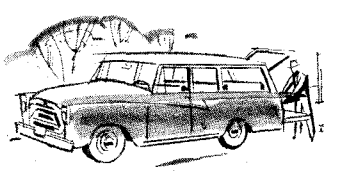
The result is a new line of INTERNATIONAL Trucks that—more than ever before—are built to cost *least* to own!

See these new INTERNATIONALS *today!*

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY • CHICAGO



NEW GOLDEN JUBILEE PICKUP! A look of action from front to back—and the *longest* pickup body in its class! New Golden Anniversary Pickups have *widest* cabs, *biggest* Sweep-Around windshields, new *Action-Styling*, more *usable* power!

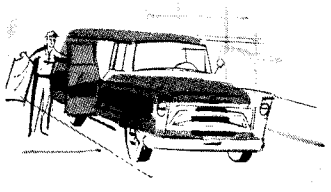


NEW TRAVELALL®! Longer ins shorter outside—more leg and h room, lower overall height, n glass area than *any* comparable hicle. Seats eight. Extra-low l ing height. Third curbside d Wrap-around rear side windows

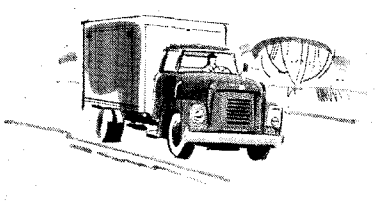
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New A-Line models range from Pickups through 33,000 lbs. GVW Six-Wheelers. Other INTERNATIONALS, to 96,000 lbs. GVW, round out world's most complete truck line.

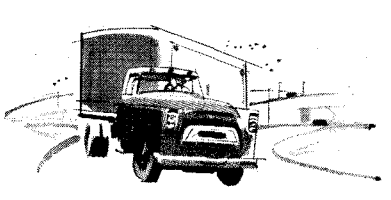
INTERNATIONALS



/ 3-DOOR PANEL! Only panel lable with an extra *third door* the curb side. Lets you make veries faster, more efficiently. :e load space, new *Action-ing!* Here's a truck that will be al asset to your business.



NEW CAB-FORWARD DESIGN! Short 89-inch bumper-to-back-of-cab dimension with conventional-type engine accessibility. *Full size* cab. Only 3¼ *inches* higher than conventional models. Maximum maneuverability with bumper clearance.

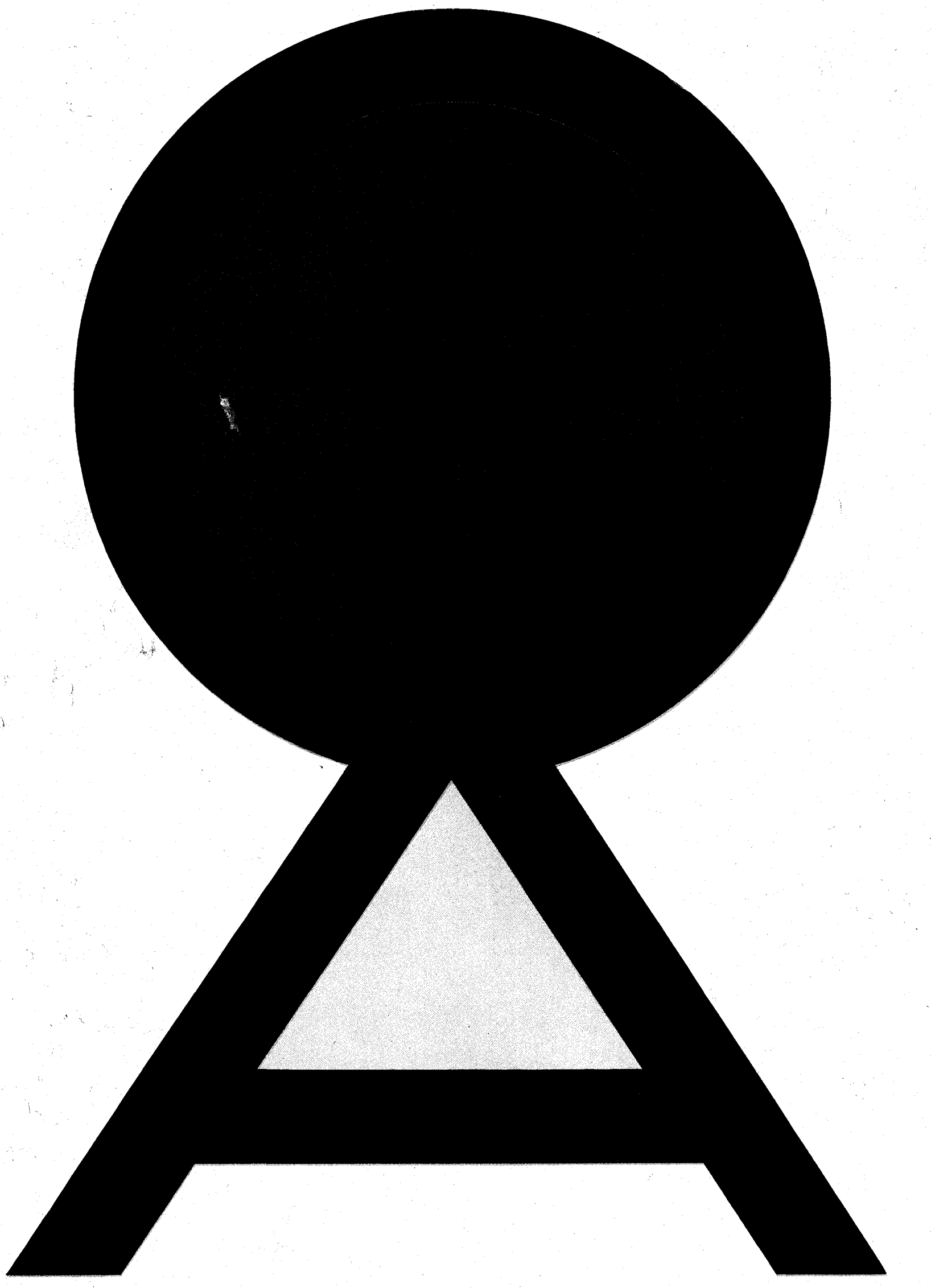


NEW TRACTORS! Greatest cab comfort, superior visibility, handling ease, plus famed INTERNATIONAL power and cost-least-to-own economy! Choose engines, axles, transmissions (including new Select-O-Matic®) to match *your* job exactly.

Find Your INTERNATIONAL Dealer In The Yellow Pages

Motor Trucks • Crawler Tractors • Construction Equipment
McCormick® Farm Equipment and Farmall® Tractors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



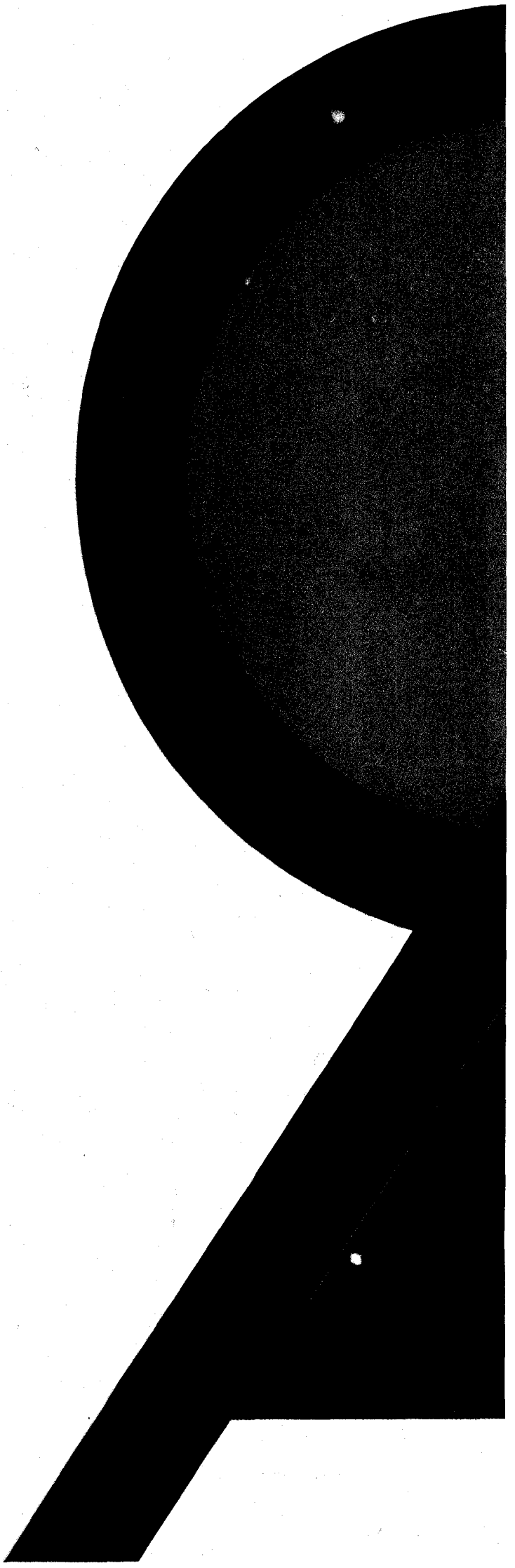
Symbol of Olin Aluminum—and of a new concept of service standards in the Aluminum Industry...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Olin Mathieson
Chemical Corporation,
one of the world's
largest suppliers of
Chemicals, Metals and
Packaging Products,
announces a
major new Division

OLIN ALUMINUM

a big new primary source
of ALUMINUM—with an important new
concept of Quality and Service



Right now, new Olin Aluminum is being fabricated at four plants—in the Midwest, on the West Coast and on the Gulf Coast. And soon, with huge shipments of Bauxite on the way—and with 300 million dollars now being expended on the construction of a giant Alumina Plant, a new Reduction Plant and an ultra-modern Rolling Mill—Olin Aluminum will have behind it a completely-integrated operation . . . assuring it an initial annual capacity of 240 million pounds within a year! Soon the men from Olin Aluminum will be coming your way to tell you about our new concept of quality and service designed to cut manufacturing costs for users of Olin Aluminum. In the meantime, as you go about planning your future Aluminum needs, we cordially welcome all inquiries. Write to: Aluminum Division—Sales, Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation, 460 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

OLIN AND "OLIN ALUMINUM" ARE TRADEMARKS
COPYRIGHT 1957, OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everything that grows, grows better with Vigoro Complete Plant Foods

What are you doing Saturday?

Get into the picture! Everything's ready to get a good garden off to a good start. Fresh seeds . . . Healthy plants . . . Strong nursery stock. And VIGORO Complete Plant Foods!

These are the greatest help a gardener ever had. Have been for years. Now there are more Vigoro Plant Foods for more special needs. In our picture you see four different kinds being used. Your dealer has all of these as well as other Vigoro Complete Plant Foods that will ideally meet the special local requirements of everything you may want to grow in your own yard and in your own garden.

Well . . . what are you doing Saturday?

Golden Vigoro Complete Lawn Food—First of its kind. Complete and balanced. Every nutrient grass needs from the soil is provided. Continuous nourishment that lasts far longer. Won't burn grass when used in recommended amounts.

Vigoro Complete Plant Food—The balanced plant food for flowers, vegetables, trees and shrubs.

Instant Vigoro Complete Water-Soluble Plant Food—Ideal for house plants, for transplanting and for supplemental feedings of lawns, flowers, vegetables, fruits and shrubs. Feeds through roots *and* leaves.

Vigoro Complete Rose Food—Provides steady, uniform supply of the balanced nutrients roses need.

Whatever you want to plant,

whatever you want to feed . .

VIGORO

COMPLETE PLANT FOODS

are made right for the soils and growing conditions in your area.

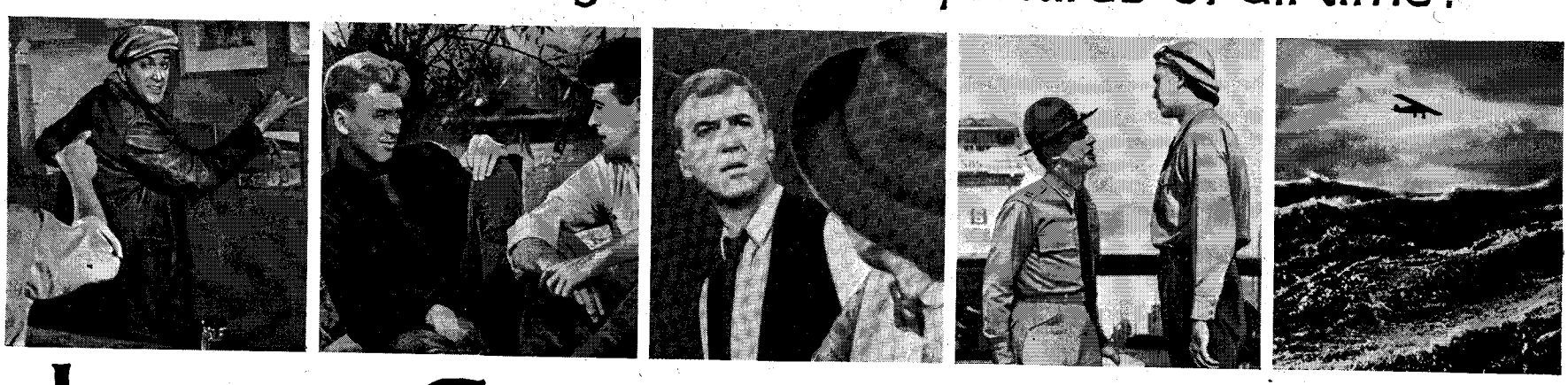
Golden Vigoro is made in modern plants from coast to coast and in Canada

Vigoro is a registered trade-mark of Swift & Company

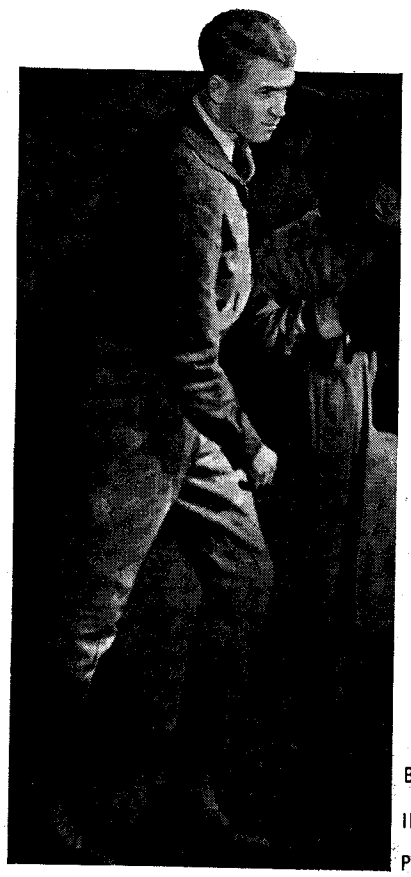
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The screen has never come so close to the heart of a man!

The most deeply moving personal adventure of our time becomes one of the great motion pictures of all time!



James Stewart in the most versatile role of his career, as Charles A. Lindbergh



the Spirit of St. Louis

... as the world held its breath--

BASED ON THE PULITZER PRIZE BOOK BY CHARLES A. LINDBERGH
IN CINEMASCOPE AND WARNERCOLOR · SCREEN PLAY BY BILLY WILDER AND WENDELL MAYES
PRODUCED BY LELAND HAYWARD · DIRECTED BY BILLY WILDER · PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

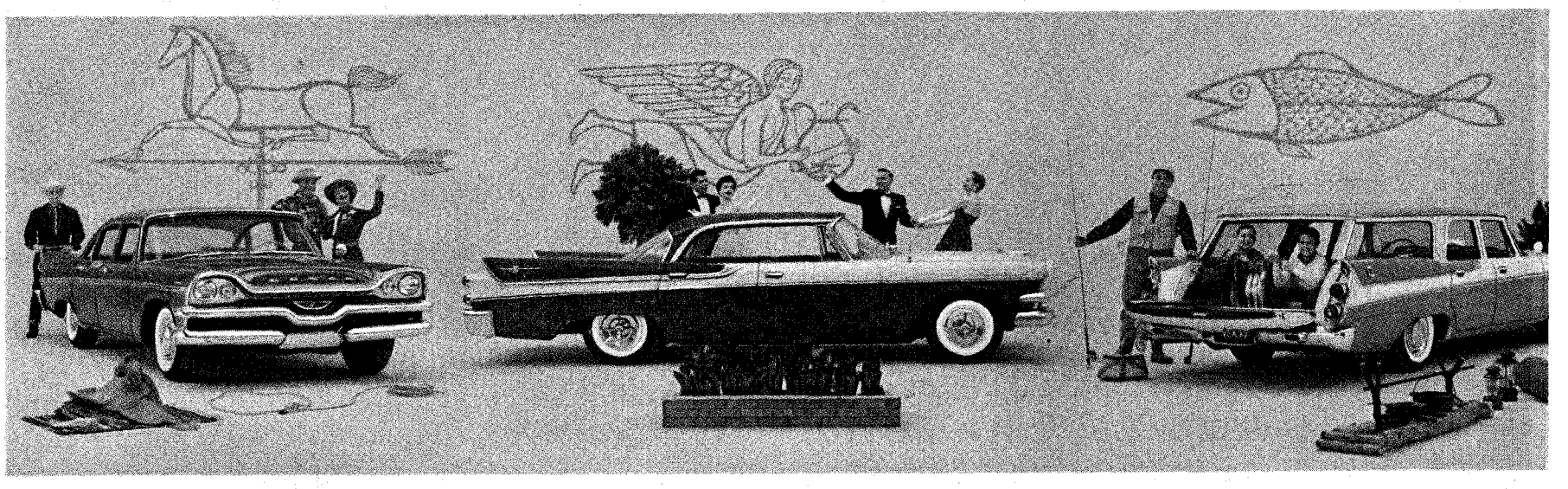
OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THE READERS OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Every warm, wonderful and exciting moment of the story that first appeared as a special Saturday Evening Post serial awaits you now with all the magnitude and magnificence that only the motion picture screen can bring.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GET IN THE SWING...
GO SWEPT

Believe it or not, this Swept-Wing convertible is in the *lowest-priced* series . . . the Coronet! We don't know what you're planning for this su



Out where the best begins! Here's sports car lowness teamed with 4-door limousine luxury. Amazing Torsion-Aire "Realm of Silence" Ride.

Gallant and gay—the Lancer by Dodge! 4-door version of the hardtop that puts adventure back in motoring. Dodge aircraft-type V-8 engine up to 310 hp., tamed by magic of Push-Button TorqueFlite.

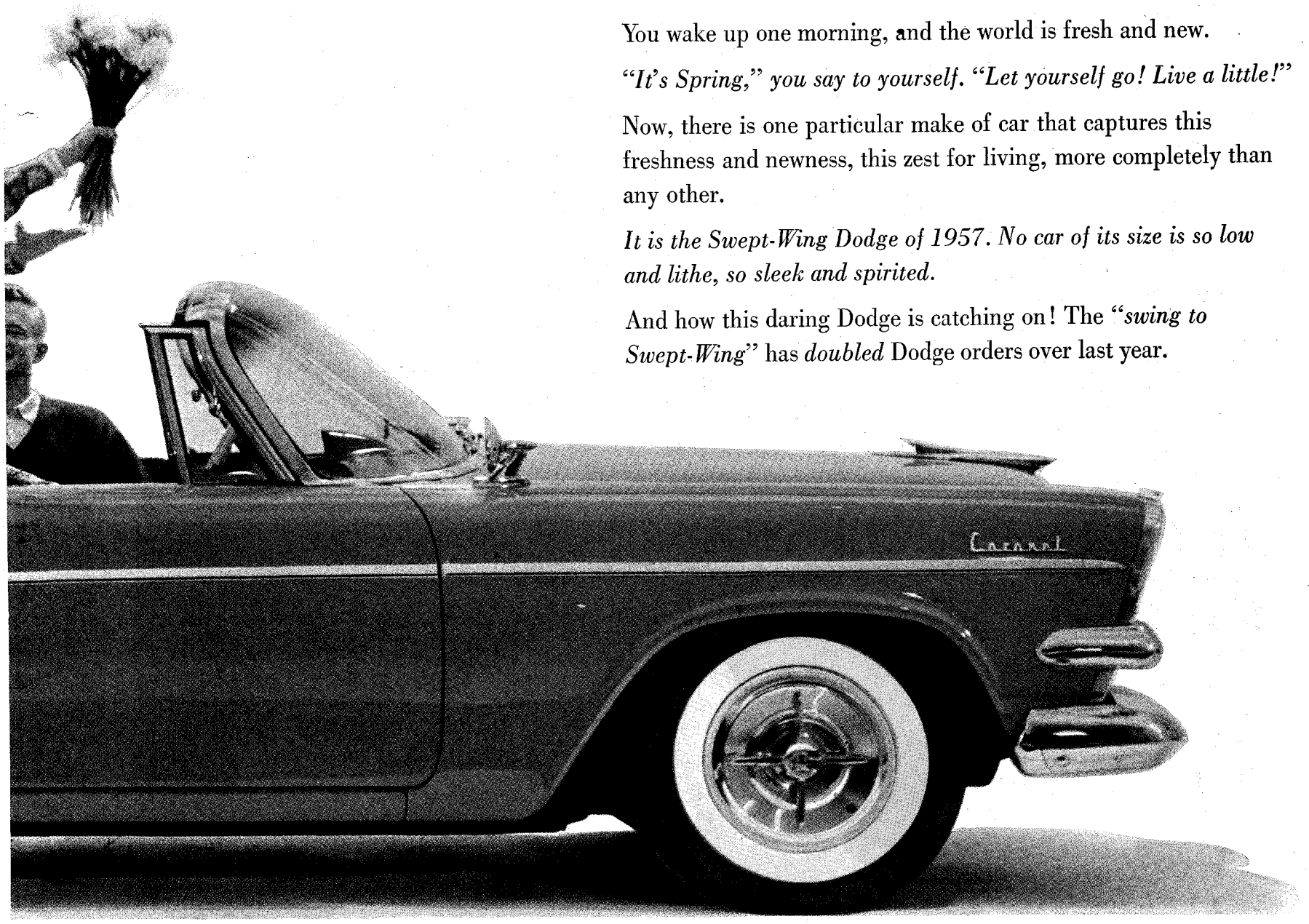
Swept-Wing wagon with Observation Lounge! *New practical* ideas, *fun* ideas from the world of Autodyn (Where's the rear window? It *lowers* into tailgate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Step into the wonderful world of AUTODYNAMICS

It unleashes a hurricane of power
It breaks through the vibration barrier
It is swept-wing mastery of motion

WING!



You wake up one morning, and the world is fresh and new.

"It's Spring," you say to yourself. "Let yourself go! Live a little!"

Now, there is one particular make of car that captures this freshness and newness, this zest for living, more completely than any other.

It is the Swept-Wing Dodge of 1957. No car of its size is so low and lithe, so sleek and spirited.

And how this daring Dodge is catching on! The "*swing to Swept-Wing*" has *doubled* Dodge orders over last year.

dn't it be *more fun* in a Dodge? See below.

the road in flashing style! This dashing 2-door Dodge Lancer oes *any car near its price* for style, surging performance, handling comfort. Take a Swept-Wing Drive at your Dodge dealer's and *see!*

Isn't it time *you* discovered the wonders of the world of Autodynamics? You have never seen, felt, owned anything like it. *Go Swept-Wing!*

SWEPT·WING

'57 Dodge

LAWRENCE WELK SAYS: *Folks, I wish I could give each of you a ride in my own new Dodge. It is a wonderful car. Won't you tell your Dodge dealer I want you to take a drive?*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

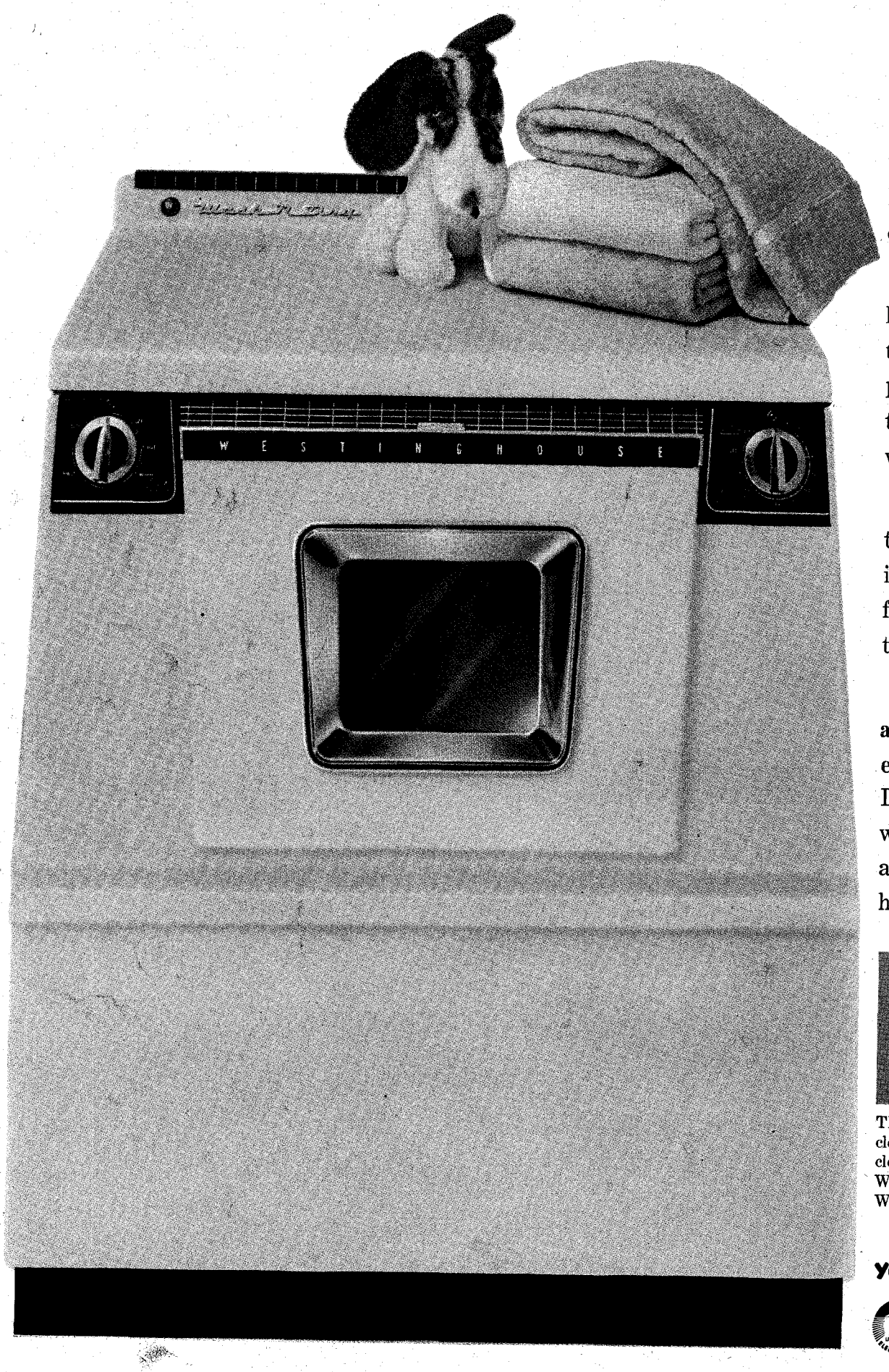
When you shop for a combination washer-dryer

ASK ONE QUESTION:

Will I be a Guinea Pig?

Find out if the maker of any brand you see is experimenting with you and your money. **Is the washing system the same system the company uses for its regular automatic washers?** Or is it a system so new to the maker that he hasn't had time to test it?

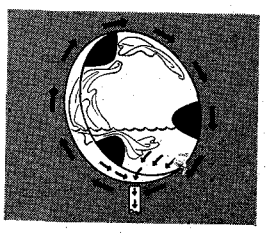
Only Westinghouse brings you a Washer-Dryer combination with a washing system proved by time and test. The Westinghouse Combination has the identical Revolving Agitator used in every washer Westinghouse makes—**developed and perfected over 20 years.** In most other brands, the Washer-Dryer combination uses a system brand-new to the maker, one that follows the lead of Westinghouse. For the Westinghouse Revolving Agitator can be used in a Washer-Dryer combination, while an old-fashioned center-post agitator cannot.



This means when you buy a Westinghouse Washer-Dryer combination you get tested performance. For Westinghouse has proved in public tests and demonstrations that the patented Revolving Agitator action washes cleaner, rinses better, cleans itself.

And, you get perfected, patented drying, too . . . the identical Direct Air Flow found in every dryer Westinghouse makes. Blows fresh warmed air directly onto clothes, not through machinery.

One setting does it . . . starts this performance that's smooth, trouble-free as only experience can make it. The Wash 'N Dry Laundromat is 32" wide, does family-size washes and is as easy to buy as it is to operate. A small down payment puts it in your home. See it today!



REVOLVING AGITATOR
WASHES CLEANER
RINSES BETTER
CLEANS ITSELF

This shows you the system that has publicly proved it washes cleaner, rinses better, even cleans itself. It lifts, turns, plunges clothes 50 times a minute. It's the system that's in every Westinghouse Laundromat Automatic Washer—*and* in the Wash 'N Dry Laundromat.

YOU CAN BE SURE... IF IT'S

Westinghouse

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Glamorous Governor of New Jersey

By Milton MacKaye

Bob Meyner captured American hearts when he abandoned bachelorhood in midterm. Now some people think he might capture enough votes from all over the nation to win the presidency.

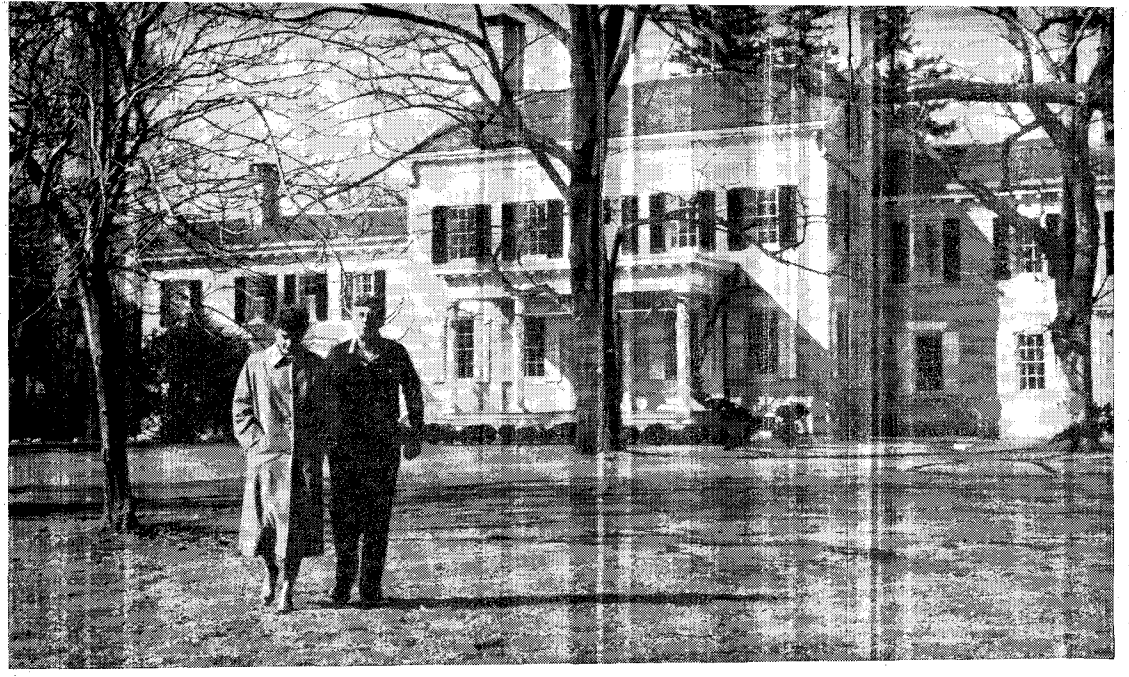
An eventful life has conditioned Gov. Robert Baumle Meyner to expect the unexpected. But even so calm a customer as New Jersey's chief executive—often described by jealous rivals as Lady Luck's rosy-cheeked boy—must have experienced surprise a few months ago when, by acclamation, he succeeded the Prince of Monaco to the title of Bridegroom of the Year.

As a tireless political campaigner, the governor was accustomed to the clicking of cameras and the clucking of tongues, but nothing in forty-eight years of hard work and bachelorhood had prepared him for the tidal wave of sentiment—and treacle—which engulfed the tabloids and even eddied into the columns of the serious daily press when he and Helen Day Stevenson said their vows. Meyner was not unused to editorial praise; plain indiscriminate affection confused him. To a have-not boy who came up the hard way, it was something entirely strange and new.

But as a man who has often sparred amiably with fate, the governor rolled with the punch and accepted his new status in good heart. Who knows? Perhaps politics has caught up with George and Ira Gershwin, the songwriters who once reported that Love is Sweeping the Country. It is not without reason that some Democrats believe Bob Meyner, if his luck holds and he continues to grow in stature, may come before a national convention in 1960 with an excellent chance for the presidential nomination. He is intelligent and able; Jersey is a strategically placed Eastern state; and the legend of Woodrow Wilson, another Jersey

The governor collects a good-by kiss from his bride, the former Helen Day Stevenson, before leaving for work at the capitol.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The newlyweds stroll across the lawn at "Morven" in Princeton. The 256-year-old colonial house was presented to the state in 1954 by former governor Walter Edge to serve as New Jersey's first Executive Mansion.

Mrs. Gustave H. Meyner shows two of her homemade pies to her son and daughter-in-law at her home in Phillipsburg, N.J. Now 75, she once worked in the mills as a ribbon weaver. Meyner's father was a loom fixer.

Forty-eight-year-old Bob Meyner makes like an athlete on Saturday mornings all year round. At Lafayette College he had little time for sports: He paid his way by working eight-hour shifts in Easton, Pa., textile mills.

governor, is just as appealing to delegates as a May-and-September wedding is to housewives.

As far as Meyner is concerned, however, there is one very important river to cross. He comes up for re-election this year. As a re-elected Democratic governor in a normally Republican state, he would have national importance and standing. As a defeated candidate, he would be, in Matthew Arnold's words, "a tapestry turned inward on the wall"; in politicians' words, a dead dog. From now until November only automation will be busier than Governor Meyner. The struggle between him and a Republican-controlled legislature promises to be bitter and long.

I was privileged to be present in Trenton, just after the first of the year, when the legislature convened and the skirmishing began. On that particular morning it has long been the custom of a downtown historic church to hold a religious service at which divine guidance for public servants is invoked. The governor and his cabinet, the state supreme court and the members of the legislature are invited. The governor, his seventy-five-year-old mother and Miss Stevenson, then his fiancée, were first to arrive. The service was inspiring, but the attendance was sparse and I asked a few questions when the organ's last chord dismissed the handful present. A veteran State House reporter suggested pleasantly that, with commanding majority in both houses of the state legislature, the Republicans perhaps felt there was no real immediacy about providential intercession.

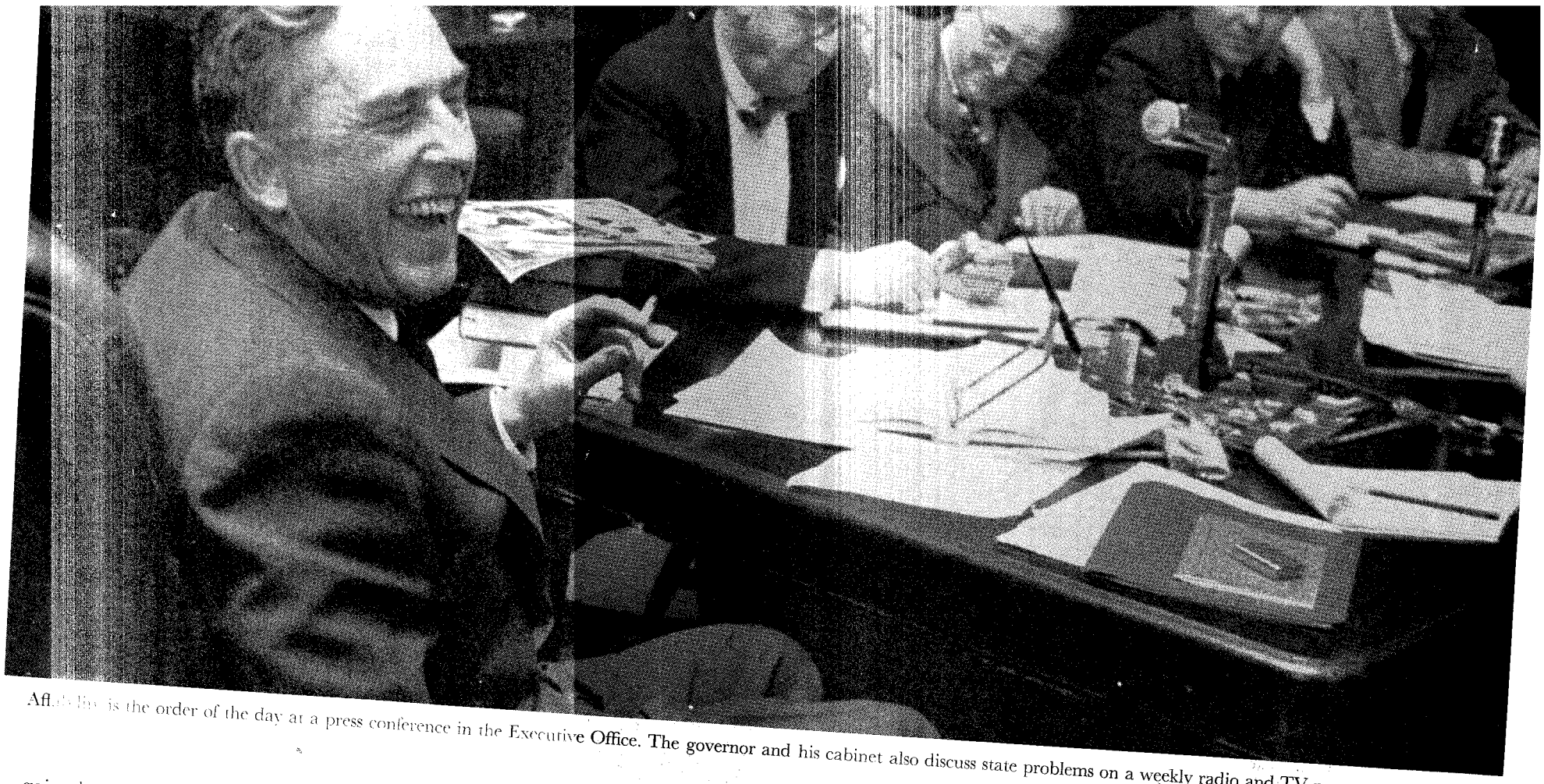
Later that day, however, I discovered few evidences of Republican complacency in the legislative chambers, and decided that Meyner's opponents would take help where they could find it. (Samuel L. Bodine, the state chairman, has publicly described Meyner as a "formidable candidate" and, with an objectiveness rare among state chairmen, as a "very charming and industrious governor.") Legislators in joint session listened intently as Meyner read his annual message, fully aware that the felicitously phrased document—with its review of the accomplishments of his administration—was the platform on which his coming campaign would be based.

As early as December, Bodine requested and was promised the co-operation and assistance of the Republican National Committee, and said he was particularly interested in borrowing research workers, speech writers and publicists.

Thus it seems likely that in the coming months the Jersey free-for-all will take on something more than parochial aspects. The Republicans plainly regard Meyner as a potential darling of the electorate, and as an emerging and possibly dangerous figure. Next November they hope to obliterate him.

The governor is an apt professional of politics, but there are times when he looks back wonderingly over the last four or five years. Realistic in all things, he is first to admit that he is governor of New Jersey through a most fortuitous chain of circumstances. He is the first Democrat to be elected to state-wide office since 1940. And in previous attempts to win less impressive elective jobs he had a batting average of only .250. He served as state senator from his own county for four years. He acted as minority leader in 1950,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Affability is the order of the day at a press conference in the Executive Office. The governor and his cabinet also discuss state problems on a weekly radio and TV program.

gained a reputation for his grasp of state problems and as an excellent debater. Then he was beaten by a few votes for re-election.

The next year Eisenhower carried New Jersey by 350,000 votes. (Ike carried it in 1956 by 750,000.) Republicans were jubilant. The Democratic Party seemed to be in a state of dissolution. Mayor John V. Kenny, a Democrat, had overthrown in Jersey City the long-time czarship of Frank ("I am the Law") Hague; there was no state-wide leadership and there was general apathy among the Democrats. The remnants of the Hague machine decided to support for governor the late Elmer Wene, a down-state chicken farmer defeated for the same job in 1948. This was too much even for the dispirited leaders of Jersey's urban and populous four—out of twenty-one—strongly Democratic counties.

Since the Hague-controlled state committee still existed on paper, those leaders and some thinking independents formed the National Democratic Club of New Jersey, incorporated it, raised a scanty treasure chest, and set about selecting what one party worker called a "clean-shirt" candidate to oppose Wene in the Democratic primary. Three boss-free men seemed available—Archibald S. Alexander, Assistant Secretary of the Army under President Truman; Charles R. Howell; and Bob Meyner. These three musketeers had beaten the bushes for Adlai Stevenson in 1952, respected each other and were firm friends. Wealthy Archie Alexander, who had been beaten for the United States Senate in 1948 and 1952, did not want to run again, and Howell felt he

(Continued on Page 124)

The governor visits the Johnston Training and Research Center in Bordentown, N.J., a school for mentally retarded boys. Meyner has obtained a $1,400,000 appropriation for this school, which is now being modernized and expanded.

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Love can burn as bright and warm as a glowing fire—and suddenly turn to bitter ashes . . .

End of a Marriage

By
NELIA GARDNER WHITE

October is the saddest month. "Drowned in grief"—where did I hear that phrase? I must have read it somewhere. It's not what an unsentimental, unpoetic man like me would say. Yet that is how I feel—"drowned in grief."

It must show in my face, for Alice said to me, "Is something the matter?" "No, nothing," I said. She didn't say anything more, let me come in here by the fire alone. She never talks much—Alice. We're both too quiet, and perhaps that's at the root of this sadness. She won't pry; she never has. But I have seen love flare up like a bright fire; I have seen joy so extravagant that it lighted up the whole landscape. I've seen it die too.

Alice is washing the supper dishes, the good china that we use for every day, but which is not nicked or marred in any way. Everything shines in our house, but there are no children here, there is no violence of passion, and all shines by patient effort. We are shy but efficient people, inhibited and quiet. I know it took an effort for her to say, "Is something the matter?" I ought to have told her the whole story, but I could not. I've hardly mentioned the Brewsters to her all these months. She might think Kathie Brewster meant more to me than she does; yet Kathie has meant something, a good deal. Or she might feel I was dissatisfied with our life. Anyway, it is no time to tell it now.

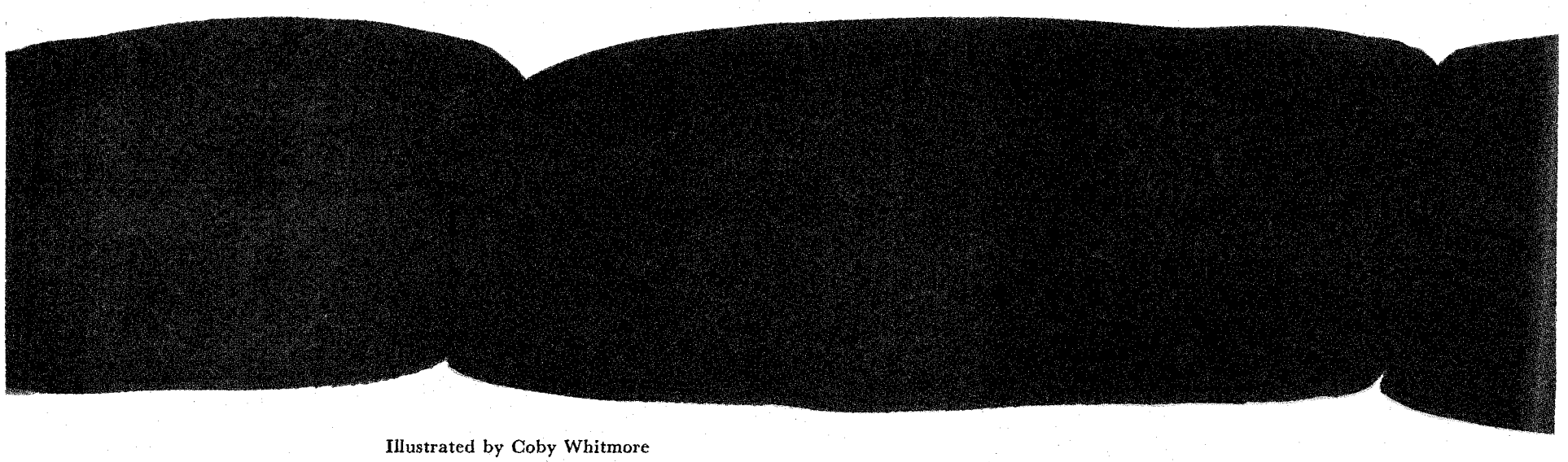
When I was a boy I loved October above all other months. We raced down the hill from the butternut tree under the blue sky, with the air sharp against our faces, the leaves all red and gold or curled and brown under our feet, rushed in with our trophy of nuts, sat down at the round table and ate fried bread and blackberry jam, sleepy a little from the day, warmed through and through with food and fire and love, safe in the warmth of family. But where to rush now?

The air is the same—exactly the same as when I was a boy. I live in these hills which are not the same, but very like those of my boyhood. The maples flaunt their scarlet and gold, the woodbine is blood-red on the stone walls, the ash and elm drop yellow leaves in lazy showers, the haze on the hills has that same purple tone, geese fly overhead, along our road the acorns and hazelnuts lie awaiting squirrel or boy. What difference, then?

I can't honestly say it is Alice's fault that I feel grief tonight, when once I felt only joy. Something is lost out of life, all the same. Or is it only that I know now for all time that the heady, the triumphant, the wildly passionate is not for me, and never will be? That this smooth existence is all there is? My house will shine, my fires will burn; I shall eat good food, served with charm on good dishes on a polished table; I shall sleep under soft clean blankets and go to my unexciting job day after day, come home to comfort and this silence where nothing gets said and never will get said now. That's the way we are.

Was it only last April that we started the car pool? It seems long, long ago. But the shadblow was just out in the woods, I know. We took turns driving, George Lemon and I. Then we took in Doctor Cather, picking him up at the corner store. And then Mark Brewster stepped up to the car one night as we let Doctor Cather out and said, "You fellows want another passenger?" So there were four of us, each driving a week, drawing lots for the extra days each month.

I suppose you can say we are friends. Incongruous friends. We never go into one another's houses. I have not so much as met George's socially minded family, nor Doctor Cather's wife, who lives in a wheel chair. George is a little pompous and aloof, a success. Doctor Cather teaches physics at our little college and is a tired man who never has enough money or time. Mark is a bird of bright plumage. Yet we are friends. We have this hour together, morning and night. We do not have profound discussions; sometimes (Continued on Page 93)



Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They'd quarreled. They'd had a honey of a quarrel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UPON THEIR NODS
OR FROWNS
TREMBLES FAME
OR FAILURE

John McClain: Journal-American

John Chapman: Daily News

Richard Watts, Jr.: Post

Robert Coleman: Daily Mirror

Tom Donnelly: World-Telegram

Walter Kerr: Herald Tribune

Brooks Atkinson: Times

One line of praise or ridicule from the New York critics can determine the fate of a new play. Authors and actors may howl with anguish, but they all lie at the mercy of

By STANLEY FRANK

The Seven Dictators of Broadway

A hit or a flop? At Sardi's after the opening of "A Hole in the Head," star Paul Douglas (center) anxiously scans a review. The critics' verdicts ranged from Atkinson's "endearing" to Chapman's "boring" and "irritating."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIC VICTIMS OF THE CRITICS' POISONED ARROWS

The final curtain has just dropped on a new Broadway play and now the tension mounting backstage is more suspenseful than it was in the make-believe behind the footlights. Realistic professionals know the fate of the play rests squarely on the reactions of only seven men who were in the theater. Now come two hours of harrowing waiting for the verdicts of New York's drama critics.

Sharply at 12:30 A.M. the first twenty-five copies of The New York Times' late city edition are rushed next door to Sardi's Restaurant, the nerve center of the theater. Three minutes later the Herald Tribune arrives, followed closely by the News and the Mirror. Although the Post, World-Telegram and Journal-American will not be out for ten hours, the consensus of the morning pundits generally is decisive.

Now, at 12:40 A.M., it is known whether the actors will be making the rounds of casting offices shortly and the producer will have to dig up a fresh bank roll for walking-around money. Statistics show that the decision of the critics is reversed by the public at the box office in less than 5 per cent of the plays brought to Broadway. Eminent people in the theater have denounced the intelligence, competence and ancestry of the men who pass judgment on their creative efforts, but they invariably concede that the influence of the critics never was stronger than it is today.

"When I start to work on a play I tell myself I'm producing this for only seven men," says Herman Shumlin, a successful showman for more than a quarter century. "Throughout rehearsals and tryouts on the road, everyone is obsessed by one thought: Will the New York critics like it? On opening night I don't care if the actors can't be heard in the balcony. I want them to play to those seven men sitting down front in the orchestra.

"There is no question that the critics can make or break a play. A musical is one exception. It can be a hit with fair notices if it has a big star like Ethel Merman. Personally, I don't believe the critics are qualified to evaluate acting and direction. Their lack of appreciation for artistic experiments has hurt the theater, because people are afraid to invest in such projects. I suppose, though, that's a left-handed tribute to the power the critics exert."

Actually, the influence of the New York drama critics extends far beyond the narrow limits of Broadway. Most original plays that survive for two months eventually wind up in the movies or on television if they do not violate racial, moral or sex taboos. Alan Jackson, story editor of Paramount Pictures, checked the list of twenty-four offerings on the boards during the second week in January. Nineteen already had been bought by the movies or were in the bidding stage. Of the remaining five, one was a musical without a suitable plot, two were closing after short runs, another was a flimsy comedy about a Jewish family, and the last was a Shakespearean repertory presented by the Old Vic Company of London.

Who are the seven autocrats upon whose frowns and nods of approval tremble the $6,000,000 invested annually in Broadway shows? Well, sir, a composite biography reveals that none was born or reared within 200 miles of Broadway, all have covered general newspaper assignments from crime to clambakes and, to a man,

(Continued on Page 86)

"Tallulah Bankhead barged down the Nile as Cleopatra last night—and sank," reported John Mason Brown in 1937. Tallulah hasn't had a go at Shakespeare anywhere since then.

To Suzanne Caubet's protestations of "Me Nubi, me good girl," Robert Benchley retorted aloud, "Me Bob, me bad boy. Me go home."

"Katharine Hepburn ran the gamut of emotions from A to B," was Dorothy Parker's devastating crack in her review of The Lake.

"At the moment he is suffering from delusions of adequacy," said Walter Kerr of Jay Robinson in Buy Me Blue Ribbons, a turkey about a rich actor who financed a play to star himself.

"The play is a bust, which is one more than Miss West needs," reported John Chapman after he saw Mae in Catherine Was Great.

Geoffrey Stein: "Worst performance ever seen," wrote Heywood Broun, who subsequently tagged Stein as "not up to his usual standard."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They ordered him to perform a suicidal mission, with the men called

The Platoon of Pariahs

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

He'd goofed again, Dan Hill thought bitterly as he crouched at the edge of the trees and watched the gray dawn come. It had started to snow again—wet, feathery flakes which clung to his face. The ridge was broken by a saddle here; beyond, across three miles of bleak terrain, was the Notch where Able Company clung precariously to the semi-perimeter it had hacked out in Monday's rough fight.

But it was Wednesday now and Able was stuck out far in advance of the rest of the battalion since Baker and Charley companies, supposedly on its flanks, had been kicked back into the valley again. Able's only life line was the provisional platoon huddled here in the woods with Lt. Dan Hill. Eighteen men and seventeen mules carrying the ammo Able had to have to keep on living.

The platoon should have crossed that dangerous ground in front three hours ago while darkness still cloaked it from the prying eyes of German OP's on the encircling peaks of the Apennines. The platoon hadn't. The platoon had got lost, instead; now daylight found it here in this patch of pine forest high on the ridge. It would be suicide to cross that naked ground now, Dan was thinking.

Sgt. Pete Jasmine crawled up. "Going to be pretty bad going across there, I think," Pete said in a worried voice.

"We're not going across," Dan answered. "We're going to stay here until night."

He could sense the shock in Pete. Well, damn it, Pete didn't carry the lives of eighteen men in his hands! Pete was Old Army; he'd used to ride in D Troop back at Fort Halstead before the war, when Dan's father, big Jeff Hill, had commanded D. "The Big Honcho." That was the name the troopers had used to have for big Jeff. Dan had been twelve in those days. Lonnie Bushmiller, the iron-butted captain who commanded Able Company up in the Notch now, had been a sergeant in D.

"Lonnie'll be hurting for ammo pretty soon," Pete murmured finally under his breath. "Hurting real bad."

"All right!" Dan retorted violently. "So he'll be hurting bad! How many of those mules do you think we could get across there through direct mortar and machine-gun fire?"

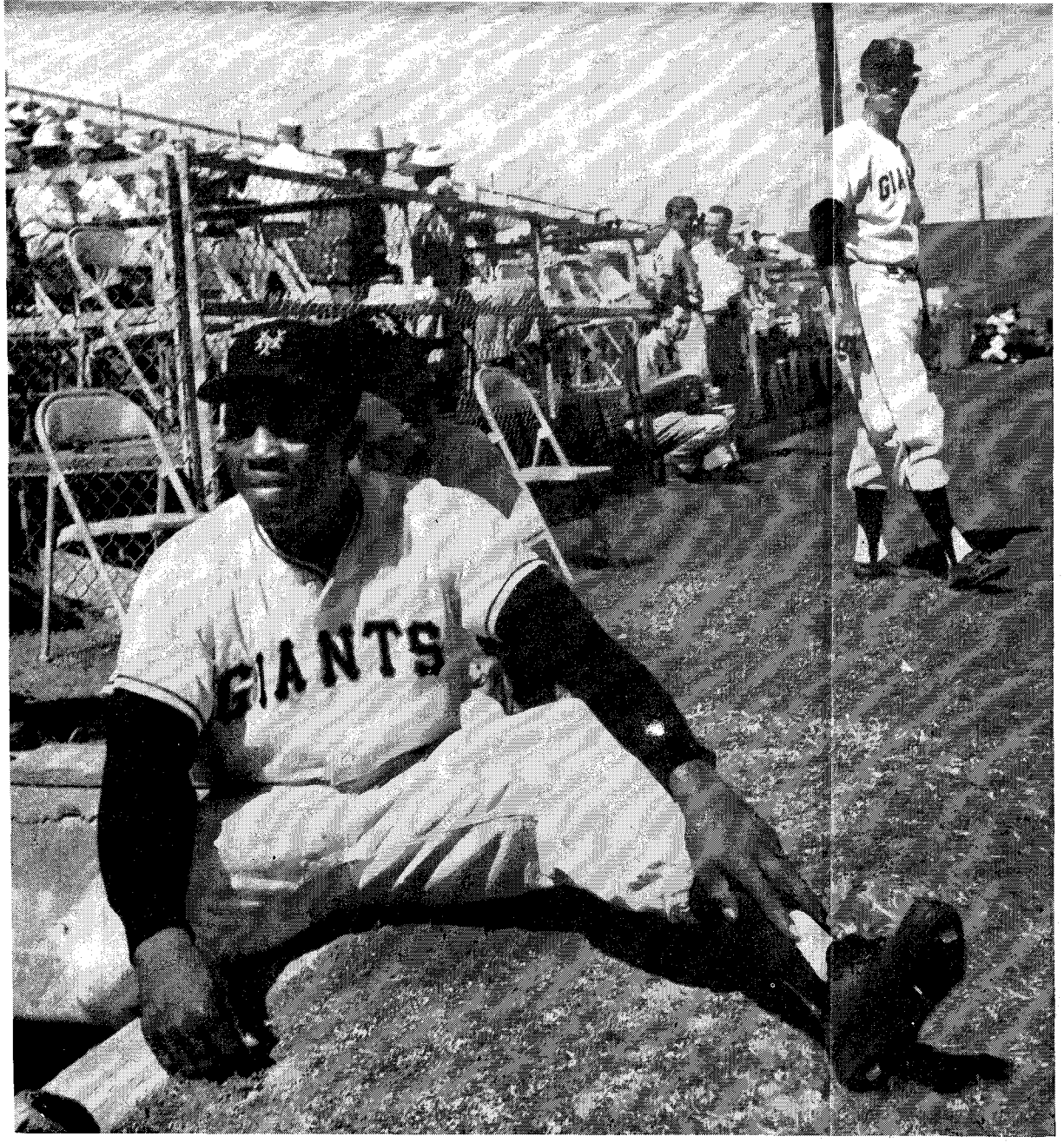
Pete didn't answer that. He wasn't in command. Dan went back to studying the slope with his glasses. Nice, new field glasses that his girl had given him when he'd graduated from West Point seven months ago. Seemed a lot longer than seven months now.

The lenses brought the pines at the entrance to the Notch up close; they looked like white-cowled monks brooding in the gray morning, Dan thought vaguely. The wind was freshening from the north, blowing the snow into his face and bringing with it the sullen mutter of gunfire. Dan's mouth got thinner and the uncertainty deepened in his fresh and unlined face.

(Continued on Page 78)

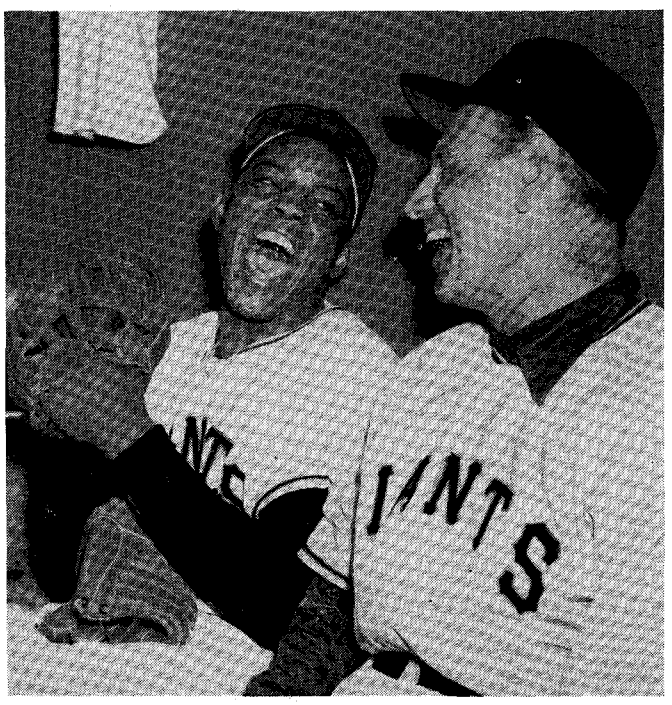
"You'll learn you have to do the impossible in battle, lieutenant!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Spring training, 1957: Mays waits near the dugout, under the eye of manager Bill Rigney (standing), who showed the squad that Willie was not above criticism.

Willie with the "great man in his life," the Giants' former manager, Leo Durocher. The Lip's departure in 1955 was a sore loss to the kid.



Last year Willie Mays had a season that would leave most ballplayers jumping for joy, but for the amazing Mays 1956 was almost a nightmare. Here's why.

The Woes of Willie Mays

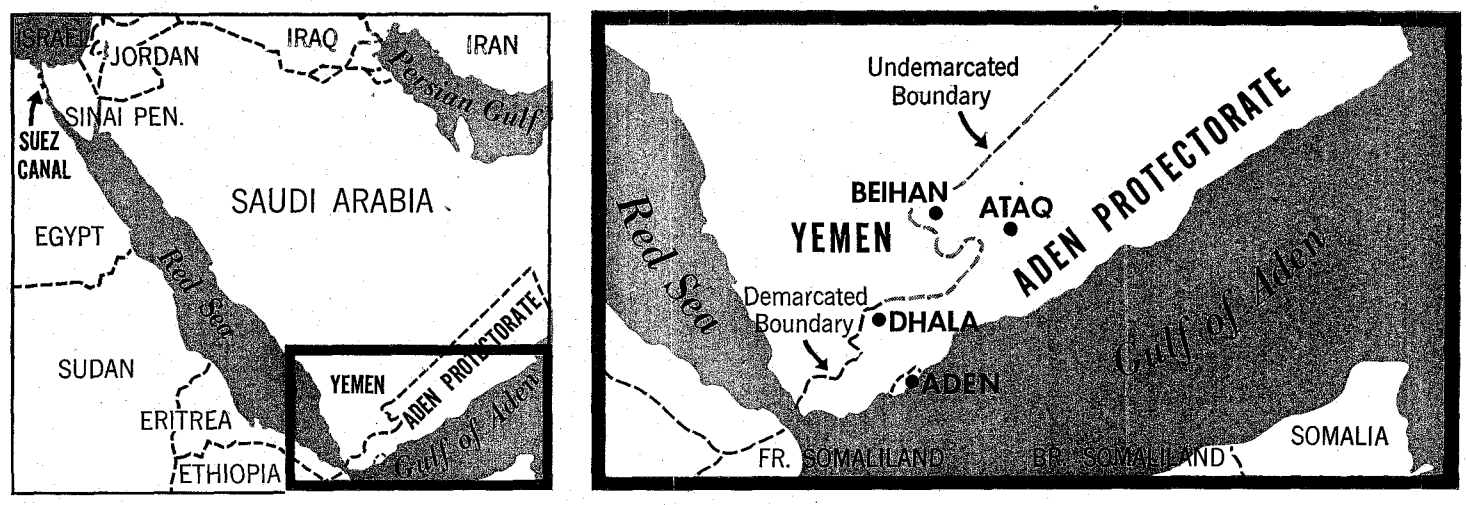
By EDWARD LINN

As the 1956 baseball season was coming to an end, Willie Mays had convinced himself that if he could just get his average up to .300 he wouldn't have had such a bad year after all. Going into the last game, a big day at the plate would have done it for him. He went hitless. That was the kind of year it was for Willie.

He did have thirty-six home runs and forty stolen bases—a remarkable coupling of statistics—to brighten his season. The New York Giants, for their part, didn't have any bright spots at all. In last place much of the year, they finally wound up in sixth. The financial balance sheet was so dismal that pulses began to quicken all over Minneapolis, the city that had built a $4,500,000 stadium on the bare hint that it might get the Giants' franchise if attendance in New York didn't improve. The Giants are going to leave the Polo Grounds, all right—their lease expires in 1962—but they are still reluctant to walk away from the lush New York consumer area, where television rights reportedly bring them over $600,000. (Continued on Page 105)

Willie surprises the Pirates by coming home from second on an ordinary ground-out. He scored the winning run in this game last August.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Aden-Yemen frontier, age-old Middle East battleground. The protectorate acts as buffer against Yemen for Britain's vital Aden colony.

The Oddest War Ever Fought

It's been going on for 2000 years, with daily time-outs for prayers and narcotic binges. If it spreads into a larger arena it might involve us all.

The author on a scout-car patrol near Ataq, with British-led troops, who, despite their discipline and loyalty, share with the enemy an intense preoccupation with drug-taking.

By NOEL BARBER

BEIHAN, ON THE ADEN-YEMEN FRONTIER. The Sharif of Beihan, a grizzly-bearded gentleman in a green skirt, white jacket, brown at the edges, and the only man wearing shoes, analyzed the whole war sternly and succinctly. "Things are getting worse. In the past three months we have suffered casualties—two killed, one wounded, four hundred stolen."

"Stolen? You mean prisoners?" I asked.

The interpreter gave an apologetic cough. "My fault," he added hastily. "I should have said four hundred goats stolen."

And that about sums up the oddest little war in the world, a war that started on this

High-spirited Yemen tribesmen with antiquated rifles crowd a parapet for the chance to let loose a volley of wild shots at two distant British armored cars.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dissident tribesman from the protectorate: Enticed to fight the British by a bribe or a gun, he left his son in the Yemen as a hostage in accordance with the old tribal laws.

vicious, arid mountainous frontier 2000 years ago and has been going on steadily ever since.

Though now the quarrel is virtually between Britain and the Yemen, it is still at heart a war of blood feuds between savage tribes who still come out after the sunset prayer, fighting barefoot, often in loincloths, their bodies painted with woad, their matted hair halfway down their backs.

The night before I wrote this they loosed off hundreds of rounds at this isolated British Royal Air Force camp where I am staying, then melted back into the indigo night. And on this occasion—as on nearly every occasion—not a soul got hurt. Both sides blazed like merry hell for half an hour and then settled down to sleep. The war was over for another night.

I have now flown this frontier dozens of times; I have jeeped with patrols over hundreds of miles of wicked border country; and I have stayed at three front-line battle stations. And though at times we were attacked by maniacal hordes of tribesmen 500 strong, all rifle-armed, I have never seen a casualty. One bullet whined through a sleeping tent one night, that's all. The casualties at Beihan are the first I had heard of for weeks.

And yet one day soon this crazy war in which hardly anybody gets hurt could be a major U.N. headache. For this sandbagged camp, with its dusty airstrip on a plateau 5000 feet above the sea and surrounded by cruel, jagged volcanic peaks that soar 8000 feet or more—this camp is on the frontier that separates the Protectorate of Aden from the Yemen, one of the world's most backward lands. Here the guns splutter every night as the tribesmen scramble down the weird, futuristic mountains of geological clinker to the sandy wadis that were once the ancient route of the spice and frankincense trade. (Continued on Page 108)

Sir William Luce, governor of Aden colony, inspects a barefoot detachment of the Quaiti state army—one of the local forces in the protectorate allied with the British.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

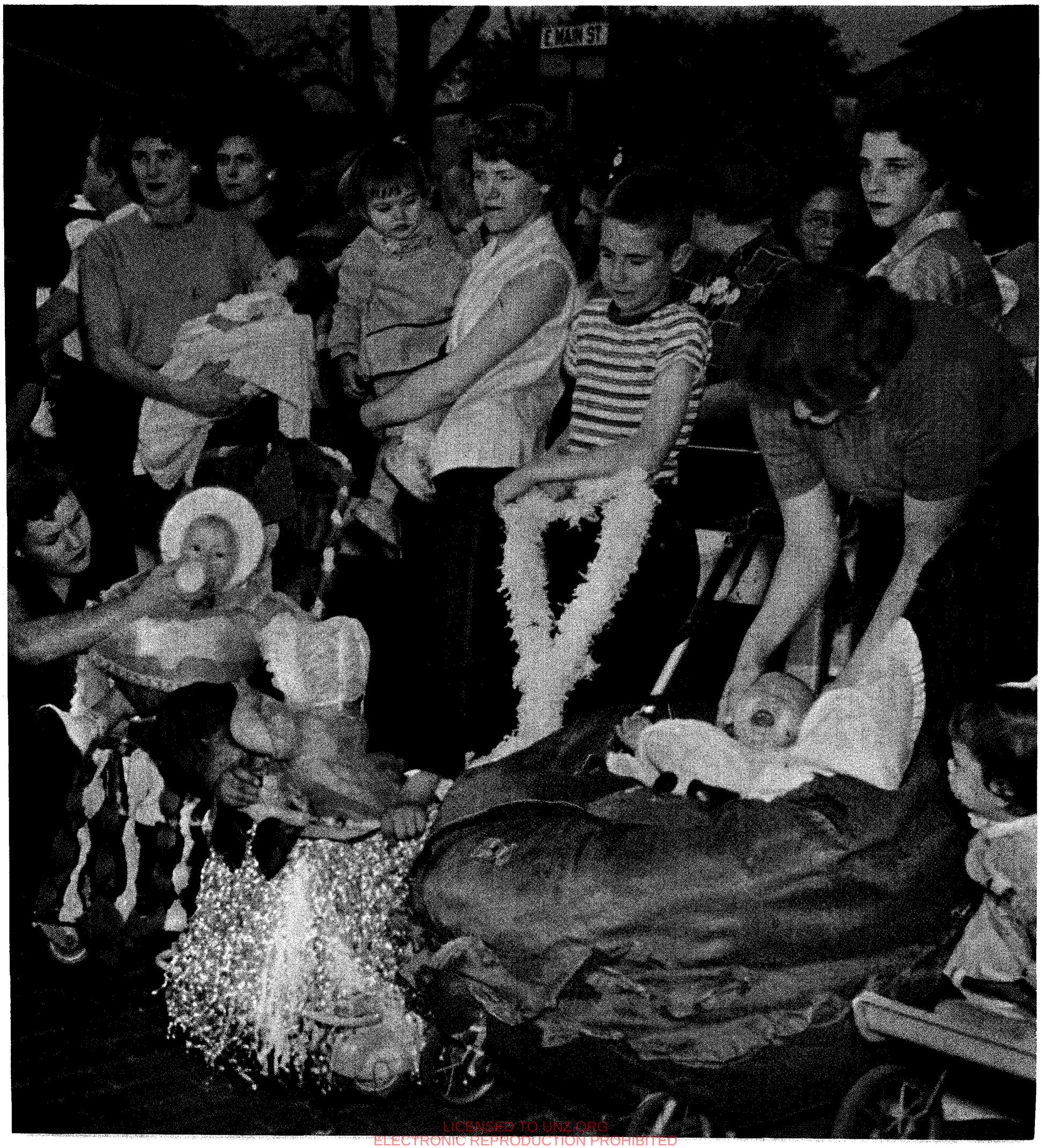
The Face of AMERICA

PRIZE BABIES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Competition begins early for youthful citizens of Circleville, Ohio, at the annual baby parade. Egged on by their eager elders, the diaper set trundles down Main Street in bonnets and bows, and the crowd coos. The judges are on a spot: They have to choose the best baby right in the presence of the parents. The babies are in none too comfortable a position, either, what with the staring of the spectators and the starchiness of the formal frocks. For the most part, however, the brave little contestants carry on with resigned composure: *noblesse oblige.*

To the winner, great honor, and a small prize: Two dollars and fifty cents. Only one entry was truly disillusioned in this contest held some months ago. The infant in the upholstered carriage (lower right) decided that, at those prices, he did not choose to compete. ● Photograph by Ivan Dmitri



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A delightful and surprising true story about two of the most hilarious pets a boy ever kept.

PALS OF MY CHILDHOOD

By FARLEY MOWAT

About the Author

We consider this article one of the most charming bits of reminiscence that have come our way in a long time, and we feel certain that readers will share our joy in it. It is the first article written for the Post by Farley Mowat, 36-year-old Canadian novelist and short-story writer, but he has appeared in these pages five times with his fiction. With his wife and child, Mowat lives in Palgrave, Ontario, in a cabin he built with his own hands. —THE EDITORS.

There is no explaining it, but the fact remains that in my youth I had a peculiar affinity for pets of the more unusual varieties. It was not that I went out of my way to find them either. They simply fell into my sphere of life as if dropped upon me by some malicious fate. This, at any rate, was what my parents believed, and this was how they explained my acquisition of a brace of rattlesnakes when I was twelve years old. They recognized the same malignant fate when, later on, I acquired a full-powered skunk, a mange-afflicted coyote, a parasitic jaeger from the arctic tundra, and a covey—or bevy—of fourteen hoary bats. When the owls arrived, my parents were at first inclined to believe that the curse was broken, and they welcomed the new members of our household almost with affection, for owls were, so my parents thought, inactive, dignified and not very stimulating beasts. My parents were wrong. The two great horned owls which joined the family in the spring of 1932, at Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, were probably the most unusual pets I ever had.

In those days I was an avid bird watcher and photographer, and it happened that in the early spring of the year I located a great horned owls' nest in a poplar bluff not far from the city. The discovery presented me with an unparalleled opportunity to secure rare photographs, and so I constructed a blind, or hide, in the tops of some poplars near the nest. The blind was simply a platform of poles, insecurely tied with binder twine and covered with a piece of canvas.

The parent owls did not immediately appreciate a new neighbor, and they impressed me with the weight of their displeasure by tearing the canvas into fine shreds one dark night. But in due course of time a truce was reached. I spent many hours in the blind, and even managed to obtain a few passable photographs.

Then that strange fate of mine stepped in. Some youths armed with .22 rifles followed me to the nesting site one day and, after I had left, they murdered the adult owls. When I returned the following morning I was greeted by the hungry screams of the two fledglings which had survived the massacre, and, since I felt myself indirectly responsible for their parents' death, there was nothing for it but to wrap the owlets in my shirt and bring them home.

They were then only six weeks old, but already giving promise that their ultimate size would be impressive. My parents, who had never seen a full-grown horned owl, had no real idea as to just how impressive they could be, and I preserved a discreet silence on the subject. Nevertheless, mother vetoed my plan for keeping the two newest and youngest members of the family in my bedroom, even though I pointed out to her that the birds might get lost, and, in any case, they would be in considerable danger from the local cats and dogs if they were kept outside.

Mother looked speculatively at the talons which the unhappy fledglings were flexing fiercely—the talons already three quarters of an inch in length—and gave it as her considered opinion that the cats and dogs would have a thin time of it in a mix-up with the owls. As to their getting lost—my mother was always an optimist.

Eventually my father solved the housing problem by helping me build a large chicken-wire enclosure in the back yard. This enclosure was used only a few months, for it soon became superfluous.

In the first place, the owls showed no disposition to stray from their new home. Each day I would take them out for a romp on the lawn and, far from attempting to return to their wild haunts, they betrayed an overwhelming anxiety to avoid the uncertainties of freedom at any cost. Once or twice I accidentally left them alone in the yard, and they, concluding that they had been abandoned, staged a (Continued on Page 134)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Dream for Sale

By GEORGE LOVERIDGE

Few knew what Ev Warren and his wife, Sally, proposed to do, and those who did called them fools. . . .

Ev Warren worked for his father, who owned a thriving shoe store in Ohio. The store would one day be Ev's because he was an only child. But he hankered to earn his living out of doors, and what he and Sally proposed was to sell their belongings, buy a small boat and go fishing off the New England coast.

Until he was ten, Ev had been no closer to an ocean than the maps in a school geography. Then his mother became incurably ill and he was sent to live with her brother, Ben, on the coast of Maine. Uncle Ben was a grocer, but the villagers were mostly fishermen, and Ev was fascinated by the presence of the sea, by the yarns of the fishermen, by the boats, the nets and the lobster pots, by the primeval mystery that attends the immediate drawing of food from earth or ocean. He played with the sons of fishermen, he accompanied them on their fathers' boats and he determined to be a fisherman when he grew up.

Though he returned to Ohio two years later, after his mother's death, and lived there until he was a young man, he remained a salt at heart. When war came, defective hearing prevented him from enlisting. Not wanting to spend the war fitting shoes, it occurred to him to go to Bath, Maine, and work in a shipyard, for he was handy with tools.

All through the war he did good work and made good pay. He often visited his Uncle Ben, and after the war he had a mind to stay and be a fisherman. But his father had been sick and he asked for help at the store. Once again, Ev went home. Two years later, to his father's satisfaction, Ev married. Now he would have to settle down and put away foolish notions. It was time. He was twenty-seven.

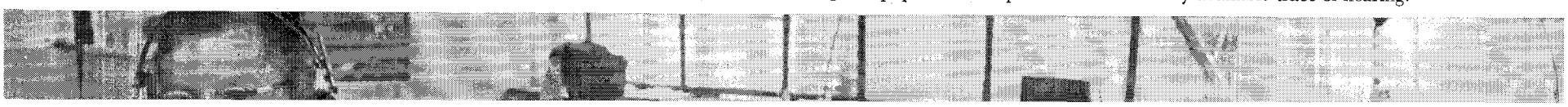
Ev was a lean, wiry, rather taciturn man, and the girl he married, Sally Forsythe, resembled him in some respects. She swam and played tennis well, and, for a woman, she did not talk much. Her father was a dentist, well-to-do, and he and Ev's father offered to buy (Continued on Page 69)

They found a ship for sale in Gloucester. It was a 32-footer, and it needed repairs, but Ev was sure he could make them himself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Little Mari Pagenstecher, who was born deaf, reads the lips of her teacher, Mrs. Mary Oliver, at Sunshine Cottage, a school for the deaf in San Antonio, Texas.

Mari (right) and her first-grade classmates pledge allegiance to the flag. All pupils wear earphones to utilize every available trace of hearing.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographs by Bill Shrout

My Daughter's Silent World

By ADELYN PAGENSTECHER, as told to Mary Ellen Stevens

"Your child is deaf," the author was told. This is the story of her personal struggle to accept the bitter truth

Reading aloud to classmates is fun, even though no one may hear. The school doesn't expect Mari to have normal voice quality, as she is totally deaf, but she can have understandable speech. Her hearing aid picks up vibrations.

For weeks I lay awake at night pondering the problem. Our beautiful and blond two-year-old daughter, Mari, was deaf. Not hard of hearing but profoundly deaf. She could not speak, she could not hear us speak. Her bright little mind could not be reached. We were told to send her away to a school where she could receive specialized training for the deaf. My husband, Charles, quiet, thoughtful and always ready to do what is best for his family, considered this, but not I! Send away our baby where she would miss the affection and attention we lavished upon her? What about the protection we strongly felt she needed? What about the feeling of being wanted? We would not give her up, I said. And yet we did, Charles and I, eventually. This is the story.

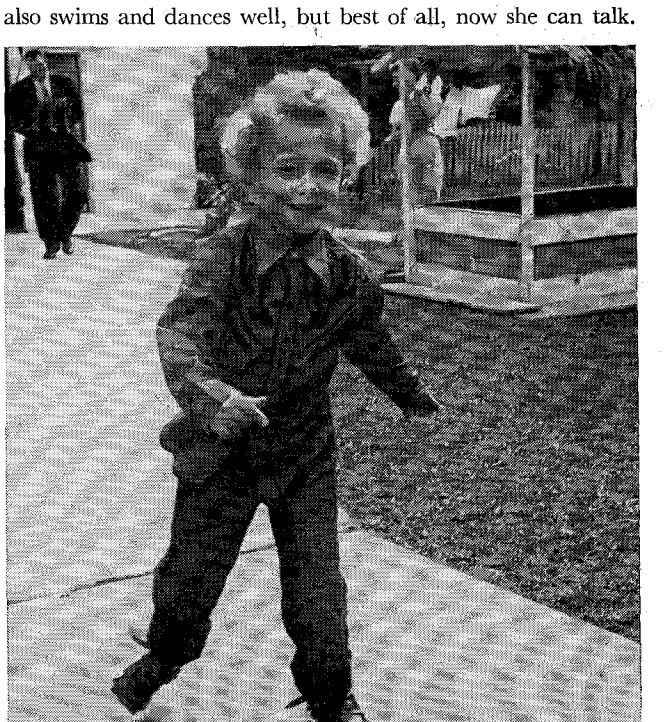
Mari was born in August of 1950. We did not suspect her deafness until a year and a half later, because during that time no demand was made on her hearing. She was our third daughter and a most welcome baby. Her sisters, Ann and Ellen—ten and eight at her birth—were always eager to bring her to meals, play with her and put her to bed. While they were in school and if I was busy, we had a devoted maid, Rosa, to follow her around. My husband and I enjoyed her in the relaxed way a couple often enjoys the child that comes later in marriage, after all the books on child rearing have been thrown out.

Mari slept soundly, cried occasionally, laughed a lot and jabbered incoherently, like all babies. But the jabber never turned to words. We began to worry a little about this, but our friends reassured us. Most had stories of babies who did not talk until they were two or three. It occurred to my husband and me that Mari might not hear well, but it was hard to believe. Her sisters, my family, friends, all refused to believe it, and there were those coincidences with sound to disprove it. She would turn her head at the right moment, seem startled at a loud noise, and we would enjoy the marvelous sensation of relief that she did hear, after all. The crushing suspicion of deafness was upon us, but we continued to grasp at the slightest proof that we were wrong.

Then one day while I was out in the yard watching her play in the sand pile suddenly she ran into the street. I called sharply, but she did not hesitate or turn. I ran after her, catching her up in my arms, and even under the barrage of scolding, worried words, she looked up and smiled. And then I knew—she had not heard me. There was a tightness in my chest and I wanted to (Continued on Page 54)

Mari's parents take her home for a holiday. The school's director, Miss Mary K. Van Wyk (left), convinced them that special training for Mari would be worth the 300-mile separation from her.

At home, six-year-old Mari tries out her new roller skates. She also swims and dances well, but best of all, now she can talk.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Record Run

How was it possible? A 100-year-old woodburner was outrunning the newest engine on the tracks.

By WILLIAM MANCHESTER

Possibly you missed it in the Sunday Times. Or maybe you saw it and discredited it—that's likelier. It was preposterous, but the staggering truth is that it all happened, including the photo finish, and as old Steve Thatcher says, the queerest part was what the reporters missed or couldn't print.

It all started that lovely morning last May in the dozy town of Gideon, Connecticut, when young Sam Lacy rinsed his razor, squinted into a cracked mirror and exhausted his thin store of railroad jargon in dour valedictory. "Hank," he said wryly, "I'm uncoupling. I'm highballing out of here on shoofly track. In plain English, I'm through."

His assistant shifted a crippled leg and sat back genially in a horsehair rocker. "You are for a fact, son," he said in a voice that rasped like a file. "For a greenhorn you done pretty good, but you're whipped now."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Incredibly, the ancient locomotive had pulled ahead of the Rocket.

Sam eyed him lugubriously, then crouched over his own lathered image. Despite the soap and the tarnished glass, it was a pleasant image, marked by strong features and dark, cropped hair, with a touch of crimson below the temples. It was still a bland face; Sam Lacy was just twenty-five—a callow age, he reflected grimly, to file bankruptcy proceedings.

The room behind him was elderly. From the scarred Seth Thomas clock over the Victorian telegraph desk to the baroque benches lining the floor, it suggested a forgotten era of railroading. It had served the town honorably for over a century as waiting room for the Great Eastern Railway, and Sam had leased it in the expectation that it would serve him also. He had posted a sign outside, designating it headquarters for the Lacy Railroad Museum, and hoped it would attract the patronage of summer visitors arriving at the new Gideon station across the track yard, on their way to the Sunland resort colony.

It had. For exactly two weeks. Then, yesterday, just as the season was getting under way, the Great Eastern had inexplicably decided to abandon Gideon and move its resort station to Medford.

Sam toweled his face savagely. "Medford's too far. It doesn't make sense."

"Sense never was Steve Thatcher's strong p'int," Hank hoarsed.

"Then how'd he get to be head of the road?"

Hank shrugged. "Same way he got to be top engineer on the Mogul Express thirty years back, I expect. He ain't afeared to run a paddle now and then."

Doubly frustrated by Hank's argot—he thought a paddle was a signal, but wasn't quite sure—Sam strode to the window, fuming. Beyond its starred panes lay the silent depot yard with its two railbeds. On the far side the new track skirted the handsome new station, headed east on a thick cushion of crushed-rock ballast, and vanished into a deep May wood. On this side twin bands of rusty narrow-gauge iron curved past the museum platform, encountered an old switch and straightened out, running parallel to the new line. They entered the forest together and continued twenty miles to Medford.

Sam's eyes ran back along the old iron and rested tenderly on the antique three-stall brick roundhouse to the left. Inside, just visible in the gate shadow, were the gleaming brass fittings of an ancient locomotive. It was his prize exhibit, a glittering relic of the 1850's resurrected from a Jersey junk yard. In a month Sam had come to love every riveted inch of it, right down to the tarnished (Continued on Page 60)

Illustrated by Peter Helck

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Each spring, Dutch workers painstakingly cut 22,000 acres of blossoms to prevent the bulbs from wasting their strength.

Photographs by Malak

A Bloom for Mother-in-Law

A lovely speculation is the intricate art of producing Dutch bulbs: The progeny of a well-bred flower may bring in $600,000 in a single year.

By FRANK J. TAYLOR

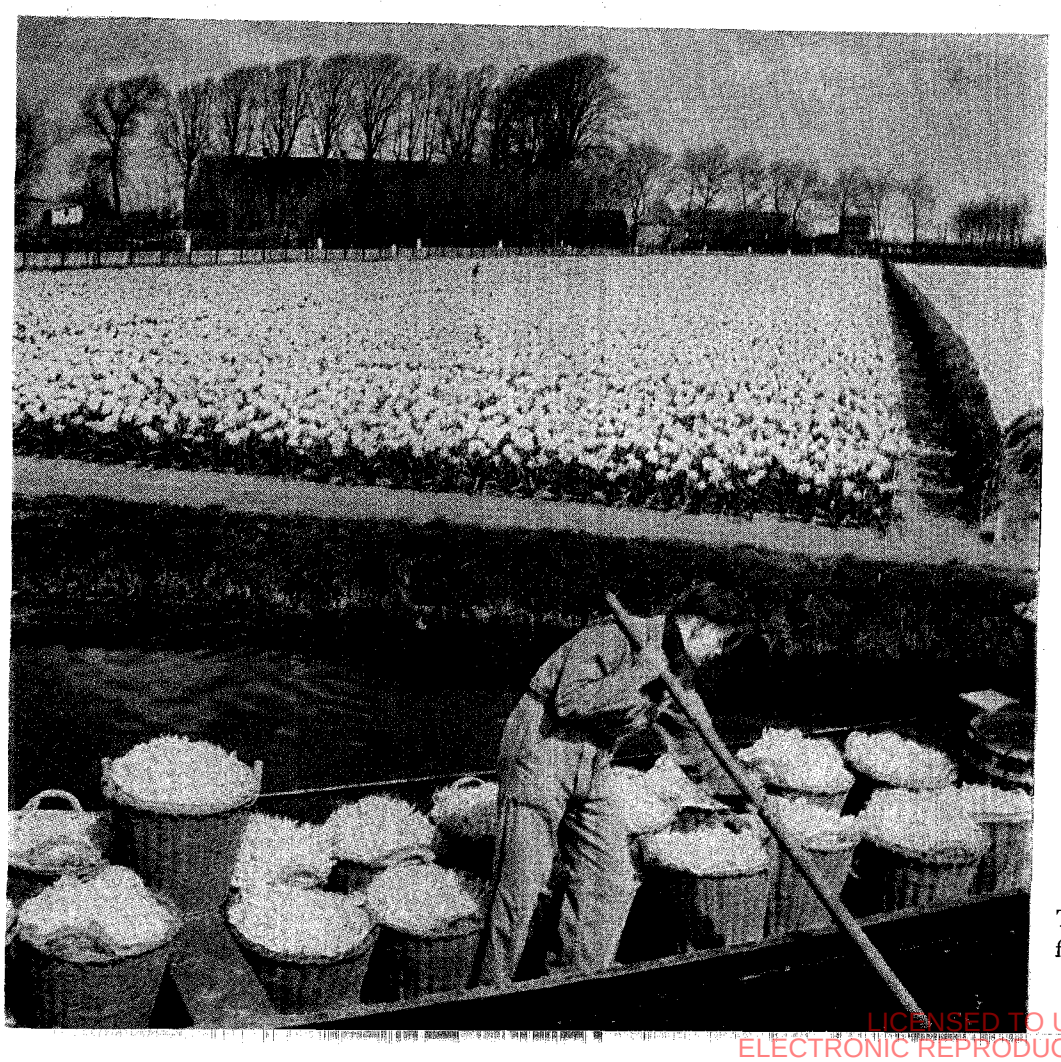
In his compact climate laboratory at Lisse, Holland, Dr. Egbert van Slogteren, the wizard of bulbs, who looks like a jolly Dutch Santa Claus in a beret, was mixing up a new vat of weather. "The Professor," as he is known to his associates, can brew some thirty climates simultaneously, duplicating humidity and light and temperature ranging from that of Iceland to weather in down-under New Zealand.

The Dutch, who seldom squander a guilder foolishly, are not making weather for the fun of it, but for business. Each year they sell around three billion bulbs—tulips, daffodils, hyacinths, Dutch iris—to gardeners and greenhouse growers in a hundred lands, and they want to know before they ship their bulbs how they will flourish in California, or Sweden, or Ceylon, or any other spot on the globe. Professor van Slogteren's artificial climate works provide the answer.

The Professor can tell them a lot more too. If, for example, the Dutch tulips are not blooming right in Australia or in South Africa, he can figure out just what heat and cold treatments to give the bulbs to hypnotize them into sleeping longer so that their blooming habits will synchronize with the reversed seasons of the Southern Hemisphere. Or he can tell them how to mesmerize daffodils or tulips or hyacinths into blooming at Christmastime in New York or London or Hong Kong.

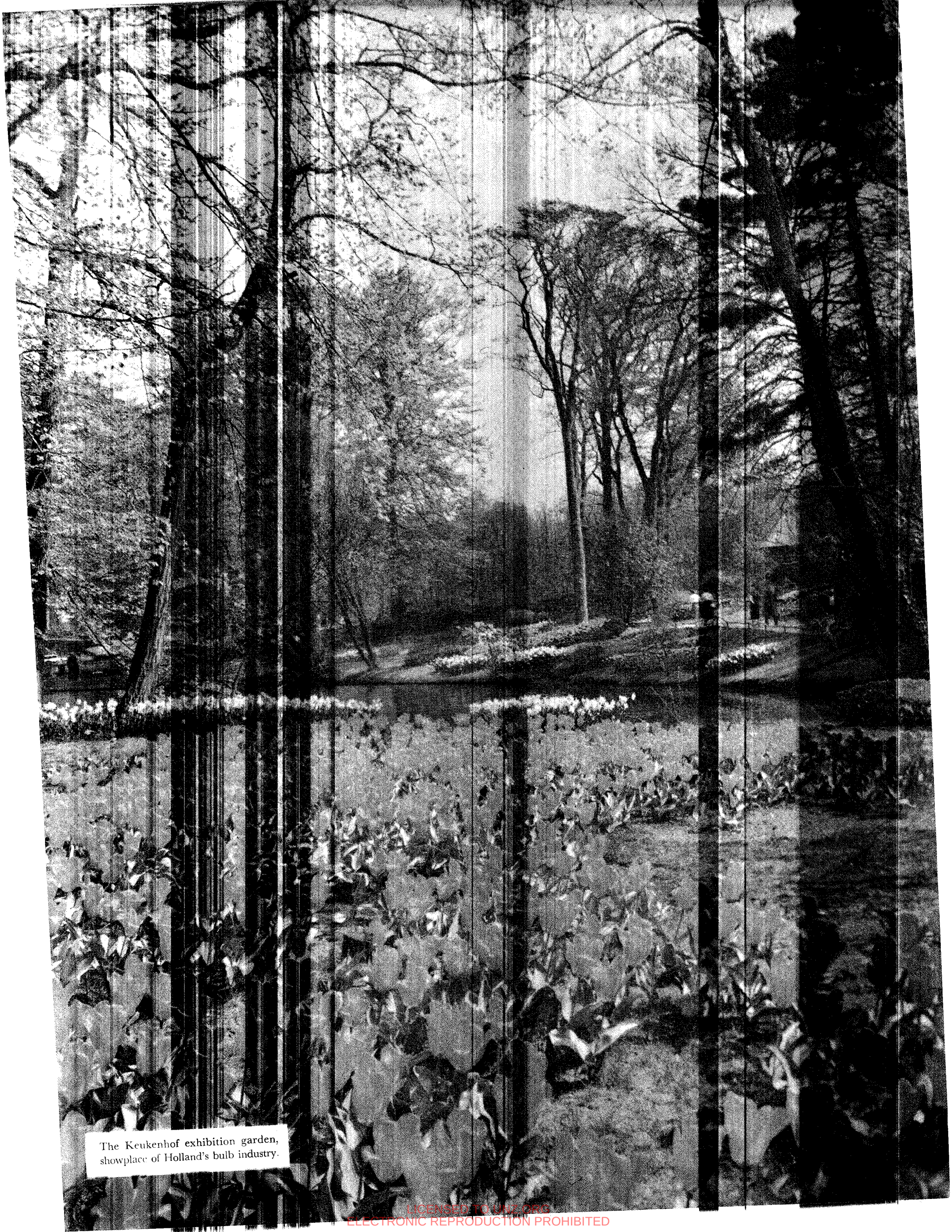
"Tell me your mother-in-law's birthday and I'll have hyacinths in bloom for her," says the jolly Professor. "Only you'll have to tell me one year ahead."

To most people, the Professor's wizardry with bulbs is fascinating horticultural sorcery. To the Dutch, it is plain economics. Each year, the (Continued on Page 130)



These surplus daffodil petals will decorate floats and displays at a spring flower festival.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Keukenhof exhibition garden, showplace of Holland's bulb industry.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Lady

By CONRAD RICHTER

He had refused to make peace with her. "Now," she said, "he must be dealt with as the dog he is."

"I would do anything for you, Ellen—anything within reason," replied Cousin Albert, when his wife begged him not to make the ride to Baca County. "This is impossible. People would think me afraid." As he spoke, I recognized the specter that haunted Ellen's mind: that if her husband took this trip, he would never come back alive.

Judge Albert Sessions was a cousin of my late mother. I had come to live with him and Ellen after my father mysteriously disappeared. Ellen belonged to the Johnson y Campo family, sheep ranchers and one of the most powerful and wealthy families in New Mexico territory.

The peace of the family was shattered when a cattleman, Frank Jeffcoat, tried to drive a herd across their ranch. Ellen's brother, Charley, said he killed the man. However, ugly rumors persisted that Ellen fired the fatal bullet.

The cattlemen and their spokesman, Lawyer Beasley, were enraged when Charley was acquitted of murder. Beasley's wife, Ana, was Ellen's sister, but the lawyer violently hated the whole Johnson y Campo family.

The cattlemen got their revenge by shooting Charley. The gunmen escaped, but were caught when they killed another sheep rancher. They were tried and convicted of murder. Cousin Albert sentenced them to death.

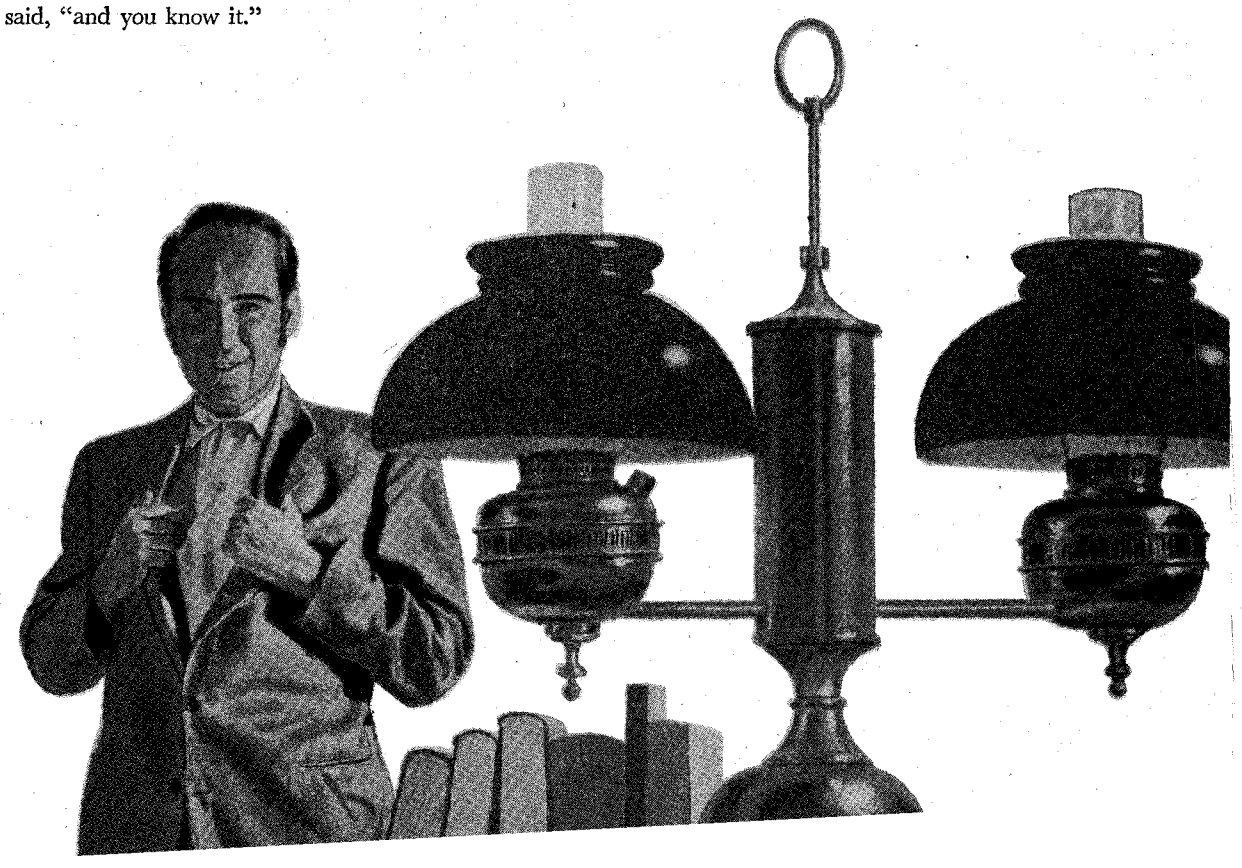
Now the fury of the cattlemen was turned against the judge. Ellen heard that they intended to kill him. When the time came for Cousin Albert to ride circuit, she begged him to have another judge take his place.

Cousin Albert said he couldn't do that. At Ellen's insistence, he agreed to take their son, Willy, along with him. I think Ellen believed that not even the most hardened of men would fire on a buggy if it contained a small boy.

III

There are a few small things we know now about Cousin Albert's and Willy's journey on the circuit. It is one of the most famous cases in New Mexican personal history. People still talk about it. But we knew almost nothing then.

Ellen's cheeks were flat white. "That's a lie, Snell," she said, "and you know it."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With the others gone, Ellen left for the ranch in the morning. She did not ask me along. Of course, I had my school, but she seemed to have forgotten me. The day before, she had been restless, almost feverish. This morning she was calmer. Her travelers had been on their way a full day now. She had done what she could to prevent Cousin Albert from going. Failing in that, she had sent Willy to insure his safety on the way.

A week later she came back from the ranch, looking like her old self. The period of suspense was over. Cousin Albert's trip to Baca County took only three days at most. He must have arrived long since and everything surely was all right.

I suppose I looked a little forlorn.

"Poor little one!" she said. "I shouldn't have left you alone in the house. You suffer like me from Willy away."

That evening at dinner she tried to make up for her neglect.

"You missed the trip with Willy. Now I must tell you a few things you missed. The country is nothing much. But the people make up for it. The first night you would have stayed with the Romeros. There is Cosme. He doesn't count. The all-important are his four sisters. They are the priceless ones. What one says, the others must say also. Everything is said four times. It is like an echo. It runs all around the room. Listen, listen, listen, listen. Silence, silence, silence, silence. It's true. It's true. It's true. It's true. If one of them forgets to say it, the others look at her in horror. She has failed to support her sisters. She's committed treason. It's like intimating her sister is a liar."

Her description of the Romeros was delicious. It made me laugh.

"And then San Mateo," she went on. "Have you ever spent the night in an Indian pueblo? No, I'm sure; not a boy from Missouri. Well, you would be an honored guest. You would be the cousin of Albert, *el Juez* Sessions. Carasco, the governor, is our friend. Your Indian bed is very hard—just a rug on the floor—and the room is shut up so tight you can't breathe. And you think you hear and feel strange primitive things during the night, but maybe you must have a drop of Indian blood in you like I do."

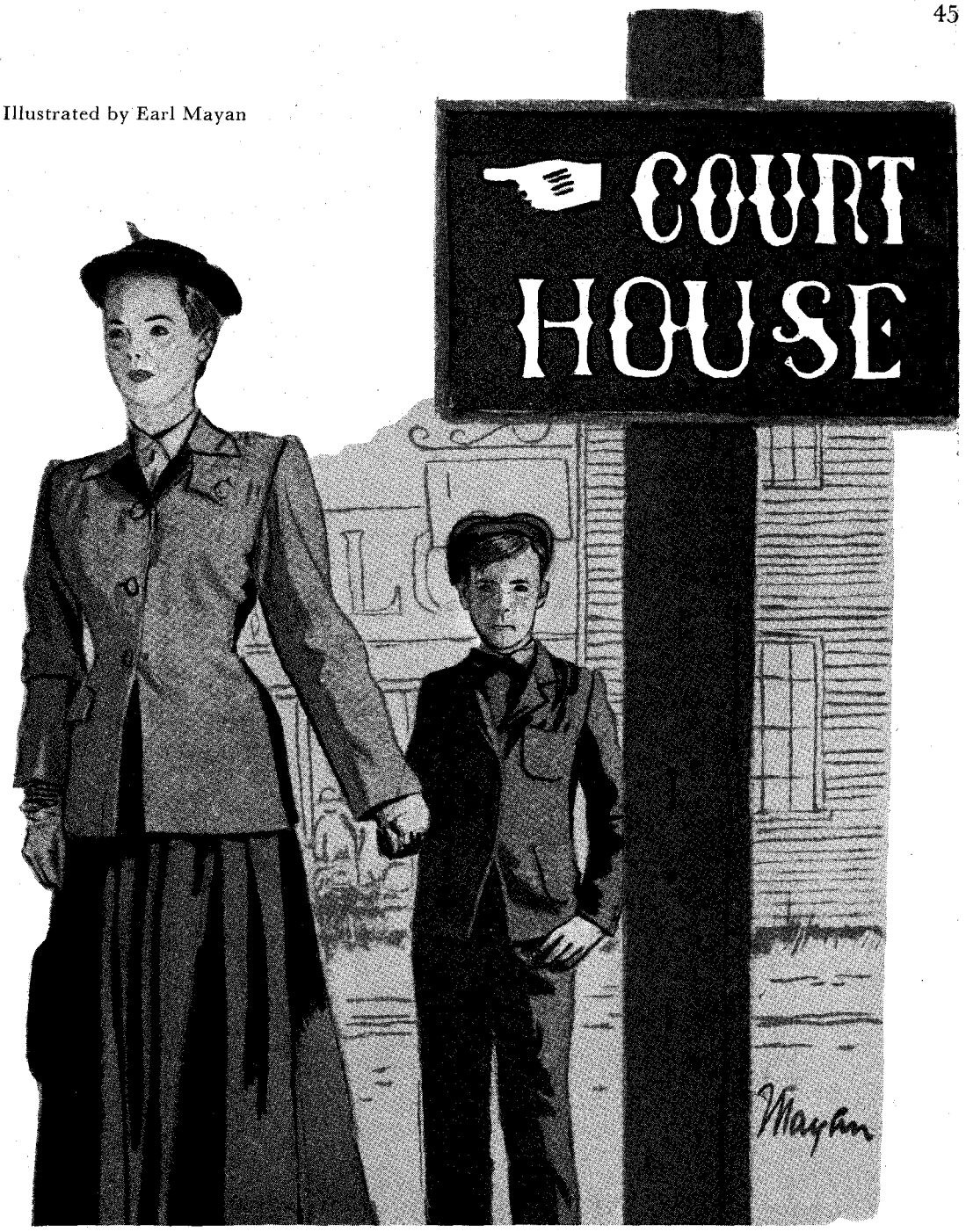
She was at her best regaling me with Cousin Albert's third stopping place.

"The Banburys are the English ones. They raise sheep and wolfhounds—almost as many hounds as sheep, and still bigger. When you sit at dinner, there's a wolfhound like a lean and hungry lobo sitting on each side of you, watching you eat, and very hungry. You think you better be quick to get the food from the plate to your mouth without it being snatched. You are in a dobe house with a dobe floor, five thousand miles from London, and yet everything is English—the talk, the jokes, the table. One time my father and I came there just at dinner. A Lady Somebody or Other was at the table in a low-cut evening dress. When she stood up I found that it was tucked into a man's riding breeches."

It was curious to hear Ellen gibe at the ways of the Banburys, as if the English were an incomprehensible race, when all the time you knew that her own father had been British to his toes. But that was one of her most delightful characteristics, making fun of her own blood whether English or Spanish, exaggerating incidents and conversation, spicing her talk with liveliness and charm. Tonight I felt flattered that she did it entirely for me.

Copyright © 1957 by Conrad Richter

Illustrated by Earl Mayan



She gravely accepted my hand as we walked toward the office.

I fancied at dinner that all the while Ellen chattered and laughed, Ignacita served us with a cruel face. Ellen noticed it at last.

"Ignacita, what is it?" she asked.

"Nothing, mistress," the servant said.

Ellen's eyes grew liquid. "There is something."

"Nothing, nothing, mistress," Ignacita blurted, and hurried out into the kitchen.

I saw now that Ellen had sobered. She became thoughtful. The familiar melancholy shadow had fallen across her face.

"Will you go down to the courthouse for me, Jud? See if Amado is still there. Tell him I would like to see him right away."

It was necessary for me to go to several restaurants before finding the sheriff. When finally he arrived at the house, his brother was with him. It was not a good sign.

Ellen received them in the wide hall.

"Have you heard from the judge, Amado?" she asked at once.

"No, señora, not yet," the sheriff said.

"Well, have you heard anything about him?"

"No, señora, nothing definite. There is not time." He said it very elaborately, almost profoundly—too profoundly for the meager information conveyed.

"Everyone is so strange," Ellen declared. "First Ignacita and now you. I am sure you know something, a rumor perhaps. What have you heard?"

The two brothers exchanged masked glances.

"We have a visitor from Baca County, señora, that is all."

"Who is that?"

"Señor Haddon, the deputy sheriff."

"Well, tell me! What did he come for? What did he have to say?"

"He just brought news that the judge was late, señora."

"Well, how late? Did he finally get there?"

"We don't know, señora. He told us there is no emergency. Court is being postponed till the judge gets there. They have a small calendar and plenty of time. No harm is done."

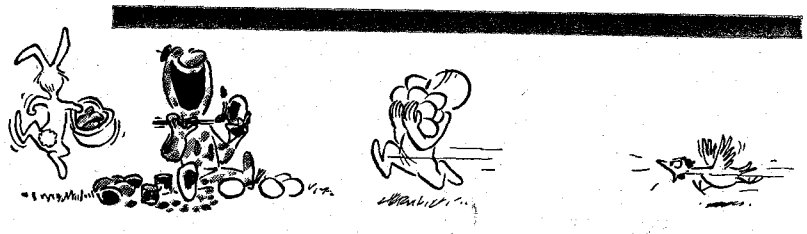
"But where is the judge? Why didn't he get there? Why don't you go out with your men and see where he is?"

"Señor Haddon just got here this afternoon, señora. There has not been time. If you wish, we will go over

(Continued on Page 112)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts



Cast of Characters

My appalling ignorance of what's going on in the world is never made more clear to me than when I attend a summer theater where a play is presented in which all of the actors are, as far as I am concerned, unknown. A glance at the program, however, shows me how little I know. It reads something like this:

MABELLE GRUFF (The Duchess) Mabelle Gruff is well known to British audiences, having appeared for eleven years in the London production of The Gombat. She has also acted with Sir Basil Tree, Sir Henry Shrub and Sir Laurence Monroe in various British plays. She was born Mabelle Bland in Crowseggs-on-Toast, the Deuce, Sptshire. She knits.

JASON LOUDER (The Glue Salesman) was last seen on Broadway in Mrs. Kittle's Fish Fry, in which he created the role of the glue salesman. He has also appeared in a number of Hollywood motion pictures as a glue salesman. In private life he is a glue salesman.

NELLIE JERKLE (Lady Macbeth) is much in demand for private séances. She was educated in Bombay, where she was born of Japanese parents. Under her real name of Fuji Wuji she won considerable acclaim in an Oriental production of Too Much Saki. She studied at the Younger Artists Creative Acting School in order to perfect her English. "They taught me good," she says.

KELP HERRINGBONE (A skin diver) got his acting start in a small hotel in Boston when the management thought he couldn't pay his bill and he tried to act as if he could. In 1954 he married Clare de Lune, the chanteuse, and has appeared with her in several turkeys.

FIFI DU MERMIMAN (a French maid) is a French maid.

ROBERT FONTAINE

At No Loss for Words

She counts you the list of her calories through,
From breakfast to demitasse.
For whatever her diet's reducing her to,
It isn't to silence, alas!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

I Have the Feeling I'm Not Going Over

". . . and so the guy—and I can hardly keep from laughing whenever I tell this—walked over to the guy at the bus-station ticket counter and said, 'Omaha! Are you nuts? I'm going to Keokuk, Iowa!'"

"Oh? Is that the end of the story?"

"I don't think you realize, dear, the importance of our home-town team's showing against Newton University last night. I mean, Newton, on the last poll, was rated the fourth team in the entire nation, and when you stop to think ——"

"Aren't you going to eat your dessert?"

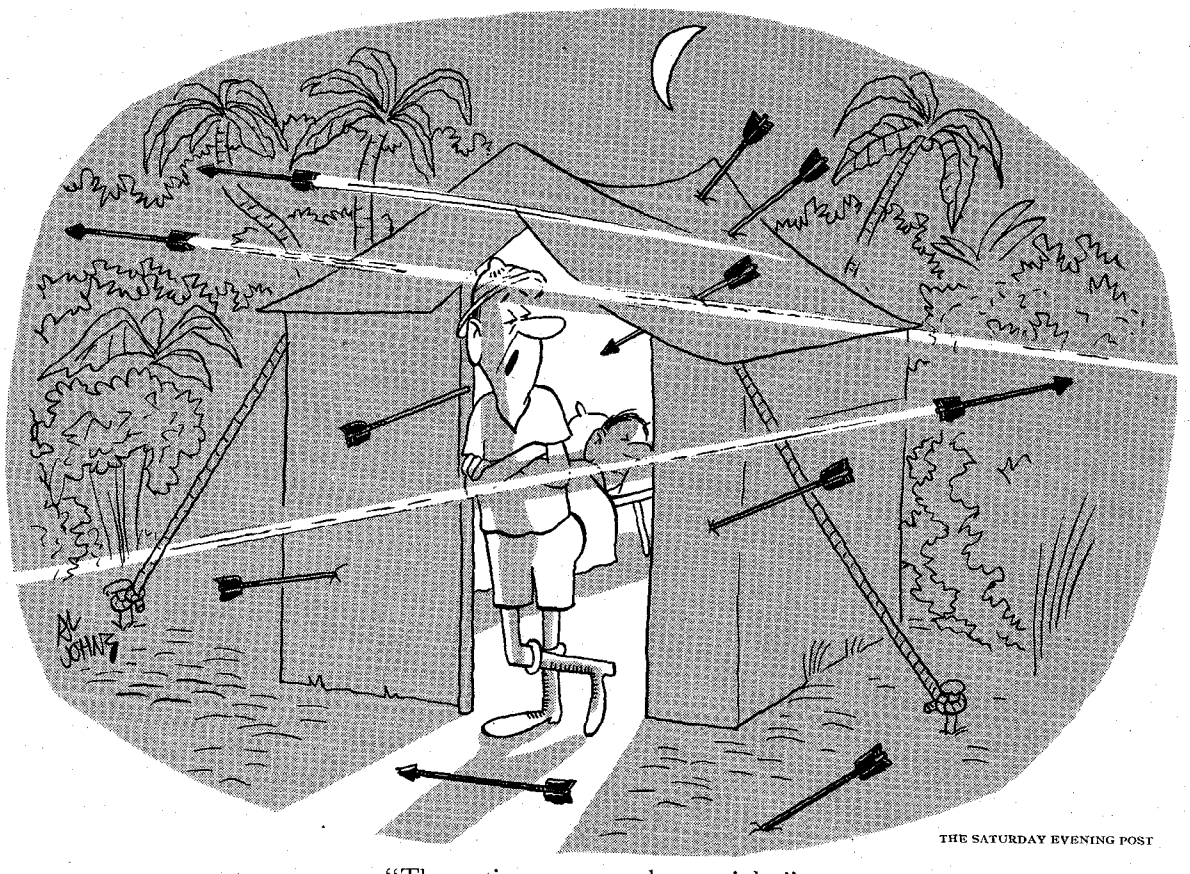
"I don't know whether I've ever told you this, but I know Rex Middleton, the cowboy movie star, personally. The last time that I was in Hollywood I looked him up and, believe me, he treated me as though I were some sort of visiting royalty or something. After having lunch at the Brown Derby, we went over to Magna-Colossal and, as we were strolling around the lots ——"

"How come your TV picture keeps fading?"

"Of course, I've found that being president of the Downtown Club has its disadvantages. On the other hand, I've found that being president of the Downtown Club has its advantages. And, as president of the Downtown Club, I've ——"

"Say, can I use your telephone?"

VERNON H. KURTZ

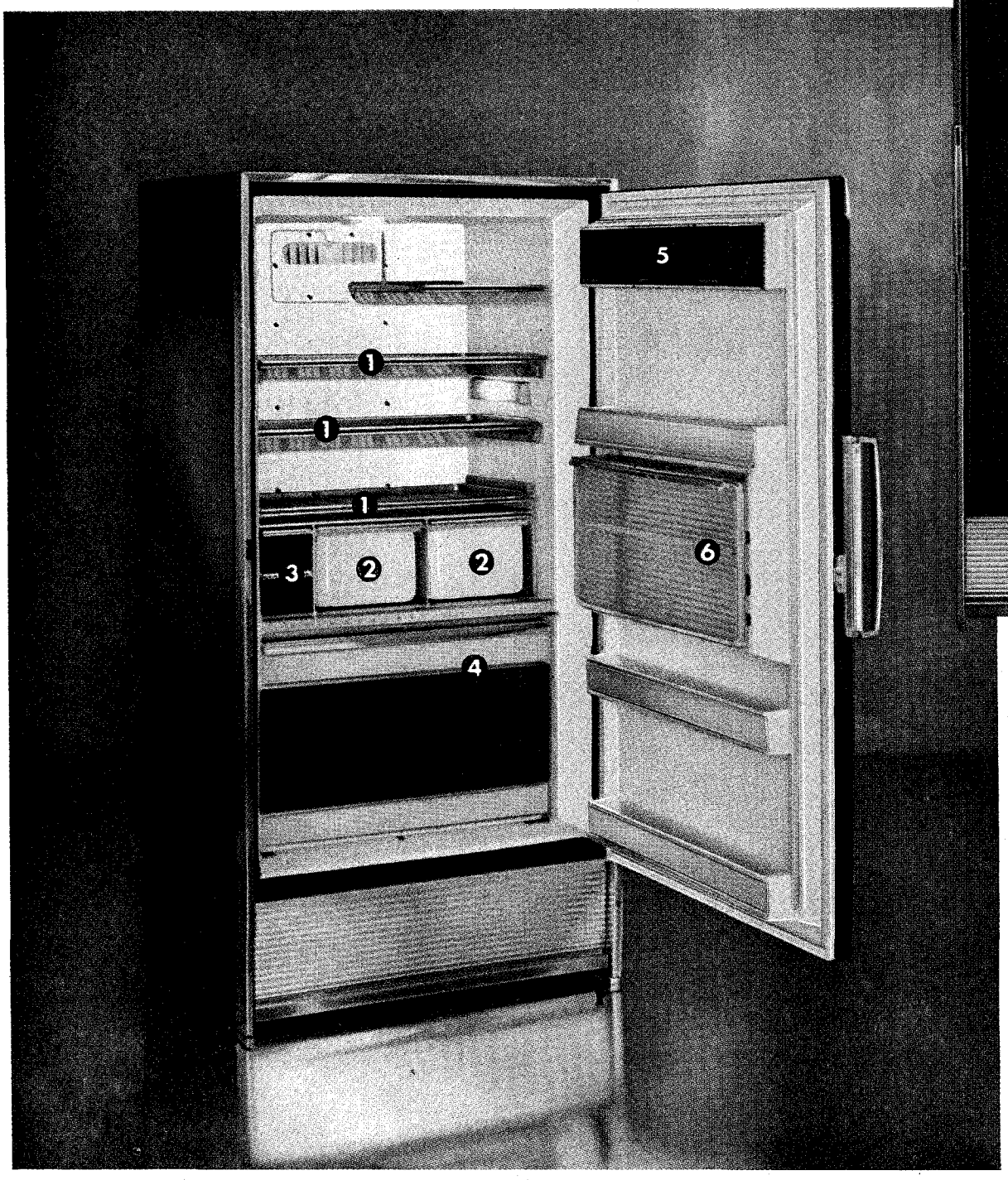


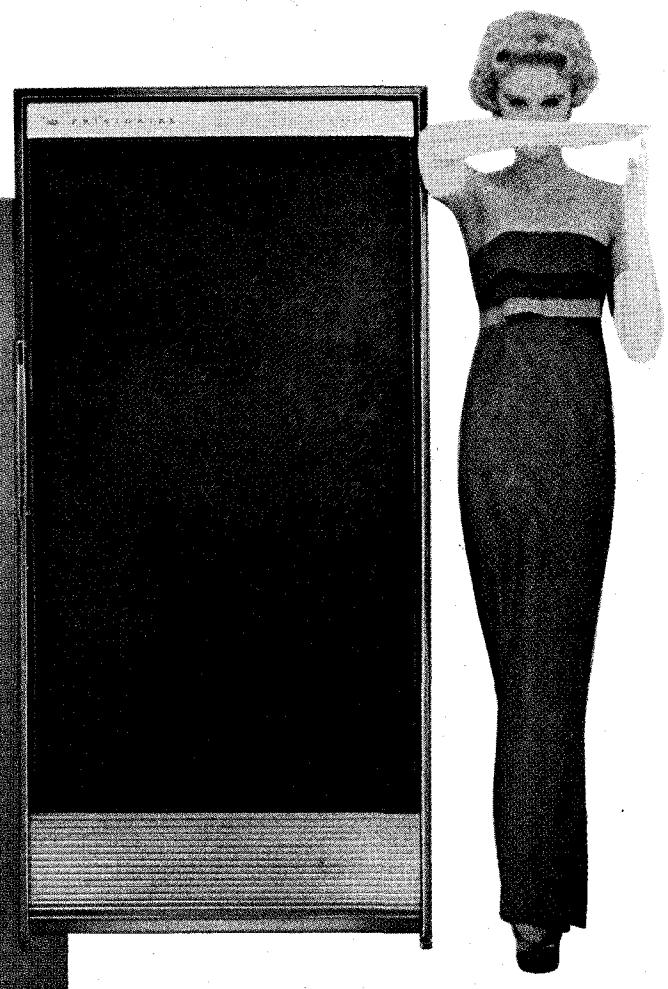
"The natives seem restless tonight."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PARDON US FOR MAKING YOUR REFRIGERATOR OLD-FASHIONED

—but you'll cheer the new features of the new Sheer Look Frigidaire Refrigerator!





Placed anywhere, the all-new Sheer Look *belongs* — in built-in manner. And every practical inch is sheer pleasure to use!

1. *No Reaching.* These shelves roll out to almost hand you their contents.
2. *Ideal Storage* for ready-to-use foods in big porcelain Meat Tender and Hydrator.
3. *Twenty-four Eggs* are individually nested in twin drawers.
4. *Separate Freezer* has its own door, its own zero zone temperature—and the amazing Ice-Ejector.
5. *Butter as you like it*—cheese as it should be—and a big utility compartment.
6. *Showcase for Vegetables.* The Picture Window Hydrator shows what you've got—*keeps* it crisp and flavorful.

And to top it all—Frigidaire Now Sells its Four Glamorous Colors at NO Extra Charge!

• Here's the Frigidaire clean-lined Sheer Look that ends Victorian bulges and inconveniences!

For it's more than modern-looking. Among your present kitchen furnishings, its modular dimensions merge perfectly—for built-in appearance. And it's the *handiest* refrigerator in history, as these features prove:

There's a full-width Freezer—that really freezes food and fast — with its separate door and separately maintained zero zone cold. The Ice-Ejector's easy-pull lever frees the cubes and drops them into deep-chill storage.

The Picture Window Hydrator you can check at a glance refills—or washes—right at your counter. Plus three big Roll-to-You Shelves in the automatically defrosting refrigerator section — porcelain Meat Tender—porcelain Hydrator—egg storage —Roll-Out Baskets in the freezer section.

See them all—in glamorous colors—at your Frigidaire Dealer's. His name is in the Yellow Pages of your Classified Telephone Directory under "ELECTRIC APPLIANCES."

Look for the Sheer Look

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

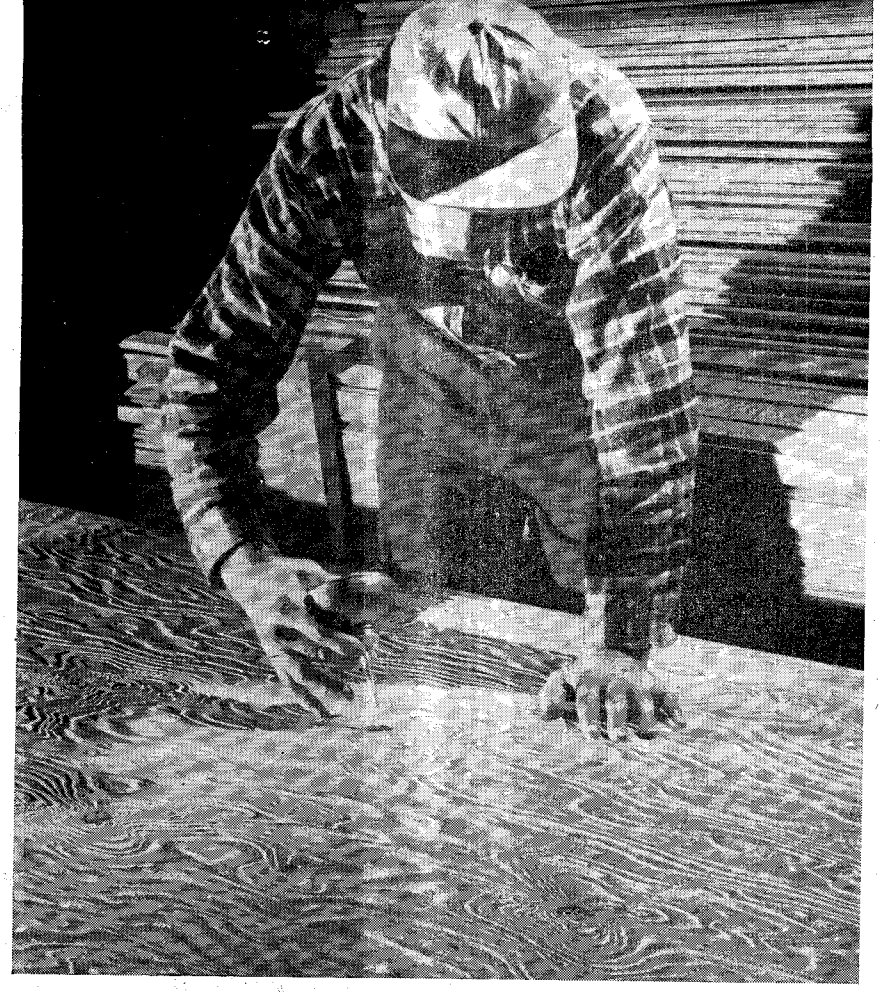
'57 FRIGIDAIRE

AMERICA'S HANDIEST REFRIGERATORS

GM GENERAL MOTORS

Frigidaire—Built and Backed By General Motors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



One man's full-time job in a plywood factory: Replacing knots that fall out with a resin compound. A wholly satisfactory knottiness results.

WONDERFUL WOODEN SANDWICH

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

Ingenious man turns wasted timber by-products into "the wood that Nature should have made but couldn't." And just look what you can do with the stuff . . .

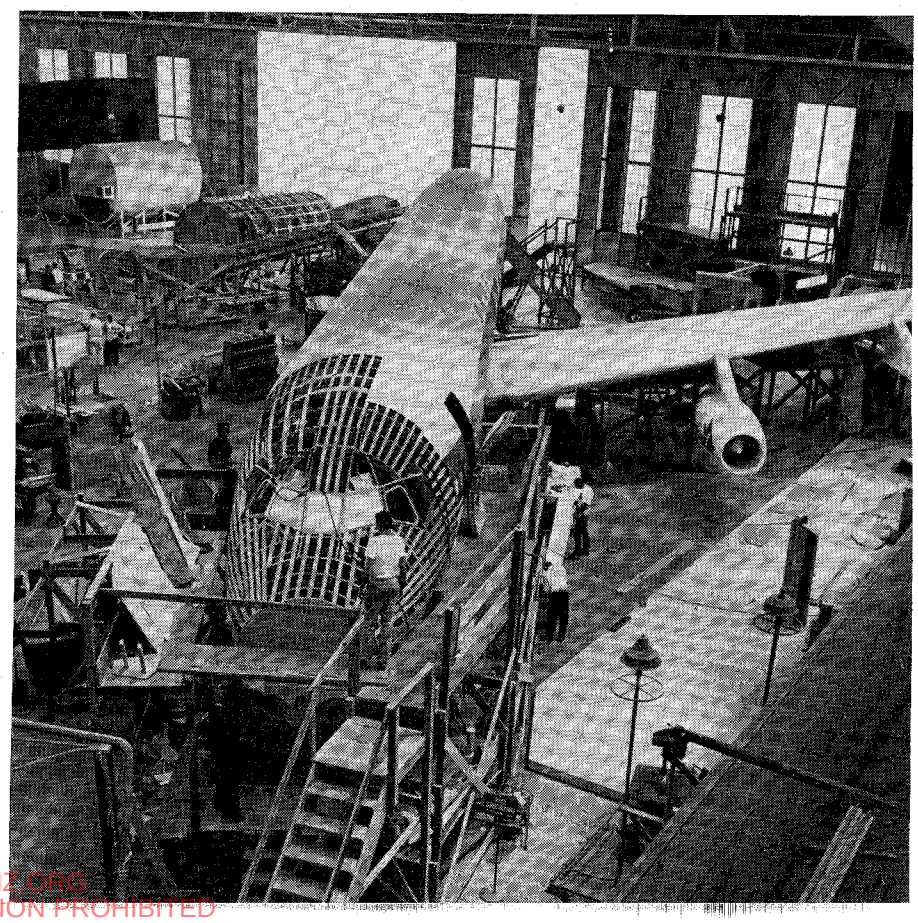
The trouble with trees—and a quick apology to poet Kilmer—is that they are imperfect. The wood that is obtained from them is also less than perfect, and because trees are a land crop of inestimable importance, man has been attempting to correct wood defects since the days of the ancient Egyptians. But there has been little progress to compare with the fast spurt of the last generation or two in improvement and utilization of this vital substance.

The greatest advances have been made in the field of wood laminates and chipped-wood mixtures. In both these categories, Nature's oversight in endowing wood with strength in only one direction, with and along the grain, has been countered with products in which strength runs in all directions. Best known of the efforts to make wood behave in a better than natural way is the development of plywood. Plywood has become a modern staple as common as dented fenders. It is a pillar of the do-it-yourself movement. Increasing amounts of it go into residential construction each year, and it can now be found in the finest public buildings, railroad trains and ships. Although plywood is far from being a new product, not until the last fifty years has it managed an almost universal penetration into modern life. Since the last war this country's use of plywood has tripled.

Plywood is a multiple-deck sandwich of thin wood slices and glue, pressed and usually cooked. Its alternate wood layers are arranged with the grain directions at right angles to each other, to give the whole a stability and rigidity beyond that of an ordinary sawn board of equivalent thickness and area. The result is a wood product that is better than wood. In its cheapest forms it is still the stuff of packing cases, but when it is made of the world's finer woods it acquires a dignity far beyond the realm of boxes and crates. For example it panels the walls of certain rooms in the National Gallery of Art in Washington.

"Plywood has become a pillar of the do-it-yourself movement," reports Baum. Here a San Francisco couple finish a dressing-table bench with a plywood top.

Full-scale mockup of the Douglas DC-8 jetliner under construction. Complete in every detail, this nonflying plywood model will be used for on-the-ground tests and study.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coffee table in the making: With little more than scissors and screw driver, this couple convert a plywood flush door into a low-slung living-room piece.

There are hundreds of makers of plywood throughout the country, and the largest of these has a history which neatly parallels the greatest recent development of the laminated material. This is the United States Plywood Corporation, owner of mills from Seattle to the Belgian Congo, billions of feet of standing timber and a system of national distribution.

The success that has been achieved by plywood and its largest maker could not have been foreseen as recently as 1919. Plywood then was practically a dirty name. It was something to be concealed in drawer bottoms, and aircraft fuselages. It was made of Douglas fir, as most of it still is, and it possessed a tousled, rudely swirling figure and a general look of convalescence from jaundice. At its best it was functional. At its worst it buckled and blistered and came unstuck. Early plywood, to be blunt, was something that shouldn't have happened to a log.

In 1919 United States Plywood was founded with a ranking just about on a par with the product itself. Paradoxically, one of the new company's apparently insurmountable handicaps was that the founder, Lawrence Ottinger, had an intense faith in plywood. This was a sure kiss of death, because at that time Ottinger had an unblemished record of misplaced faith in business ventures. His only recorded success had been as a three-cushion billiard player who had won the New York State amateur title two years running, an unpromising foundation for a business career.

The Ottingers were an old and wealthy New York family with three distinguished sons. Lawrence was the fourth son, and the youngest. If a family vote had been taken on the Ottinger son least likely to succeed, Lawrence would have swept it unanimously.

Lawrence was eminent as a sporting figure, particularly at a midtown poolroom, and he showed some brilliance at dodging a series of schools. But his first business effort, in conjunction with his cousin, Simon, had a glaring weakness—no product. So, while the pair made a number of sales, deliveries were obviously impossible—they advertised a chewing gum which they couldn't make. Thus the unborn company had to return the money it had received on the sales of nothing. Lawrence went on to achieve three more larger and better business failures and went broke in a stock-market venture.

When, in 1919, Lawrence determined to put the last shred of his business reputation on the line by starting U.S.P., he remembered that his father had shelled out liberally for all his prior adventures. Thoughtfully Lawrence turned to his mother this time. She lent him $500, the original capital of United States Plywood. Lawrence then (Continued on Page 119)

Below: Sol Walter (Tony) Antoville, United States Plywood's first office boy. He is now the company president. Portrait at rear is founder Lawrence Ottinger.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

muscular stiffness. Whether from driving, drafts or just plain "nerves," stiff neck can be agonizing. Apply INTRACEL liberally; get relief in minutes.

soreness in arm muscles from bowling, gardening, golf can be mighty painful. INTRACEL penetrates tissues to give you *direct* relief . . . isn't messy, sticky or smelly.

muscle strains. Shoulder strains, simple neuritis and neuralgia are relieved promptly with INTRACEL. It also gives temporary relief from minor arthritic pains.

sprains. INTRACEL relieves suffering from muscular backache due to overexertion and exposure . . . also agonizing periodic backaches. It works swiftly, safely!

Revolutionary NEW treatment for muscular aches and pains

Intracel

PENETRATING ANALGESIC

Now for the first time—a cool, soothing liquid that penetrates through the tissues to put pain to sleep

VCA Laboratories proudly announces INTRACEL. It's the first major advance in the external treatment of muscular aches and pains in centuries—and a therapy so good for so many things that no medicine cabinet should be without it!

Modern INTRACEL is based on an entirely new principle in drug chemistry: the effective pain-killing ingredients it contains penetrate *through* the skin and deep into muscle tissues bringing fast, effective relief where it hurts. INTRACEL *actually puts pain to sleep!*

Previously, the only ways of administering the kind of pain-killing ingredients contained in INTRACEL were by an injection and in large doses by mouth.

INTRACEL has been laboratory and clinically tested and found to be completely safe in relieving a wide variety of ailments.* It offers bright hope to millions of people both young and old who are suffering needlessly.

So next time you're tormented by common muscular aches and pains, don't "dope" yourself with aspirin. Don't rub on a greasy salve or liniment containing such ingredients as mustard oil, turpentine, red pepper or other skin irritants in the hope of "burning out" your pain. Just apply INTRACEL. Feel its soothing coolness! Watch it go into the skin! Sniff its pleasant fragrance! And in *minutes* INTRACEL has *put the pain to sleep* . . . or your druggist will return your money.

VCA LABORATORIES, NEW YORK AND LOS ANGELES

* **No longer need you suffer from** muscular aches and pains due to exertion and exposure • sprains and strains • muscular stiff neck, sore arm, aching shoulder and back • muscular lumbago • simple neuritis and neuralgia • Intracel gives temporary relief from minor pains of arthritis, minor rheumatic pains • reduces swelling • eases muscle cramps • improves circulation • relieves pain of headaches, tired feet, cold sores, bruises, sunburn, bee stings and other insect bites • eases pain of toothache when rubbed on gums and jaw • relieves itching from hives, poison ivy and poison oak • For persistent pain, apply compress saturated with Intracel.

$1.49

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lost Bird's head jerked violently with the impact of the bullet; he was dead as he fell.

KIOWA MOON

By ALAN LE MAY

The war party would never draw back now. It would fight until all the settlers were dead.

"They say she's the key to your understanding with the Kiowas," the posse leader said coolly to Ben Zachary about his sister, Rachel.

The seventeen-year-old girl was increasingly aware that the Zacharys' hold on the Dancing Bird range was endangered by the strange circumstances of her adoption. After crazy old Abe Kelsey had spread the evil rumor that she was an Indian foundling, the Kiowa chief, Seth, had demanded to buy her. Then the posse had appeared, charging that the Zacharys were involved in the massacre that cost the life of Effie Rawlins, daughter of neighbors who were part owners of the cattle Cassius Zachary had driven north. Rachel could only guess that the growing hostility of Indian and white alike somehow bore on the mystery of her past.

On his return, Cash confided in Ben his secret bargain with a Kiowa medicine man to search tribal records for the truth of Rachel's ancestry. Meanwhile, the Zacharys' meeting with Zeb Rawlins and his boys to discuss the Rawlins' share in the cattle money ended with Zeb's angry cry that the range would be well rid of "Indian lovers" like the Zacharys.

Now, with the tension between the two families mounting and the danger of a Kiowa raid greater than ever, Ben prepared for the long journey to pay off owners of the stray brands the Zacharys had driven north with their herd.

V

It was close to midnight when Ben got home. The ringing of his spurs waked Rachel. She raised her head as he came clumping in, and heard his fingers slap his holster before he knew who was there in the dark.

"I made you a cake," she said stupidly. "It's right here."

"Seems like some kind of a tumbleweed, or something, has grown up out of it," he said, fumbling in the dark. "Am I as late as that?"

She started to say, "It's supposed to ——" Then she realized that the firefly tree was dark.

"There's a lightning bug climbing on it," Ben said. One little lantern had gleamed weakly, once, and then quit. She shook the tree, but nothing happened; the fireflies wouldn't light any more. Maybe they were dead.

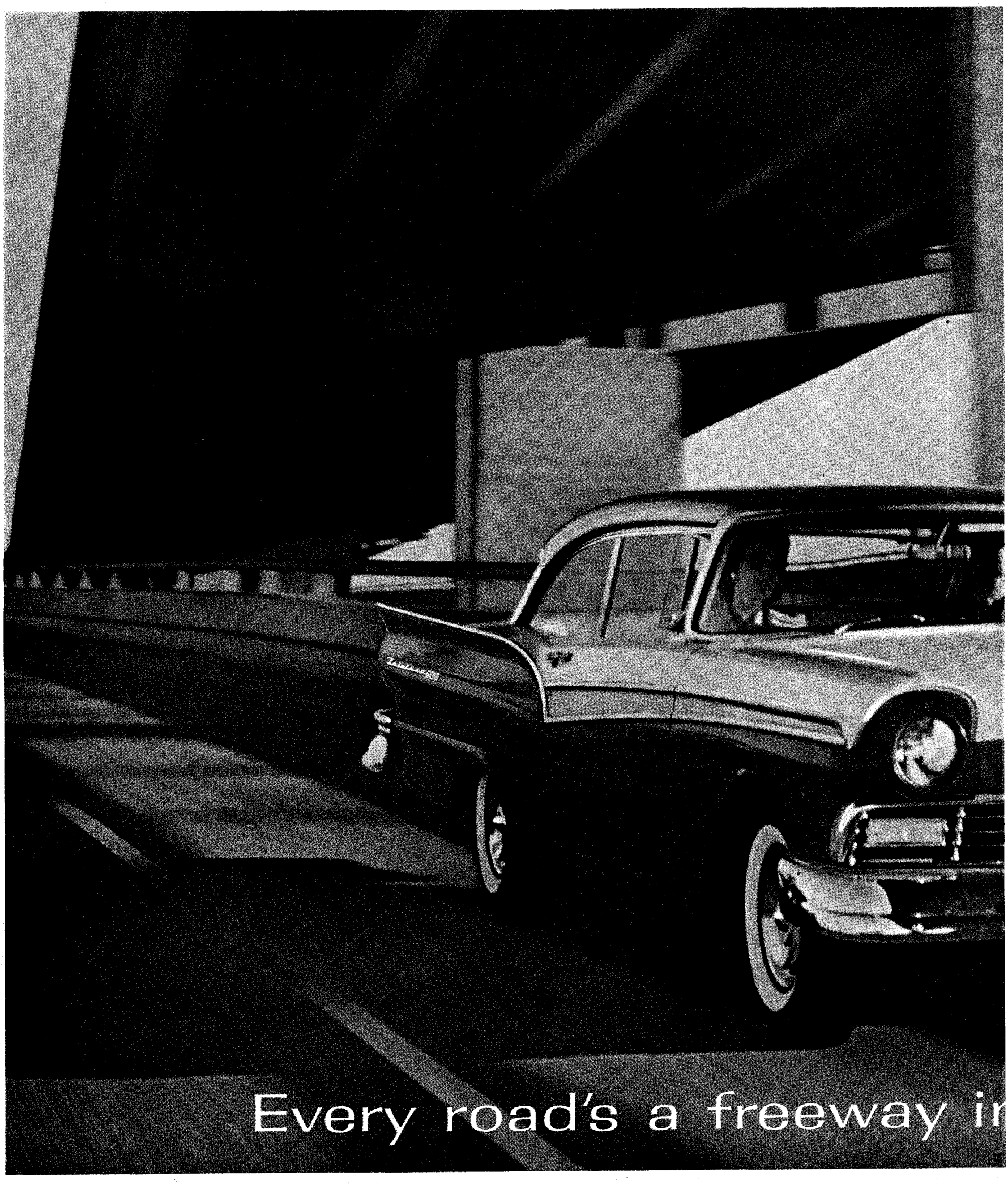
She tried to tell him how the firefly tree had been meant to work, and had worked, before she went to sleep. She wanted to make him see how pretty it had been, with the little lanterns lighting up all over it, on and off, on and off. But in a minute she knew it didn't sound like anything, just told in words. And she began to cry.

He took her in his arms, tangled his fingers in her hair and let her cry against his chest. He said, "I believe that was the very nicest thing I ever knew anybody to do."

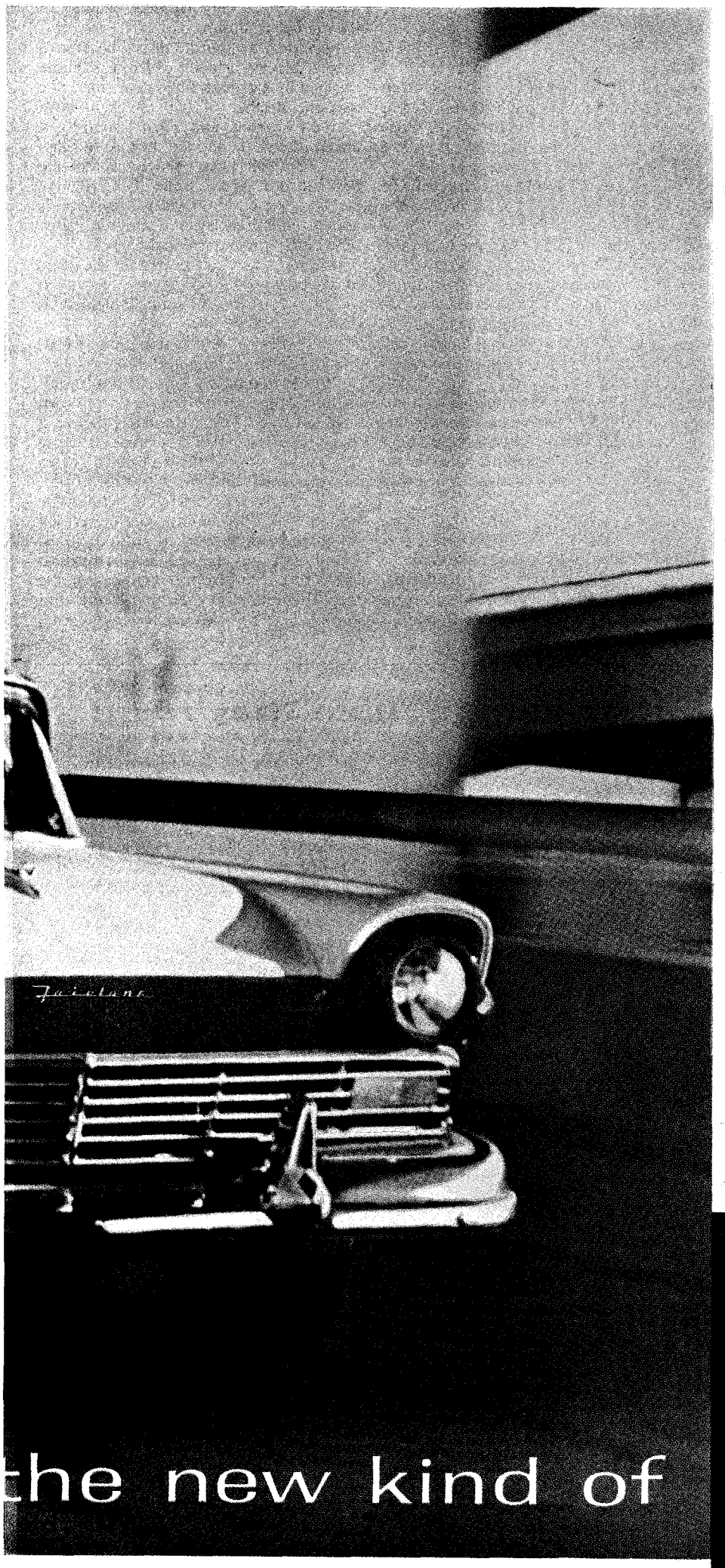
She realized then that she was actually close in his arms there in the dim dark, and she forgot about the firefly tree, but she still pretended to cry a little, for a while more, so that he would keep on holding her. She thought, *He knows I'm not his*

(Continued on Page 99)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Here comes the fabulous Fairlane 500 Club Victoria!

It's easy to see why the glamorous new Fairlane 500 Sunliner is America's largest selling convertible.

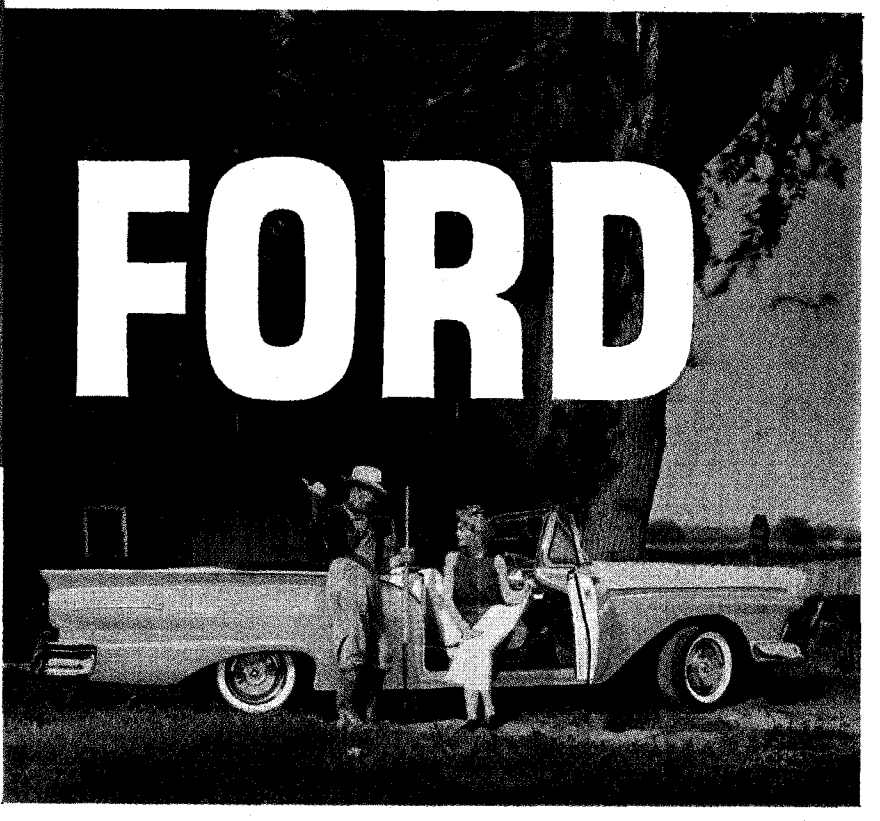
Here's your biggest big ride at your lowest low price

• If you want greater freedom from bounce and jolt, dip and sway, greater freedom from tiresome vibration and wearing noise, take your next trip in the new kind of Ford.

Hunt up a sticky traffic jam. See how the nimble, easy-handling Ford whisks you through. Search out a twisty, turny back road. Notice how Ford hugs the road expressway steady, smoothes the pitch in sharp curves. Now try that washboard section on the edge of town, the one that has the other cars doing the rock 'n roll. Ford waltzes over the whole shebang smooth as a kitten in carpet slippers. Mountains? Ford mashes 'em for breakfast.

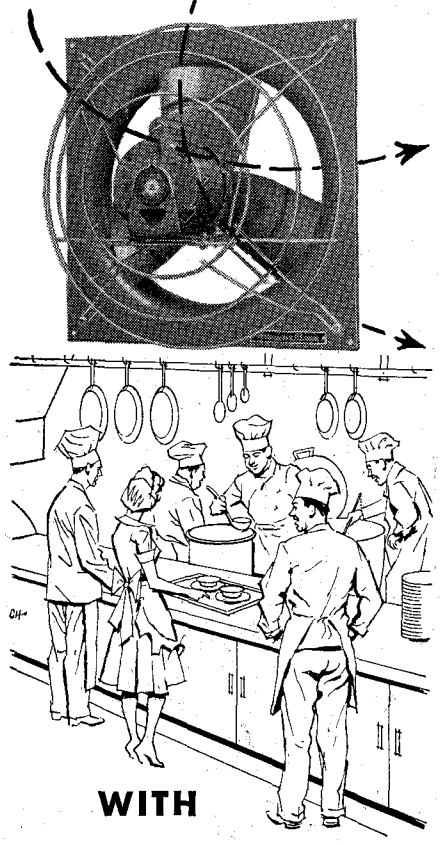
The secret of this fine-car comfort is the new "Inner Ford." It's a new frame, new front and rear suspension, new body mounting, new and heavier insulation at the important points. Another Ford exclusive is new, electronically "mass-balanced" V-8 power for the smoother performance and longer engine life. Advances like these enabled Ford to set 458 world speed and endurance records at Bonneville, Utah.

For a taste of real ride magic, try *the fine car at half the fine-car price.* Ask to Action Test the completely new kind of Ford.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bad air vanishes



WITH

AMERICAN BLOWER VENTURA FANS

If you want to make stale air disappear from your business, office, or factory, check into American Blower Ventura Fans. These high-powered, ruggedly constructed fans are designed to give you years of trouble-free performance.

Nothing beats the quiet operation and effective ventilation they provide. Easily installed, there's a model to fit your exact needs. Certified ratings. For further information, contact your contractor or electrical supplier.

American Blower makes a complete line of air-conditioning and air-handling equipment, and Gyrol® Fluid Drives. For data, call our nearest branch office. American Blower Division of American-Standard, Detroit 32, Mich. In Canada: Canadian Sirocco products, Windsor, Ont.

AMERICAN-Standard PRODUCTS

AMERICAN BLOWER

Division of AMERICAN-Standard

My Daughter's Silent World

(Continued from Page 39)

go off to the bedroom with Mari, close the door and never come out. That evening Charles listened patiently while I cried and told him Mari could not hear. Now, besides the problem of Mari, I had become a problem to him, for my own handicap—an emotional one—had begun.

We took her to several doctors in our community and to cities in our state. None were too encouraging, nor too discouraging, and we decided the farthest reach of Mari's handicap was the necessity of a hearing aid, a nice little instrument that would not be too noticeable beneath blond curls.

We live in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas near the Mexican border, a delightful easygoing community made up of a string of small towns. There is no school for the deaf near here; in fact, the problem of profound deafness had not occurred to anyone in the wide range of people we knew. And yet, when we were truthful with ourselves, we could not be sure Mari ever heard anything—not even bells, whistles or crashes. And our difficulties with her were growing. As we had no means of communicating with her, she had no way of learning right from wrong. Try teaching unselfishness, politeness, neatness, precaution and safety without words. She had no sense of fear. Strange dogs, horses, deep water, moving cars held no fright for her. Charles, during this period, was a study in patience. He would hold her in his arms to calm the rebellious little spirit. I was in despair, but still I thought the problem would work itself out. She was still a baby.

When she was two, a doctor in Galveston told us about the Tracy Correspondence Course for the Deaf, and we wrote to California and enrolled. For a while the nightmare lifted and I became overoptimistic. So did Charles and the two girls—all of us were so intent in our desire to help Mari.

I worked with her in a beautifully designed course which was the foundation work for lip reading. Mari learned to match things. Two balls, two cars, two rabbits. Two red dolls, two blue dolls. On and on, always speaking the names of the objects to her and trying to form in her the lifetime habit of watching lips. How she learned, we'll never know. Watch someone say "red," then "green," without sound. The visual effect is exactly the same. Mari began to understand everyday words and to say: "Bye-bye. Thank you." The most welcome words in the world!

The course was aimed at my husband and me as much as at Mari, for the Tracy Clinic understands the emotional parent, and knows that if the parents do not progress, neither will the child. Their correspondent poured out worlds of heartfelt compassion and concern. At the same time we found a therapist nearby and I drove twenty-two miles a day for Mari to have an hour's work. But even with this supplement, it was not enough to help her into the level of the hearing world. By this time we knew Mari had a severe hearing loss and should have full-time training. Charles tried to discuss it with me, but I still turned away from the idea of separation.

Busy as she was in working with me on the Tracy course and with the therapist, we decided that Mari should have more contact with children, and we started her in nursery school with hearing children. With the special magic that small children have with one another, they understood her completely, and she them. The children begged to sit by her, and Mari was radiant. She would come home from nursery school bursting with news, but she had no language to convey it. Once she stood before me in agony, trying to explain what had happened at nursery school; then, in complete frustration, she ran through the house, overturning the chairs.

There was an ache inside me that took my breath. I wanted to project myself to encompass her and take the frustration away from her. And yet I could see that the bond between parents and a handicapped child is as abnormal as the very fact the child is handicapped. The relationship does—and must—go to extremes: either to overprotectiveness and a closer bond or to detachment, embarrassment and shame. My husband and I were drawn more closely to Mari as we saw the hundreds of barriers in her way to a normal life.

After a year, the correspondent at Tracy Clinic wrote: "Now you must prepare to send your little deaf child away to school." Deaf. The very word hurt us. We never used it. We said, "hearing loss . . . doesn't hear well . . . impaired hearing," or mainly avoided speaking of it even between ourselves.

For me, the word "deaf" became a mental block—a block which was finally crushed by a woman I had never met. She was the mother of two children, both hard of hearing, and when I found out about them, I phoned her to discuss Mari. Yes, she knew who I was and she had heard of Mari's difficulty.

"My two children wear hearing aids and get along very well," she said. "Just how much does your daughter hear?"

"Frankly, we can't be certain she hears at all, but ——"

"Oh, you mean your daughter is deaf."

"No! Please don't use that word! Mari's hearing is impaired, but ——"

"Listen to me," she said. "I don't want to hurt you, but do this for your own sake. Sit where you are and say the word 'deaf' over and over and over. Because that's what your child is. You've got to learn to face it and live with that word."

Our resolve to keep Mari within the bounds of the family circle seemed doomed. Nothing worked out to help us. I could not find an adequate therapist to live with us, and from the clinic, the fine local therapist and even my friends and family, I (*Continued on Page 56*)

Look at the State They're In!

If patriotic Texans had managed to have their way 106 years ago, Texas would be even bigger and broader than she is. For the early Texans claimed much of New Mexico, including Santa Fe and Albuquerque; the southwest corner of Kansas, a slice of Colorado west of Denver, and lower Wyoming in the vicinity of Cheyenne. It took the United States Government, which was young and brash in those days, to separate Texas from this outlying real estate.

The Texas claim dated back to 1836. At that time Texas proclaimed herself a republic independent of Mexico. She divided the territory west of the Pecos River to the Rio Grande into three whopping counties, El Paso, Worth and Santa Fe, and soon sent 300 Texans to rule it. Mexican troops captured them and herded them on a death march across the deserts to Mexico City.

After the United States defeated Mexico and annexed Texas, however, the United States Indian agent at El Paso, Robert S. Neighbors, was elevated to the rank of United States commissioner. Neighbors, apparently a Texan first of all, promptly established Texas county governments despite the protest of the United States Army commander at Santa Fe. A United States territorial representative to Congress was elected.

Meanwhile Congress began to feel, as many Americans have since, that Texas was mighty big. Sen. Henry Clay proposed chopping off much of its western lands. Senator Benton, of Missouri, urged that the Pecos River be made the western boundary of Texas. Texans argued for the Rio Grande. Under the Compromise of 1850, Texas reluctantly yielded 98,380 square miles.

Nine years later, a Federal surveyor, John H. Clark, hampered by lack of water and shifting desert sands which obscured his landmarks, surveyed the line. His survey added a strip 310 miles long by two to four miles wide to Texas. New Mexico, then only a territory, whereas Texas was a state, was the big loser. In 1911, when New Mexico was about to become a state, the line was remarked and an unsurveyed gap of sixty-nine miles was charted.

Nobody worried about the "worthless wasteland" then. As late as 1953, a Texas officeholder purchased 991 acres of this public land at five dollars an acre. He said it was in Texas despite assertions that it was in New Mexico. Whatever the facts, the land is now within sight of oil wells and worth considerably more than five dollars an acre.

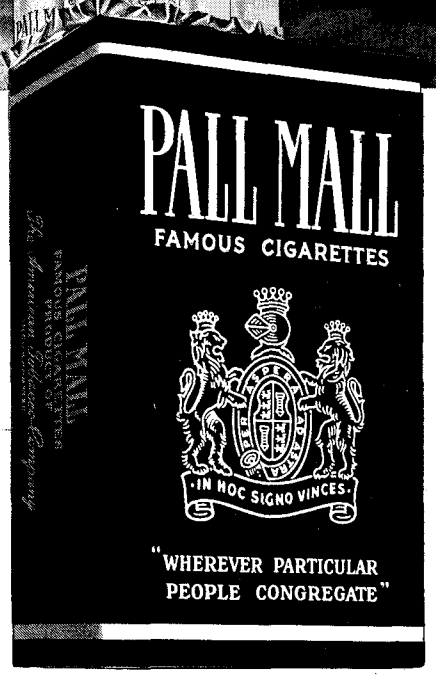
Clarence M. Conkling

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't miss the *fun* of smoking

Mildness is a pleasure with Pall Mall

Your appreciation of PALL MALL quality has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.

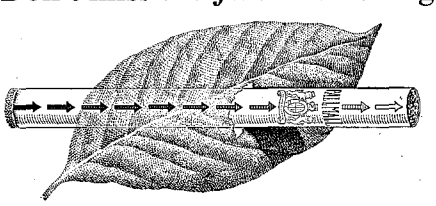


Pall Mall filters the smoke – but never the fun of smoking

Mildness is a *pleasure* with PALL MALL because PALL MALL's greater length filters the *smoke*—but never the *fun* of smoking. You get every bit of the flavor that makes smoking a pleasure while PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further, filters the smoke and makes it mild.

So don't miss the fun of smoking. Buy PALL MALL Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red package today!

Don't miss the *fun* of smoking



For flavor and mildness fine tobacco filters best

Outstanding ...and they are *Mild!*

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 54*) kept hearing, "Mari will have to go away to school." We prayed daily for guidance out of this cobweb. Never once, though, did we pray that the Lord change Mari, so grateful were we for her as she was. Instead, we prayed that she could be happy, that she could learn and that she could find her place in life.

And so I still lay awake at night pondering the problem. Was I keeping her at home for her own sake or mine?

The angel that must watch over Mari worked through my mother and father. They found Sunshine Cottage for deaf children in San Antonio 300 miles away. "Just what we've been looking for," said mother, insisting I talk with the director, Mary Katharine Van Wyk. Charles agreed with my parents, but still I refused to consider the school, knowing that one step would lead to another, and enough of them would lead Mari away from us. But Charles and my parents kept insisting, and one day I found myself in San Antonio, talking with Miss Van Wyk, a brilliant and understanding woman who charmed me into filling out an application for Mari. Later I couldn't believe I'd done such a thing. I would never let her go! But now I had no allies. Everyone talked it, everyone agreed—over my protests—that in all fairness to Mari, she should go to a special school.

That September, when Mari was just four years old, I marked some of her favorite toys and all of her clothes, packed her belongings, and my husband and I drove her to San Antonio. We placed her in Miss Van Wyk's beautiful, spacious home. Besides Mari, Miss Van Wyk took care of two other little deaf girls from out of town. For Sunshine Cottage is a day school, and most of the students come from local homes.

I must have been hypnotized to let her go. We drove home in silence, except for my tears. There was nothing to say. The most feared and dreaded moment had come and passed. We wondered how we'd lived through it. This sounds like emotional exaggeration? Take your small child—the one whom you comfort and soothe with words. Think of taking that child, plugging her ears so she can't hear, put tape over her mouth so she can't speak, drive to a strange city and, without uttering one word to her, go off and leave her with strangers. Of course, it had to be done, but what was Mari thinking? Would the shock destroy her gay spirit? Would she become withdrawn, retiring, suspicious and frightened? If only we could have told her that we'd see her soon! That she'd be happy, cared for, and she'd learn. Four years old—tiny, vulnerable, so dependent—and abandoned by her family.

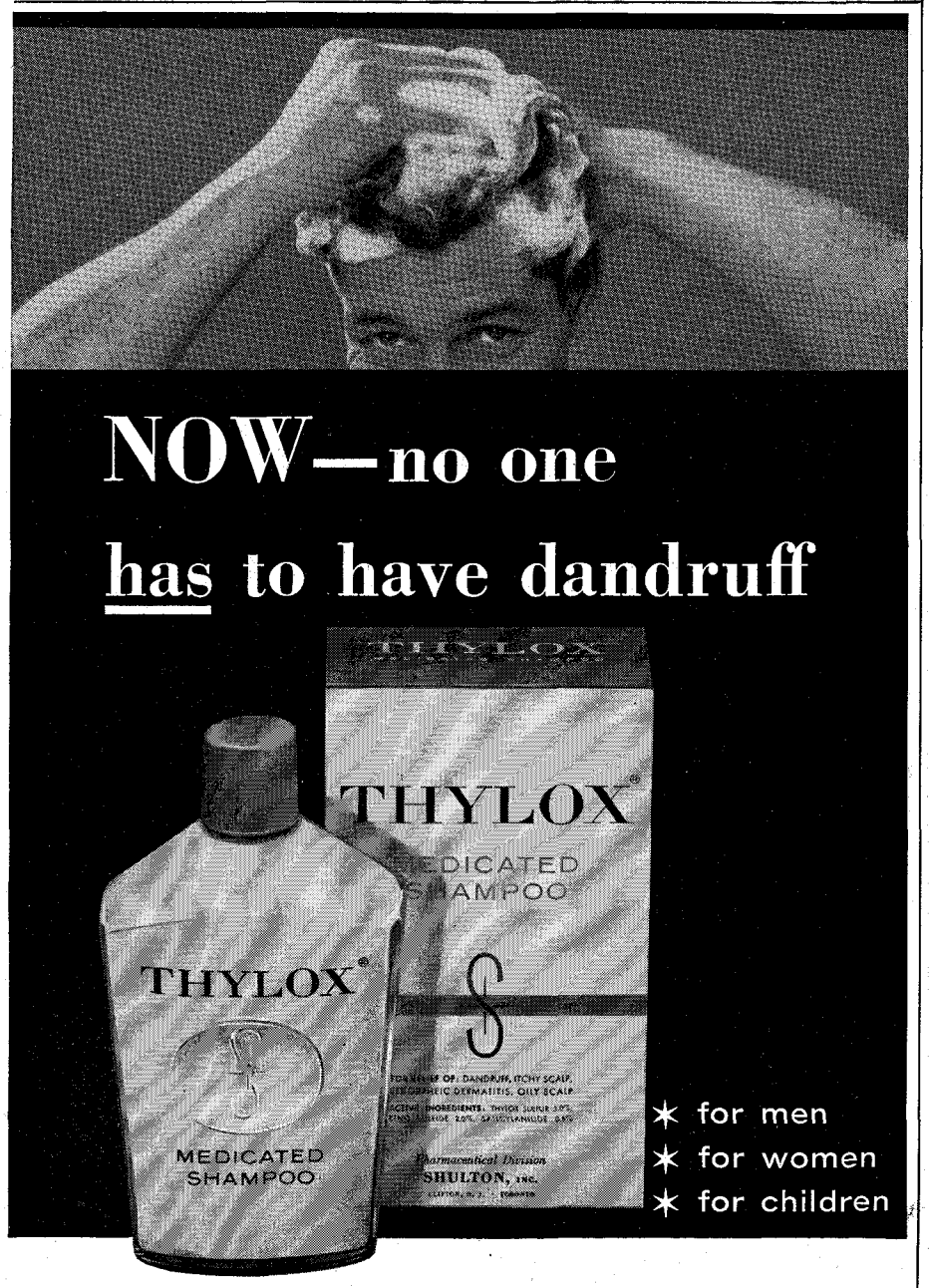
At first I was beset by doubts at having sent her away from home and her family. In truth, my overprotectiveness was exposed with no adequate use for it. I kept telling myself firmly that Mari must be left alone to adjust to the new environment. But I paced the floor, preferring not to leave my bedroom, for to leave it I had to pass Mari's room, see her bed, her toys; and the hurt was a sickness. I couldn't enjoy my family or friends, nor my usual social activities. I could not remember names or places where I had been. I was morose and tearful, a poor wife and mother to my family at home, a family who missed her as acutely as I.

At first we visited too often. Mari was adjusting and doing well in school, and only when she parted from us after these visits would she cry. Then we would return home and I would take to bed for a few days; Charles would go back to work, but any semblance of happiness was gone.

In time, Mari's life fell into two patterns, and both she accepted. One was made up of school, work, her school friends and teachers; the other meant home, family and holidays. And with this change in Mari and in seeing the amazing amount they taught her, I was able to realize the importance of the training she was receiving, and my own unhappiness began to melt. I began to live a normal life again, and Charles and her sisters were better able to cope with the lonesomeness for Mari when I could laugh once more. As for Mari, even 300 miles away, she was secure in knowing we loved her and wanted her home every moment she could be spared from school.

Sunshine Cottage. I had to be calmer really to see it and appreciate it, this low, modern brick building with sunny exposures and green landscape. It is like any other modern new school inside, except for the presence of earphones at each little desk. The degree of hearing, or lack of it, varies among the sixty or so students, but the earphones are used by all to utilize every particle of hearing available to a child. The school covers preschool through the seventh grade, and more grades are to be added. Mari is in the first grade. There are eight or nine members of the staff, all highly trained. Almost all of the children wear hearing aids, even those who are profoundly deaf, like Mari, for there is always the hope the child's hearing rate might change. Also, for public use, a hearing aid helps strangers realize the child's handicap. Mari is very proud of hers, and many of her little friends at home are envious of such complicated adornment.

A few of the children at Sunshine Cottage have heard once, and then lost their hearing, and for them the training is much simpler. But to be born deaf—how can one convey the meaning of sound and the fact that everyone else hears? Mari connects it with movement. Fingers move on an instrument. Someone hammers, shakes a bell, beats a drum, claps his hands—and everyone says he heard it. It is "sound." So Mari says, "I heard the trees." Trees move, and to say she



New THYLOX MEDICATED SHAMPOO stops dandruff, itchy or oily scalp and seborrheic dermatitis. Medically approved Thylox Shampoo contains exclusive ingredients for deep scalp penetration... proved safe, fast, effective in hundreds of clinical tests. Its superior cleansing action keeps scalp healthy... a special conditioner makes hair soft, lustrous. Keep your hair dandruff-free with...

THYLOX®
MEDICATED SHAMPOO
At all leading department and drug stores—1.50 No Fed. Tax

Pharmaceutical Division
New York **SHULTON, Inc.** Toronto

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He couldn't give me any more money, but he's moving my desk nearer the window."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"heard" anything seems to please everyone, and Mari wants to please.

We watched them test Mari's hearing. By means of a set of amplifiers and a recording, she was fed the sounds of bells, horns, whistles and other loud noises. The teacher held up Mari's forefinger while the record played—out of her sight—and when the record was turned off, the teacher bent Mari's forefinger down. This was repeated over and over. Finally the forefinger was left up, the record stopped, and had she heard anything, she would have automatically bent her forefinger. Mari did not, but a variety of tests will be made each year. There is always hope.

Then began the long, tedious work of learning to talk. Hearing children pick up words. The deaf child must labor over each one, add another, combine two. Mari touched her teacher's face in the nasal area to feel the vibration of certain words. Then Mari's hand was put to her own face in the nasal area. The teacher repeats the words. Touch the lips for new vibrations; the throat. Try the words. Repeat. Try. Repeat.

When we first heard the children in Sunshine Cottage speak, we were terribly disappointed. Then we learned that the school does not expect profoundly deaf children to have normal voice quality, but they can have understandable speech. And when a child can be understood, he or she is usually returned home to be sent to public school. The aim of Sunshine Cottage is to enable the child to join normal living as soon as possible.

After the simple words, the training becomes more complicated in trying to learn placement of the tongue, and the use of the vocal cords in an effort to keep sounds moderate—not too high or too low—not too loud or too soft. The teacher conveys it somehow, and without facial exaggeration. This is important because Mari must live in a hearing world where people will not exaggerate for her benefit.

So the words came to Mari, then the phrases, and finally sentences. "I love you." Think of the miracle in saying that without hearing! "You saw the boy." "I am not sleepy." Each sentence Mari said was excitement to us, not only because she was overcoming her handicap but because she was telling us things we had longed for years to hear. We were getting acquainted with her at last. For me, for her father and sisters, happiness could be a three-word sentence.

Mari is now six and she's had two and a half years of intensive training. She can count beyond a hundred, add and subtract, she knows the parts of speech, she can write simple letters home, she has read several first-grade books. She is learning the refinements of speech—*an* apple and *a* banana. She says her prayers and pledges allegiance to the flag. She can name and spell all the colors and almost all the objects she sees. She dresses herself, makes her bed, puts her toys away, plays ticktacktoe. She swims well, dances gracefully and can play simple card games.

Best of all, though, she is able to communicate her thoughts. She tells us everything—even things that happened long ago in nursery school when she was speechless. The frustration is over for her. She can tease, beg, joke, seek sympathy and give it. Her bright little mind has been released with the power of speech. Most of my terror is gone.

Of course I conjure devils about the future. I hope she will be well enough trained to go to high school at home. But what about adolescence? It is difficult enough without this serious handicap. Will other children accept her? What will her speech be like when the training is over? Can she find a place for herself in life where she will feel important and needed? After her parents are gone, we don't want her dependent on her sisters, for her sake as well as theirs.

So I am fretting, after all, but even while I fret, I keep remembering the worst is past. My husband's view of her is calmer than mine. He misses her, but he accepts it day to day. A few weeks ago, after we'd taken her back to San Antonio, a filling-station attendant reached inside the car to wipe Mari's handprint off the windshield.

"Leave it there," Charles said. "I like to look at it."

Yes, something has been done for Mari—something wonderful. She can talk, she can understand others, and every year that passes will bring her silent world more alive, so that she can find her way in a world of sound, and, in knowing this, we are finally making our peace.

Today, while I write this, Mari is here at home watching television with the sound cut off.

"Mother," she said a moment ago, "I want water, please."

I was tempted to jump up, so grateful am I for being able to understand what she wants. But I stayed in my chair. I turned so she could read my lips. "You go get the water, Mari."

She's a tease, so she laughed and cuddled a pillow on the couch. The silent cowboys on their fast, silent horses moved across the television screen and smoke puffed from their flashing guns.

"Bang, bang!" said Mari from the couch.

"Yes, baby," I answered. "Bang, bang." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nobody else offers you so many mode
or so many fine new things to choo
from. You can decide on two doo
or four, six or nine passengers . . . *a*
come with Chevy's special kind of eag
performance.

Have we got *wagons!* Six of the sassiest numb
ever to meet fathers coming in on the commut
Each of these beauties is built to make light wo

They're the most!

6 sweet, smooth and sassy

Top: "One-Fifty" Handyman—2-door, 6-passenger *At left: "Two-Ten" Townsman—4-door, 6-passenger* *Rear View: "Two-Ten" Handyman—2-door, 6-passenger*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your toting and taxiing chores. They'll ›ulder loads—up to a half-ton—of just about ›thing you've a mind to carry.

d just wait till you see how fast these Chevies ›vert to cargo carriers, with 87 cu. ft. of ›ce, nearly 9 feet to the end of the tailgate. at tailgate, by the way, opens first, which ans you can load lots of things without even ing the topgate. And all doors have triple-king latches to keep the family safely inside!

Practical, sure—but these Chevrolet station wagons are a pleasure, too! They're plenty frisky, with horsepower up to 245.* And every one is a honey to handle. You'll like the nice, solid feel of a Chevrolet wagon—the sure way it holds the road, whether you're on a straightaway or round-ing a curve.

You'll see everything you want in a wagon at your Chevrolet dealer's. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

1 USA '57 CHEVROLET

**Optional at extra cost. 270-h.p. high-performance engine also available at extra cost. Also Ramjet fuel injection engines up to 283 h.p. in Corvette and passenger car models.*

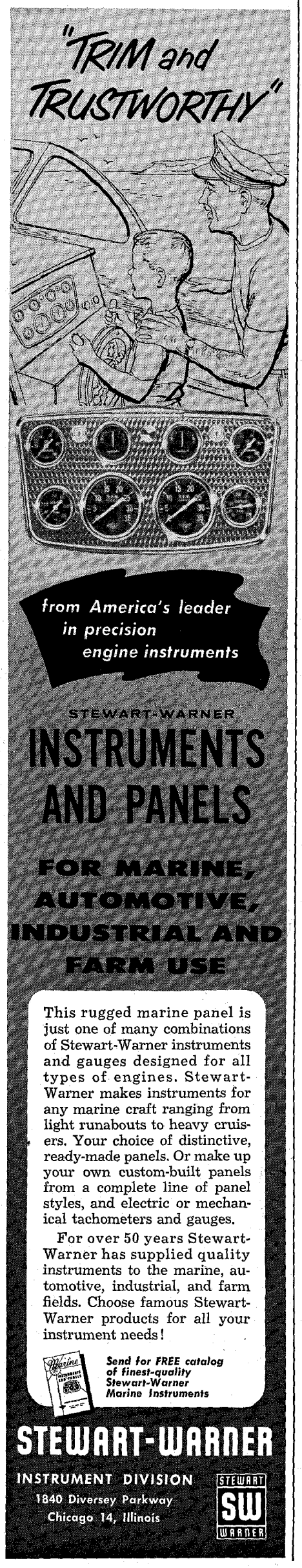
›ew wagons by Chevrolet!

›nter: Bel Air Townsman—4-door, 6-passenger

Top: "Two-Ten" Beauville—4-door, 9-passenger

Lower: Bel Air Nomad—2-door, 6-passenger

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


"TRIM and TRUSTWORTHY"
from America's leader in precision engine instruments
STEWART-WARNER
INSTRUMENTS AND PANELS
FOR MARINE, AUTOMOTIVE, INDUSTRIAL AND FARM USE
This rugged marine panel is just one of many combinations of Stewart-Warner instruments and gauges designed for all types of engines. Stewart-Warner makes instruments for any marine craft ranging from light runabouts to heavy cruisers. Your choice of distinctive, ready-made panels. Or make up your own custom-built panels from a complete line of panel styles, and electric or mechanical tachometers and gauges.
For over 50 years Stewart-Warner has supplied quality instruments to the marine, automotive, industrial, and farm fields. Choose famous Stewart-Warner products for all your instrument needs!
Send for FREE catalog of finest-quality Stewart-Warner Marine Instruments
STEWART-WARNER
INSTRUMENT DIVISION
1840 Diversey Parkway
Chicago 14, Illinois
STEWART SW WARNER

Record Run (Continued from Page 41)

majesty of the boiler name plate, which, bereft of its final letter, announced itself in injured dignity as THE BEST FRIEND OF SPRINGFIEL.

"Quit dreamin', lad," Hank said gently. "Them steam hogs is dead. Take my word, if you don't get out of this museum business you'll be seein' ghosts."

"I guess you're right," Sam sighed. At that very moment he thought he saw a shadow flicker in the Best Friend's cab. "It's a thing I've got. I never outgrew model trains."

He turned from the window and instantly turned back, blinking. If the figure descending the tender step was a ghost, it was a ghost sweatered, skirted and shod by experts in their respective lines.

"Hey!" he cried. He ran out the door. "You don't have a ticket!"

"Oh!" gasped the ghost. "I—didn't know!"

Sam trapped her by the cowcatcher, and as she backed away in confusion, he snapped, "You should have known!" He took a step toward her and was abruptly aware of a scent more subtle than piston grease, and more winning. His nostrils flared. He sniffed and added weakly, "There's a sign outside."

"I know. I mean ——" She smiled archly and whispered, "I wanted to peek."

Confronted by so brazen a confession, from so lovely a poacher, Sam could only stare. His prisoner, conscious of examination, glanced demurely away. One small hand crept to her pale gold hair and disciplined it.

"You're Sam Lacy, aren't you?" she murmured. "I've heard about you."

"Oh?" Sam was always interested in himself. "What have you heard?"

"Just that you invested your GI loan in this, and that now you know all about railroads."

It wasn't true—Sam had engaged Hank as a museum curator because his own ignorance of locomotion was so vast—but it was flattering. He cleared his throat and said heartily, "Just what would you like to know?"

"All about this thing," she said promptly.

"Well, it's a Stratton engine, built in 1856 for fast passenger service, with four pilot wheels, four drivers and no trailers. We call it a four-four-oh," he said condescendingly.

"Oh." She looked thoughtful. Then: "Does it have a Hooten fixed link valve motion?"

"Eh?"

"I thought it might," she said innocently. "It looks like a Penniweather type. Do you happen to remember the firebox volume?"

Sam looked bewildered. "Listen, I ——"

"It doesn't matter," she said sweetly. "Not with that Kelway boiler." She moved toward the roundhouse gate, appraising the locomotive over her shoulder and babbling about reversing gears, coupled drivers and B.T.U.'s. "Oh!" she said on the threshold. "It doesn't have a stack blower!"

"I'm sorry," he said humbly, following her in a daze.

"That would increase the Rankine efficiency."

"Yes!" he said desperately.

"But what's the thermal efficiency at tender drawbar?"

In the sunlit yard Sam recovered and ran narrow eyes over her. "As an expert," he said authoritatively, "I'd say thirty-five, twenty-three ——"

"Thank you!" She gave him a swift smile and turned away.

"Lisa Thatcher!"

She whirled and beheld Sam's curator limping across the platform. "Hank!"

They embraced, and Hank explained to Sam, "This is old Steve's daughter. She's most as good a railroader as her paw."

"I see," Sam said icily; and, "I know."

Lisa blushed. "I owe you an apology—I just couldn't help it. But I really think your museum's a wonderful idea. I know everybody will love it."

Sam bowed ironically, and Hank gloomily explained their plight. Lisa started; she hadn't known about the station change. She was here, she said, on holiday, preparatory to marriage. Hank asked if he knew the groom, and she looked nervous.

"It's Albert Dibble," she said, displaying a fat diamond with what Sam thought was less than enthusiasm. Hank groaned, and she cried, "I know you old hands don't like him, but he is vice-president in charge of traffic!"

It was not quite the way Sam would have liked to be described by a fiancée, but when she added that vice-president Dibble was the very man to reverse the station decision, he perked up. Her father and her intended were due here in an hour, she explained, on the new Sonic Rocket.

"Sonic Rocket." Hank groaned again. "A diesel."

"Yes," Lisa said sympathetically. "But diesels are here to stay. This one's Albert's special project—not official yet, really. It's built entirely of Petron, that new light alloy."

"Petron," said Hank, and groaned for the third time.

"Albert," Sam said experimentally.

"Vice-president in charge of traffic," she reminded him.

The Rocket was unquestionably dazzling. It glided into the new station with a muffled purr, looking more like a satellite vehicle than an iron horse, and discharged from its single car two preoccupied men. Sam spotted Steve Thatcher immediately. He had Hank's slouch and crinkled eyes, the stamp of the old railroader. Albert Dibble, on the other hand, was handsome and brisk and flannelly, with a disconcerting way of bouncing on his toes as he crossed the platform. Like his alloy, he was, Sam arbitrarily decided, a lightweight.

He kissed Lisa absently and frowned at Sam. "Who's this—another of your friends?" he asked in a tone which suggested they had discussed her friends before, unamicably.

"This is Mr. Lacy." Lisa's voice had a faint edge. "He owns the railroad museum across the yard."

"Oh, yes." Albert looked directly over Sam's head. "I know about that." Lisa started to tell him about the station switch, and he cut her off. "The museum," he said breezily, "is the very reason we're moving."

She took a sharp breath. "The reason!"

"Leasing it was a mistake," Albert said. He waved a hand at Sam's roundhouse. "It's become an unfortunate slum. It reminds our passengers of the days when trains were—shall we say, primitive? Some very important people summer in Sunland, dear. We can't have them looking at that junk. Come along."

He went along alone. Lisa stared after him. The touches of crimson at Sam's temples had suffused his face. He mumbled, "Junk!"

"He can be nice," she said faintly.

There was very little Sam could say. He stammered, "Thanks—anyway."

"But sometimes," she said, more evenly, "I could belt him."

Obviously there was nothing to say at all. Sam moved to go. But Lisa cried, "No!" and detained him with a hand which brushed his, giving his flush a spectacular glow. "I'm going to see dad," she announced firmly.

She saw Thatcher at the other end of the platform. Sam watched, hopefully at first, then despairingly as Thatcher shook his head. Lisa returned, her mouth a scarlet pout.

"He won't do a single solitary thing! He said it's in Albert's department, and he won't interfere. Albert's got him bewitched with this Petron monster."

They turned together and inspected the sleek train.

"I guess it's fast," Sam said forlornly.

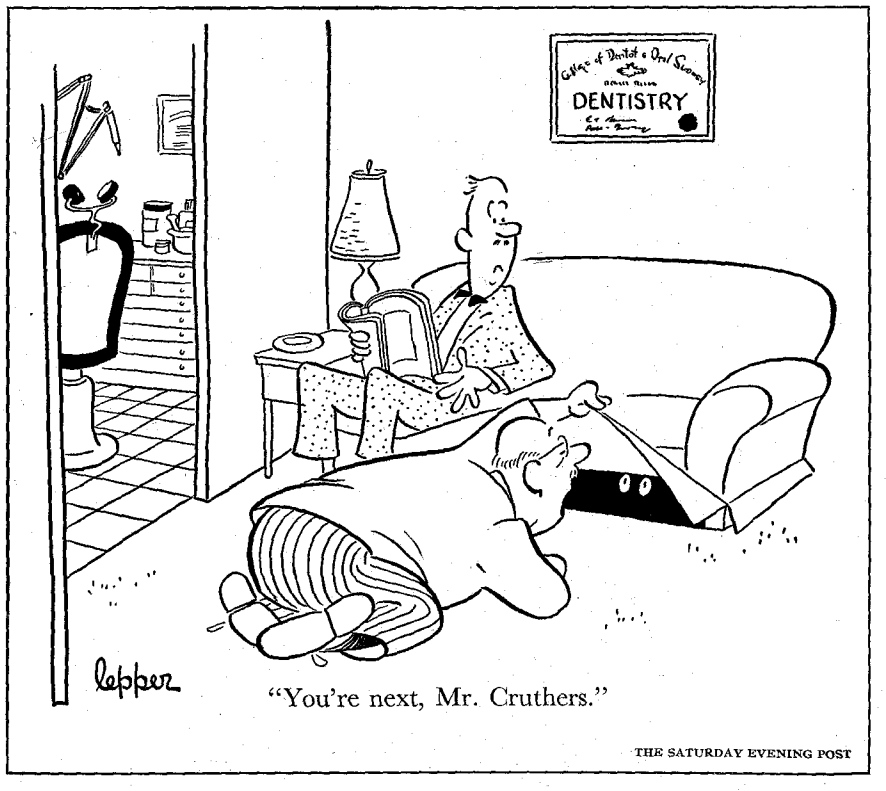
"It ought to be! It's got eight driving axles."

"Increases the Rankine efficiency, I suppose."

She giggled. "And the B.T.U.'s."

Albert bounced into view, looking vexed. "Come along, Lisa!" he called sharply, and bounced away. She sighed and slowly went.

The next day she returned, however, attired in shorts and trundled by a giddy red sports car. The museum was crowded—a (*Continued on Page 62*)



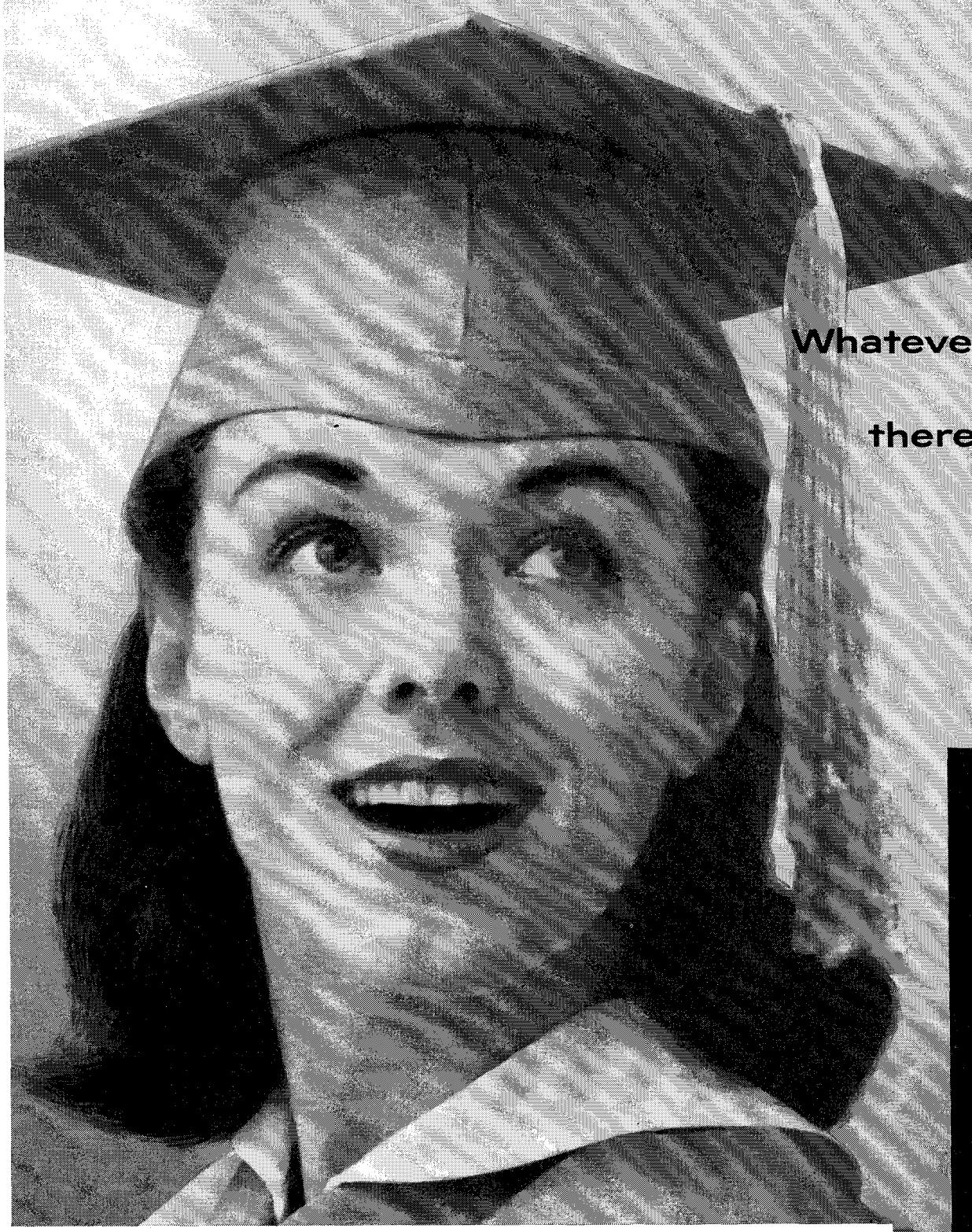
"You're next, Mr. Cruthers."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST CHOICE OF THE CLASS OF '57...

NEW "Personality-Styled" Lord and Lady Elgin WATCHES

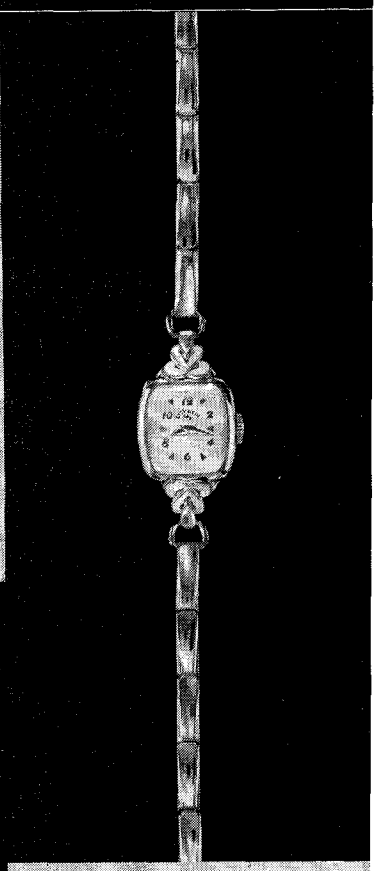


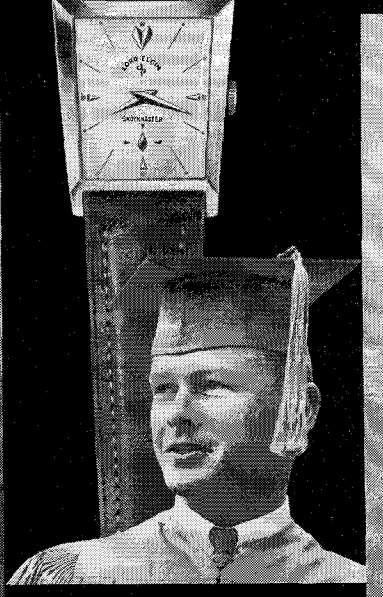
Whatever she's like

there's an Elgin

she'll like

IF SHE'S THE SPARKLING TYPE:
Match her gay spirit and charming way of life with the lovely
Lady Elgin Sierra
Choice of 14K white or natural gold-filled case with distinctive heart motif. 21 jewels.





IF HE'S THE DISCERNING TYPE:
Give him the watch that *matches his discriminating* taste . . . the new
Lord Elgin Dunbar
14K white or natural gold-filled case. Nite-Glo dial. 21 jewels. Shock-resistant.

"Personality-Styled"—another exclusive Elgin design feature that guides your choice, makes certain the watch you give matches the wearer's way of life. At Elgin's Design Studio, each watch is styled with a specific type of personality in mind. Perfect gift. All Elgin Watches have the guaranteed DuraPower Mainspring, "the heart that never breaks". "Personality-Styled" Lord and Lady Elgin Watches are priced from **$75.** Other Elgin Watches priced from **$33.75.**

ELGIN

-the newest ideas in fine watch design

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 60*) mob of vacationers had just descended, with shrill cries, on the roundhouse—but Sam left Hank to lecture them and strolled over in greasy khaki.

"Still playing the expert?" Lisa inquired, alighting.

He struck a pose. "The Best Friend of Springfiel," he informed her, "has eighteen-by-twenty-four-inch cylinders, a heating surface of nineteen hundred and fifty-two square feet, and a fuel consumption of three pounds of wood per horsepower-hour."

She whistled. "You've been doing research!"

"In the library," he confessed.

"I've been working on dad," she said earnestly. "I think he's weakening. If somebody could just make him nostalgic for the old days, he might do something. He trusts Hank. They slept in the same crummy for ten years."

"Crummy," he said tentatively. "That's ——"

She gave him a pitying look. "A caboose."

The crowd departed, and they appealed to Hank, who protested violently and, when Lisa marched to her car and flung open the door, docilely went. At dusk they were back. Sam leaped down from the Best Friend's boiler and hurried out, anxiously fingering his polishing rag. His heart sank. They were eying him wretchedly.

"Our gauge was wiped," Hank muttered and limped off.

"Oh, that Albert!" Lisa said tautly. "He diverted dad completely. He came up with a plan to open the Medford station with a highball passenger run from here in the Rocket—a record breaker, for publicity. Dad's so excited he can't think. The maddening thing is, it'll work. There's never been a real speed run on this stretch."

In heavy silence they walked aimlessly up the rusty old narrow-gauge track and halted by the venerable switch. Sam looked pensively across the yard, at the gleaming new rails opposite.

"Maybe Albert's right," he said slowly. She protested, and he went on doggedly, "No, let's face it. My museum is just sentimental junk."

"It's not junk," Lisa said indignantly, bracing herself on the switch, "and there's nothing wrong with sentiment. That's the trouble with Albert. I just realized today. He's ashamed of the past, ashamed of the things that made the road and made dad!"

Discussing Albert seemed improper; Sam coughed and politely asked when the Gideon-Medford record run would be.

"Friday." She toyed with the switch bar. "Dad's going to be in Medford with a stop watch, and every V.I.P. in railroading will be aboard. About sixty of them."

"Going like sixty, too, I bet. No, going twice that."

"Well ——" She bit her lip. "I don't know why I shouldn't tell you. Actually, they'll be lucky to hit eighty."

"Eighty!"

"Yes," she said rapidly. "One of the back-shop men was there today. He told me the Rocket looks good, but there are lots of bugs in it, and Friday it'll be carrying a tremendous load of paying passengers too. Not that it matters," she said bitterly. "It'll be a record, just the same." She paused. "What's the matter?"

Sam had straightened abruptly. He was staring down the rusty rails into the shadowy brick roundhouse. "In the library," he said slowly, "it said Stratton four-four-oh's were clocked at eighty-five miles an hour, with tender. It was a sensation at the time."

"I know," she said impatiently. "But what does that ——"

She broke off. Sam had whirled and was now squinting into the wood, where the two railbeds, one dingy and one bright, vanished under the greening spring trees, spidering toward Medford.

"Hank," Sam said pithily, "says the Best Friend's never been in better shape."

Lisa started. The switch bar moved in her hand. It creaked, its hoary mechanism turned, and they stared down at the opened track. "Oh!" she gasped.

"Precisely," he said. He folded his arms high on his shoulders and looked at her intently. "Will you help?"

She looked away, quickly nodded, was impulsively kissed, blushed, and fled toward her car, leaving a grinning young man capering around the ancient switch in the twilight.

There were railroad detectives on the Great Eastern, and if they hadn't been occupied that week with preparations for the vaunted Rocket run, they might have noted a sequence of suspicious events in the environs of Gideon. The daughter of the road president, for example, was seen one morning buying heavy denim in an Army-Navy store and, that afternoon, in a lumber yard, purchasing its stock of Georgia pine. Her car was frequently parked outside the Lacy Railroad Museum, loaded with tools, and inside, young Mr. Lacy, instruction book in hand, was in a frenzy of valve grinding. Officially, the museum was closed for alterations. Its curator was twice detected in the vicinity of the old line's obsolete switch, furtively carrying a grease gun. The pieces of the grotesque puzzle were all there, but no one fitted them together. One ticket clerk, leaving the platform late Thursday evening, thought he

Off to a wonderful week-en

WEEK-ENDS ARE FOR FUN – good, safe fun. And so are mod Asphalt highways.

These ribbons of velvet smoothness take the thump . . . thump . . . thump of driving. Make it quieter, more relaxing.

They cut glare, reduce eye strain, make it easy for you to see lane marki day and night for greater safety.

Rain or shine, the textured surfaces of modern Asphalt highways are safe you and your family to drive on. And they're built to last . . . to give

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heard a hiss of steam, followed by a faint cheer, but he was a sensible young man and knew it couldn't be. He dismissed it with a nervous chuckle and hurried home.

The clerks, the detectives and, most of all, Mr. Albert Dibble were otherwise occupied. There was an immense amount of work to be done: invitations to be issued, charter tickets to be sold, dignitaries to be accommodated, the press to be cajoled, bunting to be draped, and so on. Indeed, the vice-president in charge of traffic was so busy he completely forgot his betrothed. He somehow assumed that she would be with her father in Medford, to greet him as he stepped from the triumphant Rocket. If it was a rash assumption, there were reasons; a man with history to make, as he later explained belligerently to the Sunland Country Club bartender, has a right to presume loyalty from his affianced.

On the big day, historians in the persons of three New York reporters awaited Albert Dibble on the crowded platform of the new Gideon station. Their photographers were at the finish line in Medford, huddled by Steve Thatcher in an even bigger crowd. Albert knew that—he had installed a telephone in the Rocket cab, with Thatcher on the other end—and after telling the old man he was ready, he climbed down to flick a final finger over the engine's bunting.

A smaller finger plucked at his elbow. Albert turned impatiently and perceived Lisa, looking lost in an outsized engineer's cap and drill jumper. He blanched.

"Last chance," she said. "Will you make a place for the museum in Medford?"

"Of course not!" he exploded. "Look here. I ——"

"Good-by, Albert," she said firmly, and faded into the crowd.

Uneasy officials were signaling him, and he climbed into the cab, visibly rattled. The spectators had fallen silent. A flunky in faultless serge was fingering a tiny derringer and consulting his watch.

"Ten seconds," he said.

Albert shook himself and turned to the big white-jumpered engineer beside him. "Sound your horn."

The man pressed a glittering Petron button. The diesel responded with a foghorn blast. Instantly a nearby whistle broke into a scream. The spectators started a great shout—and choked it back. The whistle couldn't have been the Rocket's, they remembered; diesels don't have any.

Across the yard came another shriek, shrill as the wail of a banshee, followed by the almost forgotten huffs of an unlimbering steam piston: "Chow. Chow. Choo, choo, choo!"

... ...

What Do They Mean, Joint Return?

By Louise Eve Jenney

Each year as the deadline
approaches,
I plod my circuitous way
Through table and chart,
Steered by number and
dart,
To find how much tax we
should pay.

And then in a matter of
minutes,
My spouse checks the sheets,
one by one,
And signs on the line
That is just above mine,
Saying, "There now, we've
got that job done!"

... ...

The crowd whirled. For a moment it saw only a crippled old man kneeling by a rusty switch; then it heard a whisper of steam and observed in the roundhouse door a remarkable spectacle—The Best Friend of Springfiel, a poem of gilt and red lacquer polished to the flanges, her yellow tender piled high with fat pine. She trembled there a moment on the brink of immortality, black smoke belching from her funnel stack. Then the flunky fired his derringer at the sparkling sky, and with a mighty lurch she plunged forward, snorting.

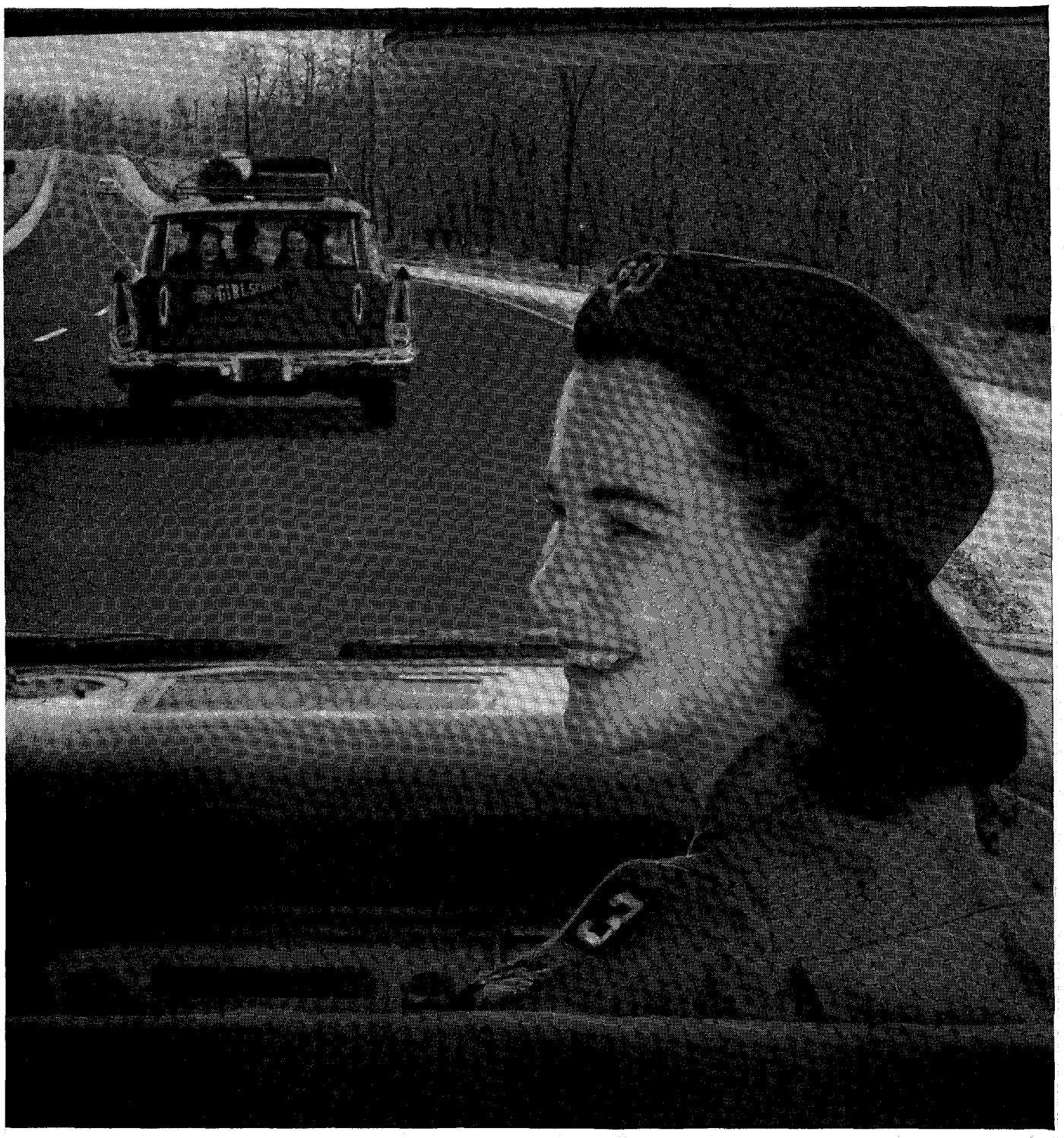
The spectators gaped. Albert, hanging out of the moving Rocket cab, gaped. In Medford, Steve Thatcher also gaped. The familiar whistle had carried over the telephone, and he hoarsely demanded an explanation.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," Albert mumbled into the transmitter.

"I don't believe it," whispered his engineer. "It's a—you know—a hallusion."

They slid into the forest, trailing their caravan of Petron passenger cars, and Albert heard Lisa shout, "Bend the iron, Hank!"

Hank opened the greased switch, then stood and emitted a bloodcurdling whoop, convincing the most incredulous spectators that this was, after all, no hallusion. Sam hopped (*Continued on Page 65*)



The Asphalt Institute salutes the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. who celebrated their 45th birthday about a month ago.

the smoothest way is

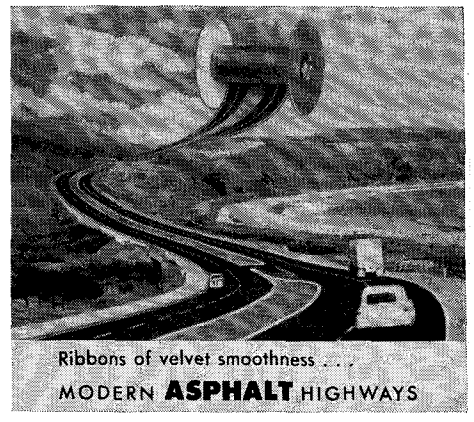
a modern ASPHALT highway

more miles of wider, up-to-date roads for your tax dollars. See why. Write for the new booklet, "... From the Ground Up."

Engineered for rugged wear!
Modern Asphalt highways are scientifically constructed from the ground up for today's *and tomorrow's* heavy traffic. And these durable, dependable Asphalt highways provide more miles per taxpayer-dollar.

ENGINEERING · RESEARCH · EDUCATION · THE ASPHALT INSTITUTE

THE ASPHALT INSTITUTE, *Asphalt Institute Building, College Park, Maryland*



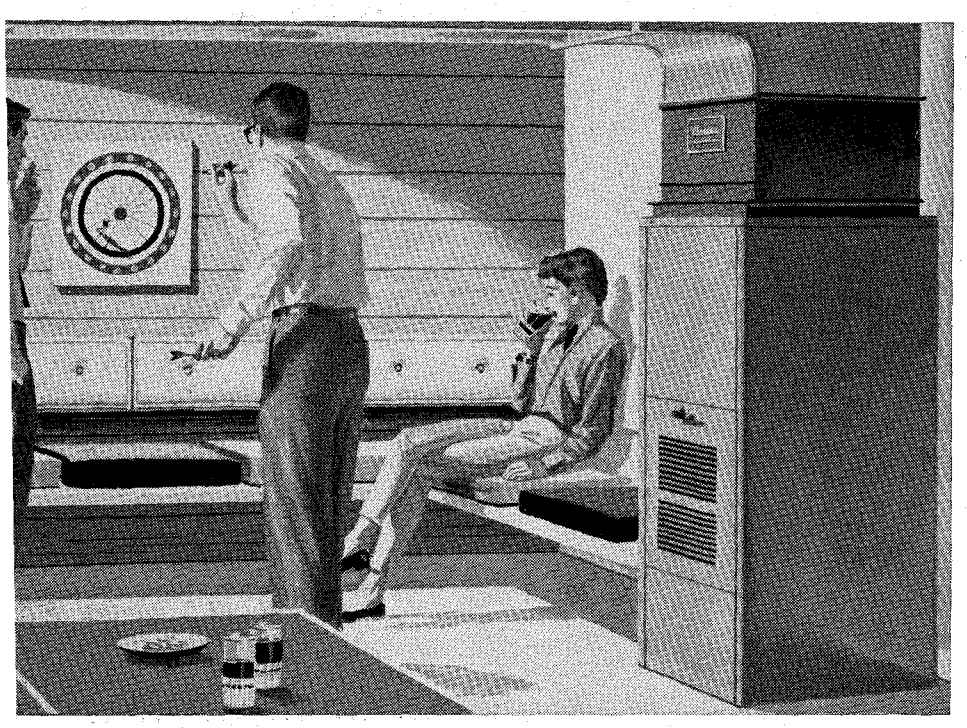
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BETTER AIR CONDITIONING FOR EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE

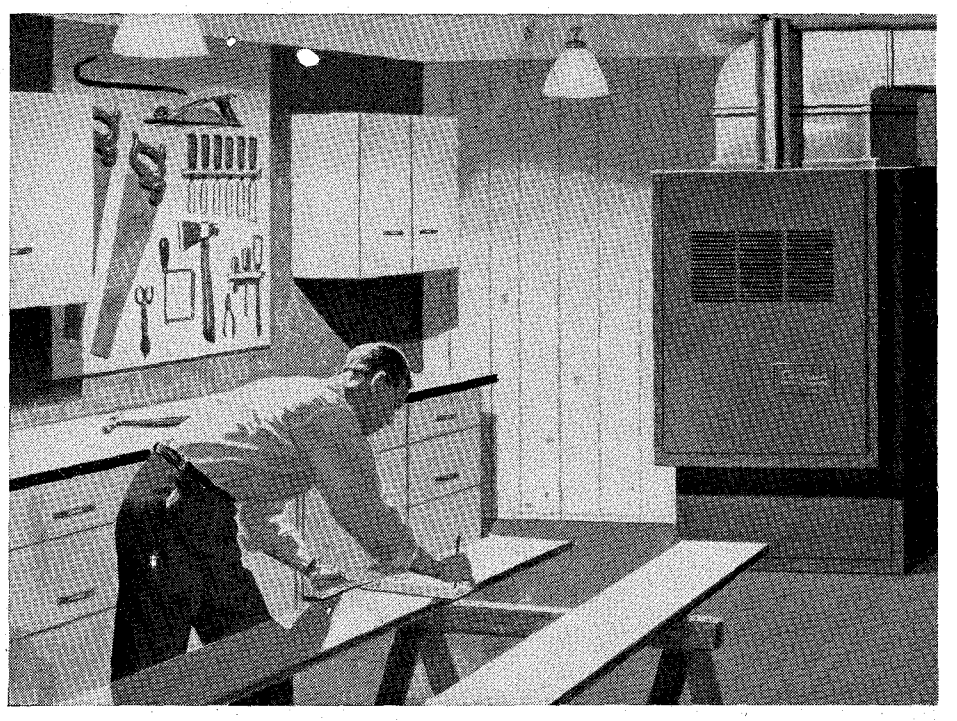
Carrier

Which is the best way to air condition your home?

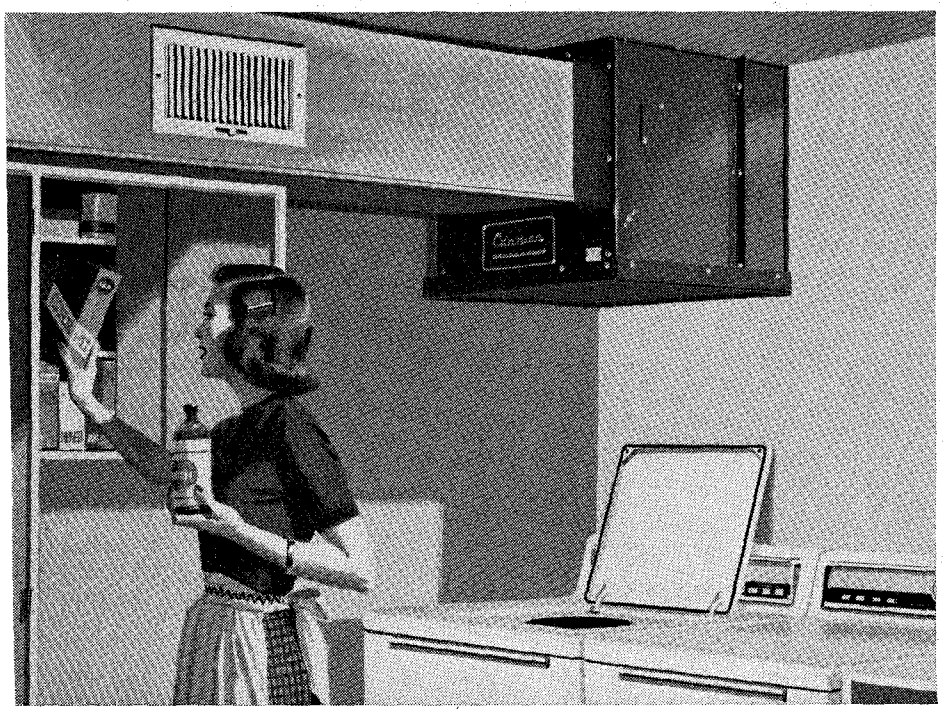
That depends on the house. The size of your family, the kind of heating plant, the number of windows can make a big difference. To make sure of the best way to air condition your home, talk with the Carrier dealer in your community. He handles every type of air conditioning. (Four of the many ways are shown below.) So his only interest is to recommend the type that serves you best. Throughout the world, in thousands of dependable installations, Carrier air conditioning serves more people and more purposes than any other make. Good reason to call the Carrier dealer listed in your Classified Telephone Directory. Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, N. Y.



Do you have a good warm-air furnace? Add a Summer Weathermaker* on top of your present furnace and existing ductwork will handle both cooling and heating. Air cooled, requires no water.



Ready to replace your furnace? Install a Carrier Year-round Weathermaker that cools and heats instead of a furnace that merely heats. It will occupy no more space than most furnaces.



Do you have steam heat or a floor furnace? This Carrier Summer Weathermaker works independently of your heating system. Has its own simple ductwork, fan and filter. Will cool your entire house.

Do you want to cool just a room? There's a Carrier Room Weathermaker with exclusive Power Cooling for rooms of every size. Quickly and easily installed, they occupy no space in the room.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 63*) off the tender, secured the Best Friend's obsolete cylinder cocks on the run, and jumped back. The improbable race was on.

In the ornate cab, Sam pulled the big throttle wide open and reached for the whistle cord. He grinned down at Lisa and shouted, "How many toots?"

"Five!" she cried. "Clear the track!"

He yanked them off exuberantly, and Lisa peered at the rising steam gauge as they rushed into the wood, the Best Friend's towering stack strewing a froth of sparks on the wind.

"It's a hundred and forty pounds," she announced. "Better feed her."

Sam flung two four-by-four pine lengths into the firebox, listened happily to the drumming ties beneath, and straightened to discover they had left the forest behind. They were in the open now, crossing rolling countryside and nearly abreast of the Rocket's last car. Startled faces were pressed against the windows there. Up front there was great activity in the cab.

"We're wide open," Albert bleated into the telephone, "but the old wreck keeps coming!"

"Man, you've got twelve hundred horsepower!" the phone roared.

Albert conferred with his muttering engineer and reported, "It's the Petron, Mr. Thatcher. It can't take the strain."

The phone vibrated with disgust, was momentarily silent, then asked, almost shyly, "Is Lisa doin' all right?"

"Well, she looks safe."

"I don't mean that! Is she keepin' her cylinders wet? She can't make time with a dry steam chest! And does she remember ——"

Lisa had just remembered the cylinders. She closed the throttle an inch and handed Sam an oiler. "Out on board," she ordered, and added softly, "And please be careful."

He had time for one tight nod; then he was outside, edging his way between the hot jacket of the boiler and the racing ribbon of ties below. In the corner of his eye he could see Petron windows passing with a satisfying blur, and from their plush seats in the Rocket's reserved car the V.I.P.'s of railroading could see him. They watched, stunned, as the Best Friend crept past in a blaze of brass, red paint and dense rolling woodsmoke.

"Must be some stunt of Thatcher's," grunted Harris Winkler, president of the B.H. & N.H.

"It's a genuine Stratton," said F.O.B. Hazelton, chairman of the Southwestern board. "A real collector's item. Must be worth a fortune. Say! Look at that greaseball go!"

Sam had released his precarious hold on the cowcatcher and was edging back, the oiler in his teeth. He reached the cab and swung inside.

"Whew!" Lisa panted, opening the throttle again. "You're just in time. The trestle's up ahead."

It's a fairly smooth road from Gideon to Medford, with a line on zero grade, but there is one deep gully. For the Rocket this was no problem. Buttressed concrete supported her roadbed all the way. The narrow-gauge track, however, crossed on a precarious wooden frame which hadn't been repaired for years. Hank had inspected it the night before and pronounced it safe, but only just, and Sam and Lisa braced themselves as the Best Friend roared on. The trains hit the twin trestles almost simultaneously.

Instantly there was a violent chattering, as though a gigantic machine gun had opened fire. Sam leaped on the tender and looked back, aghast. They were literally mowing up track. The neglected trestle spikes couldn't take the weight, and a cascade of rusty rails tore loose behind them, flew up and rained on the trembling structure. Inevitably this cut their pace. The Rocket inched ahead. Lisa staggered to the firebox with new wood.

Albert, bouncy again, grinned back maliciously. He jeered, "Give up?"

Lisa slammed the firebox door. "No!"

"But you lose!" he crowed.

She pulled off his ring and looked tearfully back at Sam. "But there's a consolation prize!"

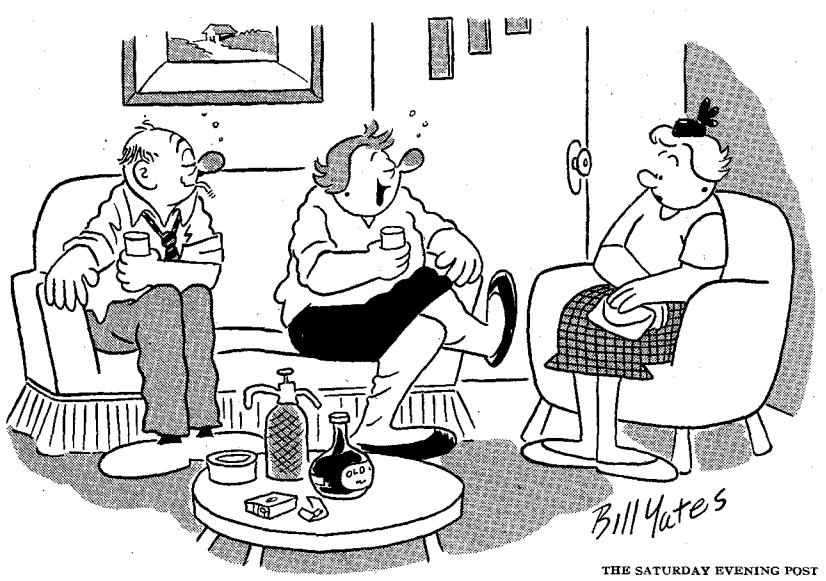
But first prize was still open. The harassed Best Friend reeled off the ruined trestle, shivered, and lurched ahead as her flanges bit firmer track. While Albert's engineer frantically worked levers and the V.I.P.'s behind pressed to see, the gaudy old locomotive thundered down the iron pike, her driving rods lashing furiously and her stack erupting an inky billowing smoke. She flanked the Rocket engine again, and Albert, who had watched the shucking of his ring with a stricken look, glanced about vacantly. From his superior height he saw something ahead. He went tense.

"Lisa! Slow down! Your dad said——"

"Yes!" She doffed her cap and tossed her pale hair in a triumphant shimmer. "Don't you wish we would!"

"Hey! Wait!"

They didn't wait—they had the whip hand now. The Best Friend's cowcatcher drew up beside the Rocket's spangled nose, she paused to fill her iron lungs with steam, (*Continued on Page 68*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

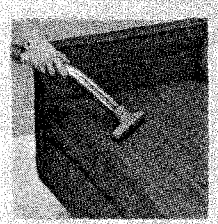
"I try to take an interest in everything George does."

DEEP-CLEANING POWER
...WITH A
FEATHER TOUCH!

The Glittering New
EUREKA
GOLDEN CROWN
Super Roto-Matic

CLEANS YOUR HOME 5 WAYS EASIER!

NEW RUG TOOL with easy-glide design! Full floating brush picks up lint, hair instantly.



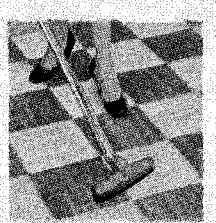
NEW UPHOLSTERY TOOL. Suction can be reduced—ideal for drapes, light fabrics.

POWER IN BEAUTY! The new 1 H.P. motor and twin exhaust in this glittering new Eureka Golden Crown Super Roto-Matic produce deep-cleaning power for all types of floor coverings. So quiet, too! And its new easy-glide rug tool cleans quickly, thoroughly with a feather touch!

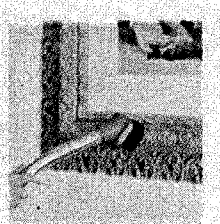
No lift, no carry...rolls on 4 rubber wheels! • New toe switch • New double-size throw-away dust bag • New flexible swivel vinyl hose • New deluxe cleaning tools and many more advanced features!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER!
Special trade-in allowance • 10 days home trial • Money back guarantee • $1.25 per week after small deposit.

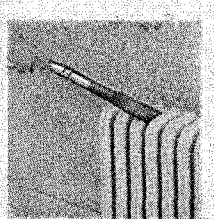
ONLY $69.95 MODEL 960 COMPLETE WITH NEW TOOLS
(Slightly higher in Canada)



NEW FLOOR-WALL BRUSH. Extra value—not included in most cleaners!



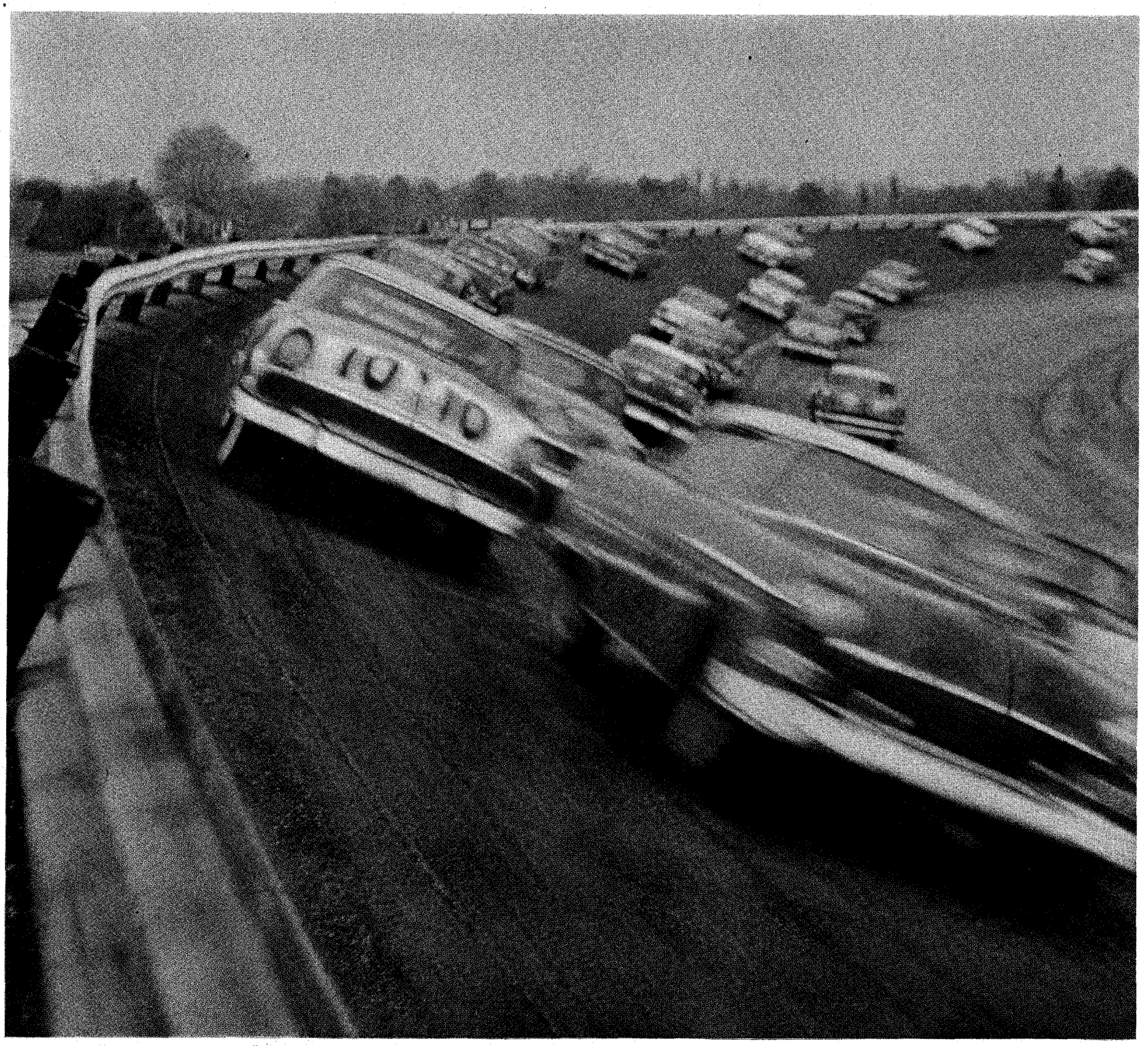
NEW DUSTING BRUSH. Has long, soft bristles for furniture, books, blinds, etc.



NEW CREVICE TOOL. All-vinyl. Doesn't scratch!

EUREKA WILLIAMS CORPORATION
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS
In Canada: ONWARD MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., Kitchener, Ontario

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This "Oval Laboratory" grinds up every

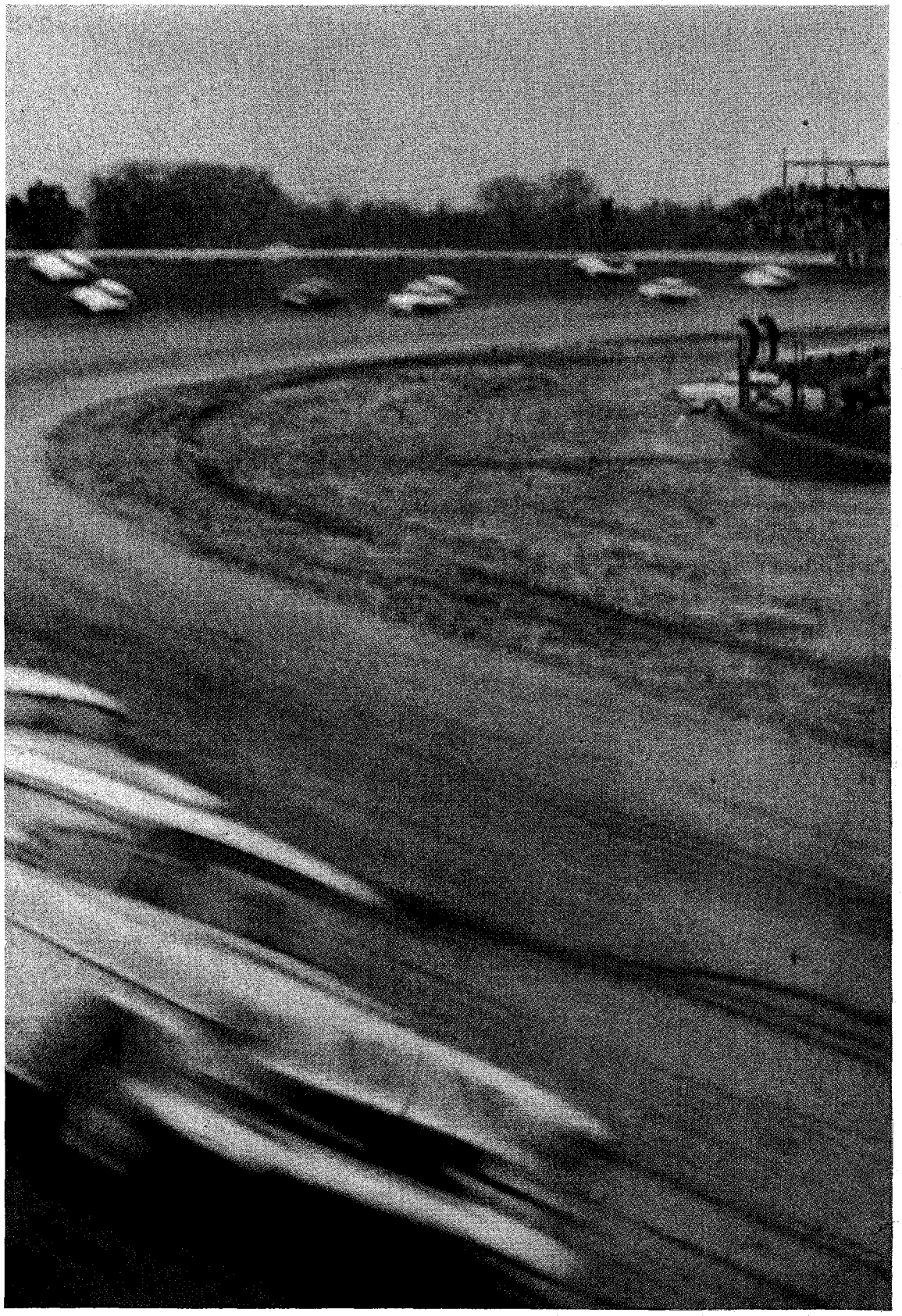
Five years' wear in five hours in the famous Darlington, S. C. stock car "500"... and every driver on the track paid for his Firestone tires!

If you designed a giant grinding wheel, 1⅜ miles around, to wear out tires, that would be Darlington! Each Labor Day its famous 500-mile stock car race hands out punishment that no proving ground can duplicate—and lessons that no tire manufacturer can afford to ignore.

In this "oval laboratory" the nation's top stock car drivers grind off the equivalent of 50,000 miles of wear in one blazing afternoon. Tire traction, toughness, cord strength, coolness of running—all are tested to the ultimate thin edge of destruction, and only Firestone passes the test to win.

Several brands of tires started last Labor Day's ferocious race. At the finish, Firestones were on every car except the 25th! That is absolute *competitive* proof that Firestone knows more about the fine art of tire making than anyone else in America. It's an art that starts with better rubber compounds, with intricate chemical research, with fundamental new processes in gum dipping, with superior blending of materials so fine they make talcum powder look coarse as sand.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Year after year, race after race, Firestones are first to finish. And now from Firestone's speedway experience comes a new kind of nylon tire with a new kind of safety for you—safety on the superhighways and city streets alike . . .

New Firestone Nylon "500"

WITH NUCLEAR CONTROLLED NYLON PLIES

The Firestone "500" is a *new* kind of tire, a speedway-developed tire that can double your driving safety wherever you go—whether it's out on the superhighways and turnpikes, on traffic-packed streets right in town, or both.

For this is a new and tougher tire. It's nylon-tough—made to take even the high-speed pounding and punishment that today's superhighways can dish out for hours on end. It puts cooler running rubber on the road—better rubber—and backs it up with heat-resistant nylon cord. Not just nylon cord, but nylon cord plies that are measured with nuclear accuracy to assure as near perfect a uniformity in thickness, strength, and safety as it is possible to control.

Find out from the Firestone Dealer or Store nearest you how little these new super-safe, smart-looking tires cost, especially with the generous trade-in allowance. Or, you can ask for Firestone Nylon "500" tires when you order your new car.

For today's kind of driving, they're the safest things on wheels.

'ire but Firestone!

or decades Firestone has been *the* great ame in automotive competition. And the our of such competition has taught irestone great lessons. It has given irestone the extra skill that guarantees etter rubber from start to finish, and given *ou* a greater measure of driving safety and *uilt-in peace of mind.* That is not a claim, is a statistical fact—proved, year after ear, in the "oval laboratories" that are merica's toughest tire proving grounds!

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on radio or television every Monday evening over ABC

Copyright 1957, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 65*) and then, with a mighty clashing, snorting, hammering lunge, she burst ahead.

Her pilots embraced. Sam seized the whistle cord. Overhead, the air was split with a scream of victory.

"We've won!" Lisa cried. She peered out the cab window. "Look, you can see Medford! There's such a crowd! What are those flares?"

In the V.I.P. car, president Winkler glanced up from his stopwatch. "Incredible," he murmured. "I'm going to make Thatcher an offer for that."

"I was going to make him an offer," chairman Hazelton said dryly, squinting ahead. "But if those idiots don't reverse, there'll be nothing to buy but a dented railhead."

Sam, leaning out his cab window, was the first to see the railhead, an ugly red in the dancing flarelight. He stiffened. "Where are the brakes?"

"Oh!" Her hand flew to her mouth. "There's a hand brake on the tender, but there's none ——"

There was none on the engine, and that is what gave the unlikely race its fantastic finish. There was only one thing to do: as Sam seized a length of firewood, shoved it in the tender brake wheel, and wrenched it tight, Lisa reversed the drive lever. It was that or crash. The Best Friend shuddered down her entire length as her wheels spun backward, and the wondering crowd saw her approach with a series of slowing jerks, the Rocket racing smoothly alongside. They entered the station together and then parted, the diesel coasting to a stop a mile away, her venerable challenger striking the railhead with a rude thump. There was no sign of life from the old cab.

Steve Thatcher sank to a bench, cuffing his brow. "I can't move," he groaned to a man beside him. "Go see if they're all right."

It was unfortunate—and subsequently awkward for the Great Eastern's public-relations chief—that the man Steve chose was a newspaper photographer. He trotted up to the cab, peered inside, and in less than a minute had exposed five plates. In some ways this was a waste, since every one was like every other one, though his city editor was most understanding and ran them all. They inspired a flurry of letters from Old Subscribers, who questioned the propriety of so extended a display of affection, and they almost overshadowed the published print of the race finale. That shot, incidentally, clearly exhibited The Best Friend of Springfiel poking her huge cowcatcher across the finish line first, thus establishing the Gideon-Medford speed record at the unquestionably improper age of 100.

All official sequels were in the hands of the aforementioned P.R. chief, who issued countless releases (NEWS—RUSH) explaining that the race was planned, that this was really only a trial run for the Rocket, that a team of famous engineers was reviewing the performance of Petron under stress, and that the experiment would inevitably accrue to the comfort, health, safety, happiness and longevity of those lucky enough to ride Eastern. Later releases, issued after a discreet interval, announced that the vice-president in charge of traffic was enjoying a leave of absence preparatory to new assignment, that the damaged trestle was being replaced, and that the railroad's newly acquired museum would be under the direction of its curator, who from time to time would haul curious vacationers from Gideon to Medford with the Best Friend of Springfiel, purchased from Mr. Samuel Lacy for an undisclosed price.

The releases were silent on some points. The Medford Chamber of Commerce never was told why the railroad decided to move its Sunland station back to Gideon, nor could anyone discover why Steve Thatcher's new son-in-law rejected his offer of a vice-presidency. Even the bride, though submissive, was baffled. The truth is that young Mr. Lacy privately decided young Mrs. Lacy knew altogether too much about railroads. He was pleased to discover, however, that she knew almost nothing about model trains, and with his profit from the sale of the Gideon relics he went into that business. He shuns publicity. It is rumored that he runs a busy hobby shop in a city identified on his private stationery as Springfiel, though the world does not know, and his father-in-law loyally refuses to disclose, whether it is in Ohi, Illinoi, Massachusett or Missour.

THE END

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

This coffee tells you it's fresher

It greets you with a louder *whoosh* and the livelier aroma that forecasts fresher, fuller-flavored coffee in each satisfying cup. Why? Because Chase & Sanborn Coffee is the *only* leading brand that's *pressure* packed. And pressure packing preserves coffee freshness and flavor better than any vacuum can or bag.

Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand.

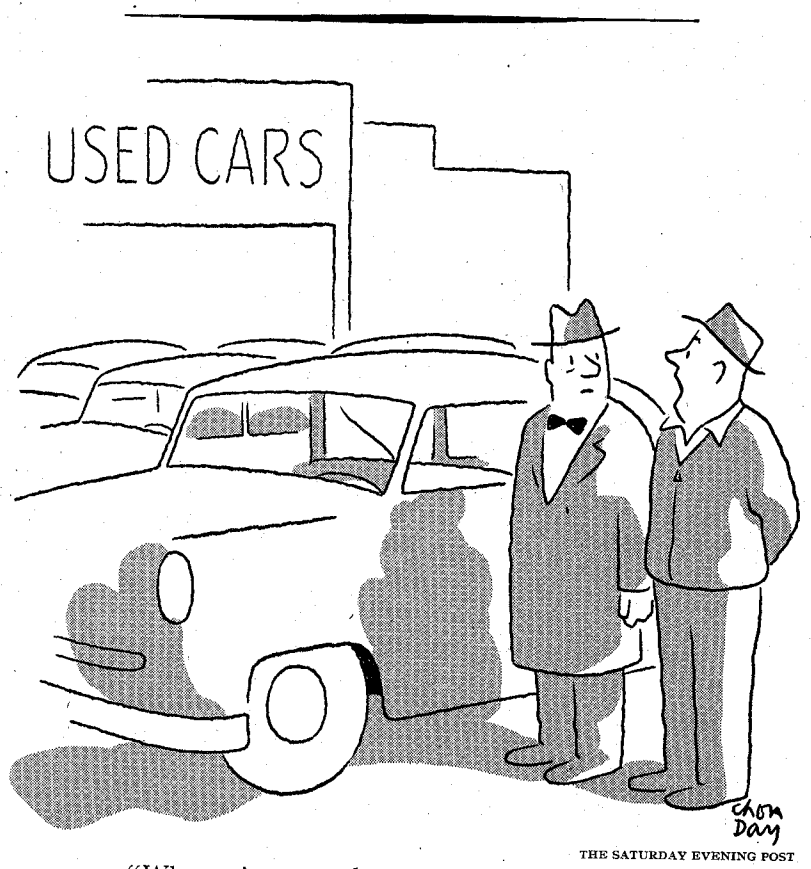
Chase & Sanborn

Fresher because it's pressure packed

Enjoy Chase & Sanborn's fuller coffee flavor in the NEW FULL-BODIED INSTANT

Instant Chase & Sanborn

YES, THAT'S SHELLEY WINTERS . . . STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN AND TELEVISION



"What price-range lemon are you looking for?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Dream for Sale (Continued from Page 37)

the young folks a house. Ev declined it. He said he'd rather wait and buy his own home. A house in Ohio appeared less a place in which to pass happy years than an anchor holding him from the sea. He said nothing of this to Sally; though before the marriage, not to persuade her under false pretenses, he had often talked about his adventurous longing. At work, his mind was usually on other things than whether a shoe pinched or not, or how to sell a fourteen-dollar pair to a woman who wanted to pay only ten dollars. Each summer, he and Sally took a vacation trip to Maine.

The fourth summer, Ev said to his father, "Dad, I know this is going to hit you hard, and I'm sorry, but I don't want to spend all my life in the shoe business. Next spring Sally and I are pulling out of Ohio. We're going to Maine, or maybe Massachusetts, and buy a boat and go fishing."

It hit the Forsythes as hard as Ev's father. They denounced and pleaded. Mrs. Forsythe collapsed and remained in bed a week—her custom when she met strong opposition. Nothing availed. One Saturday night there was a small farewell party. The next day, Ev and Sally were aboard a plane for Boston.

They found a fisherman in Gloucester who wanted to sell a thirty-two-footer. It needed repairs, but Ev made them himself. Sally helped. They painted the boat gray and changed its name from Eagle to Twosome. In a cabin much smaller than their Ohio bedroom were two bunks, a coal stove, a bottled-gas stove, a refrigerator, a sink, cabinets and a radio. Up forward, even more cramped, was a toilet.

Ev intended to go swordfishing, so he added a pulpit at the bow. A pulpit is a stout, projecting plank with a small, semicircular railing of iron at the outer end. There the fisherman stands with his harpoon as the boat stealthily approaches its armed and powerful quarry.

That first summer, though Ev several times cast the harpoon, he did not make a single strike. He was chagrined, but not discouraged. He knew that he had much to learn, though he was already well enough versed in navigation for short cruises, and he had an inborn feeling for the touchy kinship between a small boat and the sea.

The first winter was even worse than the summer. They went hand trawling for cod, using long lines with scores of baited hooks attached. Merciless winds and steely waters drained the warmth, almost the life, from their bodies, and the Twosome bucked like a horse enraged with its rider. How dark, how immense, how baleful the sea appeared under a wintry sky. How lonely, and jealous of its own.

Ev said once, when they were hauling wet and, as it happened, empty lines, "Maybe I should go back to the store."

"Don't be silly," Sally mumbled, too cold to speak distinctly.

They caught a few barrels of fish that winter, though not enough to pay for gasoline. One fortunate day they hauled in so much cod that their hands swelled, and next day they couldn't close them. Toward the end of the winter, Ev sliced the palm of his left hand with a fish knife, and Sally fell on the slippery deck, landed in coiled line, and got a fishhook in her forehead, near the right eye. The wound became infected and the sight of the eye was imperiled. She mentioned none of this in her letters to her parents.

But the year was not all winter and the days were not all fruitless. They learned from their mistakes, and fishermen, surprised and somewhat amused by the uncommon partnership, advised and helped them. After the second year, they could read the weather fairly well and tie up at a wharf or alongside another boat without disgrace.

"It's good to be your own boss," Ev said.

"We're not our own boss," she answered, in her matter-of-fact way. "The weather's our boss, and the sea, and even the fish."

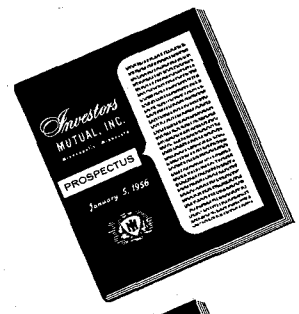
"Just the same, this is better," he said, and she knew that he was thinking how he might at that moment have been bent over on a stool fitting shoes, instead of being master of a ship, however small, roving the sea in a way that men have done from both necessity and love for longer than anyone knows.

He ironed his first swordfish that summer, and also his twelfth, and the year ended with a slight profit in money. They counted other profits—the sun rising from the ocean as though for their eyes alone, the swims on unmolested beaches and off the Twosome, the sunset on the varicolored cliffs of Gay Head, the august blessing of the stars, making their westward sign over the prostrate sea.

There were, too, the shared annoyances—twice, their engine failed and they had to be towed to port—and the shared dangers. Besides such constant hazards as storm and collision and fire and the immense, malevolent patience of the sea itself, ever waiting for the unwary and the unfortunate, (*Continued on Page 72*)

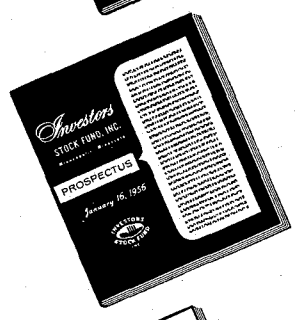
Are you interested in

MUTUAL FUNDS?



A balanced fund, for instance?

Investors Mutual, Inc., is a balanced fund with objectives of reasonable return, preservation of capital and long-term appreciation possibilities through diversified holdings of more than 500 common and preferred stocks and investment quality bonds.



A common stock Fund?

Investors Stock Fund, Inc., offers an open end mutual fund with professional supervision of diversified securities, emphasizing common stocks. The securities for this fund are chosen with objectives of long-term capital appreciation possibilities and reasonable income.

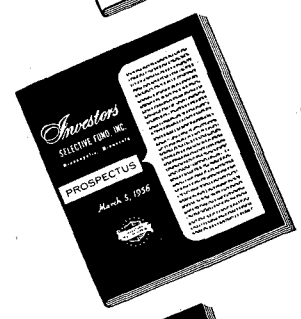
Canadian investments?

Investors Group Canadian Fund Ltd. is a diversified, continually managed mutual fund organized in Canada with investments in Canadian securities, seeking long-term growth possibilities through . . .

(1) Investments in companies participating in the development and expansion of Canadian natural resources, industry, and commerce.

(2) Automatic reinvestment of all dividends and other earnings.

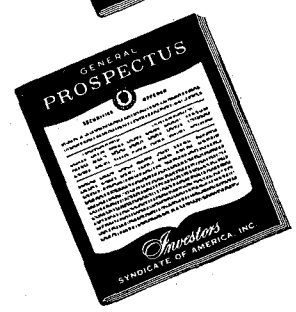
(3) Special tax considerations.



A bond and preferred stock fund?

Investors Selective Fund, Inc.—the primary objectives of this mutual fund are to provide a reasonably stable quarterly income and to conserve the value of the investment.

• • •



"Installment type" face-amount certificates?

These certificates can help you accumulate money systematically over 6, 10, 15, or 20 year periods. Obtain full information in a free Investors Syndicate of America prospectus-booklet.

To obtain a free copy of any of the prospectus-booklets shown, consult the yellow pages of your telephone directory for the name and address of your local distributor, or write us direct.

The securities of all these companies are exclusively distributed by

Investors DIVERSIFIED SERVICES, INC.

914 INVESTORS BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS 2, MINNESOTA

Founded 1894

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mercury
AMERICAN AIRLINES

An emblem as famous as the pec

LUXURY LEADER IN THE WORLD OF FLIGHT

At the airport, the day's most important travelers will most frequently embark on American's DC•7 Mercury. The fame of the Mercury owes much to the distinction of its passengers who have established it as the luxury leader in the world of flight.

Everything aboard the Mercury merits this a claim. The deluxe cabin is spacious; all seats a reserved; there is an attractive lounge. You fly tl DC•7, America's fastest airliner. The Mercu menu is prepared with lavish care and the fa

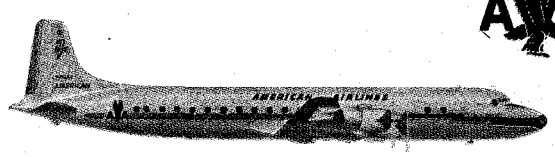
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN AIRLINES
AMERICAN AIRLINES
AIR TRAVEL IS AMERICA'S BEST BARGAIN
Since 1941, the index of retail prices for other products has risen almost 85%, while the total increase in the cost of air transportation, despite constantly improving service, has been less than 4%.
CONSUMER PRICES
AIR FARES
1941
1956

Another celebrity departs on the Mercury from Los Angeles International Airport

it serves – The Mercury

l Mercury service anticipates your every wish. nagnificent Mercury represents the highest ard in luxury travel as well as the superior e you find all through the Flagship Fleet. American—America's leading airline.



AMERICAN AIRLINES
America's Leading Airline

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 69*) there was the seasonal swordfish. Four inches of oak are not proof against its frenzied thrust. It has impaled its man more than once, and will do so again. Already Ev had had his dory pierced, like many a more experienced fisherman. The sword, fortunately, ripped through as far from Ev as could be and still have sword and man in the same dory. But Ev never stepped into the dory afterward without resting his eye for a moment on the patch in the bottom. This, too, they did not write to Ohio about.

From time to time, Ev suspected, Sally longed for the land again. Nothing could have been more snug and companionable on a winter night than their cabin as the Twosome lay tied up at a wharf, with the coal stove casting an almost human warmth and the radio playing and the light enhancing those neat and harmonious touches of cloth and paint with which Sally had decorated their quarters. A contentment settled over them, an ease both spiritual and physical, distilled from the long hours of their work and companionship, from their affection for the Twosome, from the elements themselves.

Yet, when he saw Sally turning the pages of a magazine, lingering over the colored pictures of ample living rooms, elaborate kitchens, bedrooms with real beds and bathrooms walled with tile, it was not hard to catch her thoughts. And he saw her looking, too, at the advertisements in which young women with smooth, delicate skins proclaimed the virtues of creams and lotions. Sally used creams and lotions, and she had a fine, healthy complexion, but wind and sea will not be entirely denied; her hands were not the hands of the advertisements, and her cheeks bore the honorable signs of weather.

These things wounded Ev's conscience. Someday he would have to leave the sea. Sally deserved a life like other women's. And it wasn't fair to wait until she was seventy and couldn't climb the rigging any more, and couldn't enjoy life on land either.

In the sixth spring of their seafaring, Ev had a hunch that swordfish would appear earlier than usual. As his hunches about fish were often accurate, the Twosome, having tied up for the night in the harbor at Menemsha, set off one morning early in June for the swordfishing grounds south of Martha's Vineyard Island.

"I feel them out there," Ev said. "I feel them just as if we had an appointment."

"Let's hope you're right. They might bring a dollar a pound this early."

They had had another meager winter.

But she knew that he was not thinking of the money, at least not primarily. Winter fishing was drudgery, a matter of hauling in icy lines and unhooking slippery fish, with hands so numbed that they seemed to have no connection with one's body. But swordfishing delighted Ev. Here were the chase, the stalking, the final single combat between man and fish, each balanced on the mortal edge of his own element, each fighting with instinct, strength and craft.

The 6:20 A.M. radio forecast of the weather was for light, variable winds and a clear sky—perfect conditions—for the swordfisherman likes a calm sea and an expansive view. Before they were even out of sight of land, Ev had relinquished the wheel to Sally and lashed a harpoon across the pulpit. The harpoon was a wooden shaft about ten feet long, with a short iron shank at one end, and a dart—a sort of bronze arrowhead—affixed to the shank. Fastened to the dart was fifty fathoms of hempen line coiled in a wire basket in the cockpit. When the harpoon struck, the pole and shank would float free and be recovered at once, but the dart would remain in the fish. Ev would put out alone in the dory and try to master the mighty, maddened creature by means of the line fastened to the dart.

Nearing an area where they had had good luck in other seasons, both Ev and Sally went aloft onto the main crosstree of the single mast, and stood in the hoops, scanning the ocean from side to side and ahead. They guided the Twosome by means of cables that ran up the mast, and managed the throttle with a long wire. They could see into the water for a considerable depth, but what they hoped for was to detect a swordfish "finning"—that is, showing a fin above the surface—or "breaching"—leaping from the water.

For some time they were companionably silent. The sun was warm on their hands and necks. An airplane passed high overhead—a jet from a base on Cape Cod, they (*Continued on Page 74*)

The Perfect Squelch

Traffic was dense and jam-packed, but the impatient executive in the back of the taxicab seemed to blame the cab's creeping pace entirely on the driver. Time and again, he urged, "Speed up!" Or, "Cut over into that lane, quick."

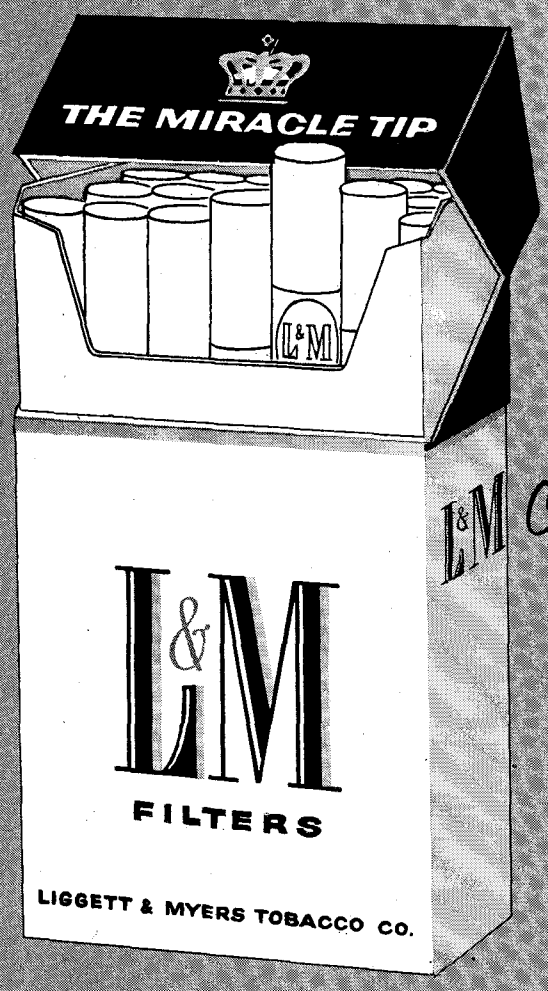
Silently, the driver did his best. But his best was not good enough for his passenger. "Say," the man complained, "can't you go faster?"

"Sorry," the driver said, "I'd like to, but my company has a rule against my leaving the cab."

Lloyd E. Graham

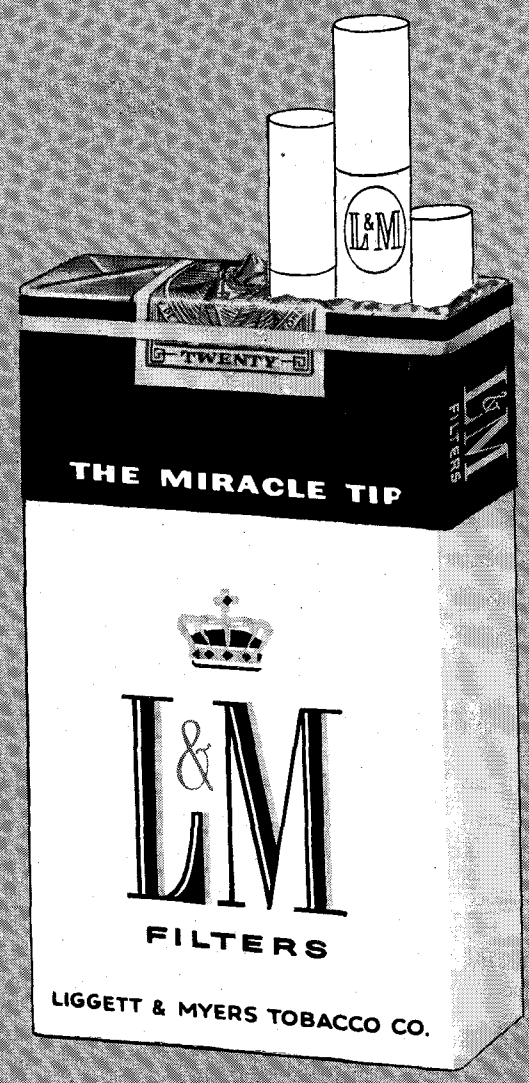
Live Modern!
Pick the pack that suits you best!
Yes, you are free to choose...
only when you smoke modern L&M.
And only L&M gives you the
flavor...the full, exciting flavor
that makes L&M America's
fastest-growing cigarette.
FREE UP!
Get more fun.
get fu
© 1957, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New! Crush-proof L&M BOX (COSTS NO MORE)

Newest, modern box. Crush-proof. Closes tight! Flavor stays in . . . everything else stays out.



Handy L&M PACK (KING & REGULAR)

Ever-popular L&M handy packs! America's fastest-growing King . . . largest-selling Regular filter.

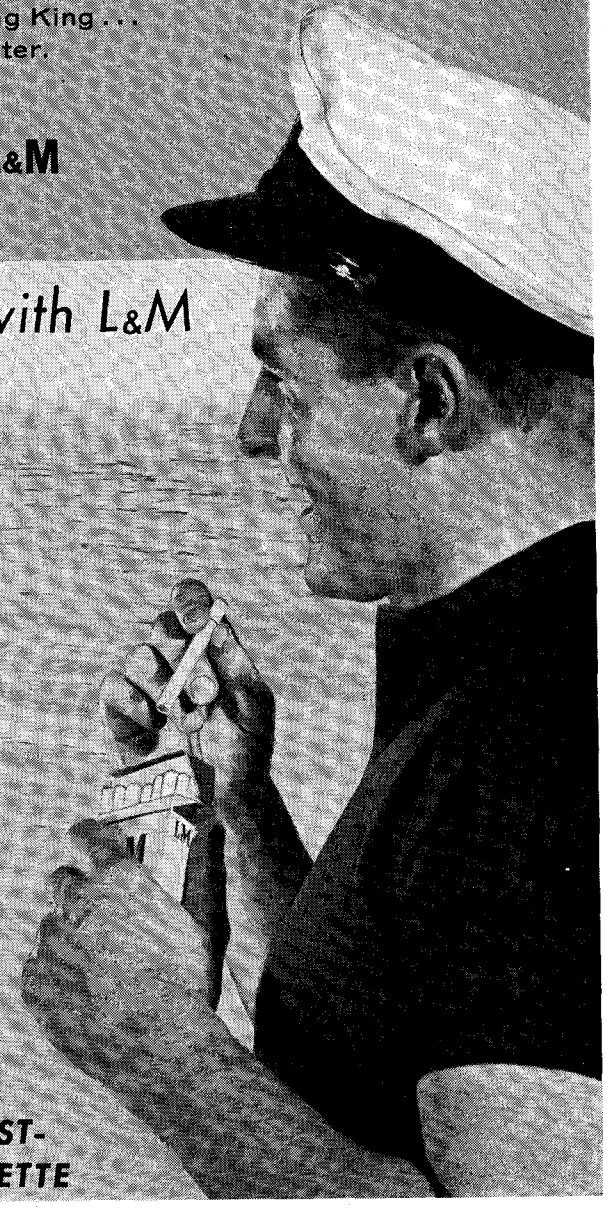
You are free to choose...only when you smoke L&M

more excitement out of life . . . freshen up your taste with L&M

***exciting* flavor**

PLUS THE PURE WHITE MIRACLE TIP

Live Modern



... SMOKE L&M AMERICA'S FASTEST-GROWING CIGARETTE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 72*) supposed—and they saw two or three other fishing boats at a distance. These, like the airplane, disappeared. The Twosome churned placidly through a mild swell. Somewhere below were fish, perhaps swordfish, but whether or not a swordfish would come to the surface remained, as always, the secret of hidden and incalculable forces. It was what made the hunt fascinating, and often exasperating.

About ten o'clock, Sally cried, "A fin!" and pointed off the starboard bow. "Over there! See it?"

But Ev, after a judicious squint, replied, "No, it's debris of some kind. A board or something. You're too anxious, mate. It fooled me, too, at first."

The Twosome continued to cast about, like a dog looking for a scent.

The watchers on the crosstree sighted other boards, a bottle, the fin of a shark, orange rinds, and a float from a fishnet in the course of the morning, but no swordfish.

"Maybe it is too early," Ev said, disappointed. "Maybe they haven't moved in here yet."

Below them on the deck were a compass and, in a coil of rope, an alarm clock, by means of which they kept track of their general whereabouts. Occasionally, they changed course. The engine of the Twosome chugged with a patience equal to their own, and the slow, white wake spread out with hypnotic continuity, ever renewing itself, ever vanishing into the green vastness of the ocean. No other boat was in sight. The sky bore no taint of man.

The hands of the clock stood at a little after three and the bow pointed southwest when, almost together, the watchers cried, "A breacher!" They had seen a swordfish fling itself from the water a quarter of a mile to port. This time there could be no mistake.

Ev virtually leaped to the deck, using the rigging only to steady himself for two or three downward steps. At the same time, Sally swung the Twosome to port and throttled down the engine, in order to approach as quietly as possible. Ev crumpled a sheet of newspaper and tossed it overboard, providing a mark for judging approximately where they had been when they saw the fish. With a glance, he checked the line in the wire basket. Every detail had to be perfect. He was superstitious about the first swordfish. To miss it was to blight the whole season; to take it was to insure weeks of good fishing. Unlashing the harpoon, he held it across his alert body and peered ahead. The prow of the Twosome murmured through the water.

From the pulpit, Ev could detect no sign of the fish. He turned his head and looked questioningly at his wife up on the crosstree. In a moment she pointed to starboard, and he saw a fin rising from the surface a hundred yards away. Before the Twosome could halve the distance, the fin disappeared and the sea was as empty as though the whole episode had been an illusion. The Twosome made a crafty curve. The hide-and-seek continued.

Five minutes later the fin reappeared, almost dead ahead.

"Ev!" his wife called.

He did not turn, but nodded to signify that he had seen it too. The Twosome glided ever more silently, as though it understood and were exerting a cunning of its own. At twenty-five yards the fin had not moved. Then Ev could see the vague, mysterious form just under the surface. Not until the fateful shadow of the pulpit was all but upon it did the fish sense danger.

But in that instant Ev hurled the harpoon downward. A brief hiss of wood and water, a shock that stopped the shaft before it was half-submerged, and Sally saw from the crosstree what appeared to be a great pale bolt of blue vanish into the depths. The coil of line in the basket began to whip over the side.

"Backboned him!" Ev cried. "He'll go five hundred pounds!"

When he reached the cockpit, most of the fifty fathoms of line had already disappeared. Attached to the end was a keg painted bright yellow, with the name Twosome on it. Ev threw the keg overboard. Towing the keg would tire the fish, and the keg itself could be seen from a long distance, so they were not likely to lose their catch. Sally guided the boat to the floating shaft of the harpoon and Ev recovered it. The iron shank had bent with the power of his blow.

"Got him good," Ev said, holding up the shaft for her to see.

He straightened the shank and armed it with another barb, to which was fastened a line coiled in another basket. He lashed the weapon to the pulpit again.

As he did so, the fish broke the water almost a quarter of a mile away, shining clear of the surface, its body soaring in a savage arc as it tried to expel the barb. Then the water hid the wounded creature, and the yellow keg danced along the swell.

"A lot of power there," Ev said, in admiration.

"You be careful," his wife replied. "Let him get good and tired."

The Twosome overtook the keg and Ev pushed the dory over the stern and tied it to the keg. Again the Twosome cruised about, hoping for another fish, and keeping keg and dory in sight.

No other fish appeared. The Twosome returned to the keg and Ev got into the dory. This moment always gave Sally a shock of dread, for the perilous encounter was at hand. Despite her confidence in Ev's skill and luck, despite the fact that he and other fishermen had been victorious in such encounters innumerable times, she could not help being anxious. The greatest matadors were sometimes gored and killed. The most expert pilots sometimes crashed. The swordfish did not always lose. Sally wondered with some bitterness whether people buying fish in the markets had any idea what chances Ev and the others took.

Ev had lifted the keg into the dory and was already pulling in the line, hand over hand, over a loggerhead, or roller, in the stern. Sally, guiding the Twosome from the deck, circled at a cautious distance, for the fish was as well able to thrust its sword through the Twosome as through the dory, and might pierce the gasoline tank or do other serious damage.

Ev no longer noticed the Twosome. The line, at first, came in freely, but when he had recovered about a dozen fathoms, he felt resistance, then a jerk that would have pulled him out of the dory if he had tried to oppose it. All but a couple of fathoms ran out again.

Maybe I should have waited awhile, Ev thought.

Warily taking in the line, keeping pressure on it, yielding again, he tested the antagonist hidden in the depths beneath his feet.

Half an hour passed. He had recovered more than twenty fathoms of the line.

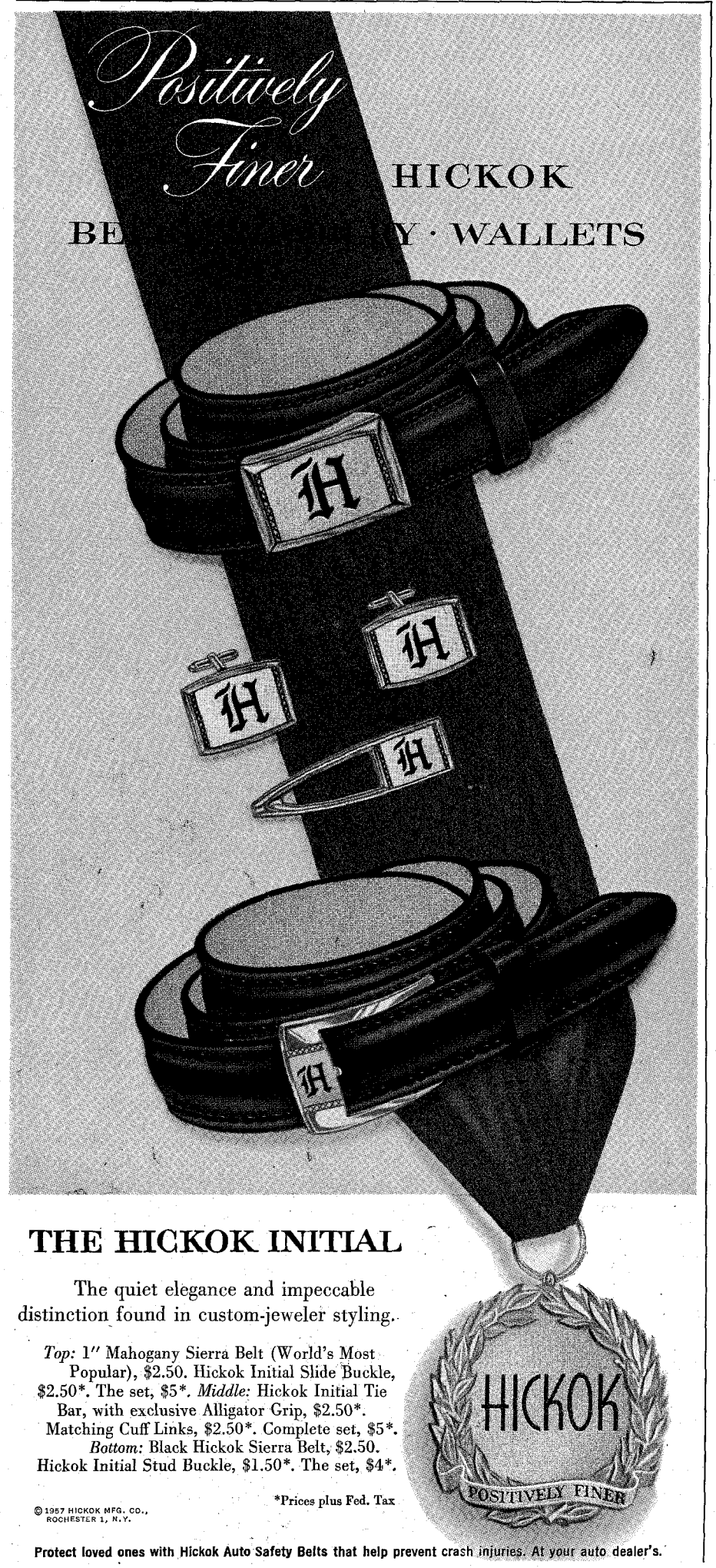
"You're coming home now," he murmured, as though the fish could hear and understand. "You're all done. You're coming home, boy. Easy now. Easy." The loggerhead rattled a little as the line moved first one way, then the other.

At length a point on the line marked with a few turns of twine rose out of the water and crossed the loggerhead. Ev and his opponent were now only six fathoms apart. Still keeping the line taut, for a loose line meant that the fish might be anywhere, perhaps directly under the

Study Habits

By Richard Armour

Peanut butter thickly
spread
On crispy crackers and on
bread,
Potato chips and chunks of
cheese,
Chocolates and cake—it's
these
With which our teen-age
daughter crams
For exams.



THE HICKOK INITIAL

The quiet elegance and impeccable distinction found in custom-jeweler styling.

Top: 1" Mahogany Sierra Belt (World's Most Popular), $2.50. Hickok Initial Slide Buckle, $2.50*. The set, $5*. *Middle:* Hickok Initial Tie Bar, with exclusive Alligator Grip, $2.50*. Matching Cuff Links, $2.50*. Complete set, $5*. *Bottom:* Black Hickok Sierra Belt, $2.50. Hickok Initial Stud Buckle, $1.50*. The set, $4*.

*Prices plus Fed. Tax

© 1957 HICKOK MFG. CO., ROCHESTER 1, N.Y.

Protect loved ones with Hickok Auto Safety Belts that help prevent crash injuries. At your auto dealer's.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dory and free to thrust upward, Ev looked to see that his equipment was ready—the gaff, which was a sawed-off shovel handle with a hook on the end, to lift the swordfish by the tail, and the fluke rope, a short rope to slip over the tail and tie to another rope secured to the bottom of the dory, thus causing the fish to hang upside down and neutralizing its evil sword.

In a moment he would reach hardily with the gaff into a sudden tumult of the water, and the game would be over. He hauled with strong, wary hands, watching over the side of the dory.

It had been some time, so absorbed was he, since he had looked at the Twosome. If his hearing had been better, he might have noticed that her engine had stopped. She was drifting slowly northward.

At first, Sally tried to start the engine again without distracting Ev's attention. It refused to start. She called to him across the uneasy water. He did not hear. She might have blown the foghorn, but, taking up the glasses, she trained them on him and decided that he was at a critical point. To disturb him would not only annoy him but might endanger him. If she waited until he had gaffed the fish, the Twosome would not be much farther away. The two boats were drifting in the same direction. He could row to her, even dragging the fish, perhaps, or he could put the keg out again. He would be angry if he lost the fish. It was worth perhaps five hundred dollars. *That'd buy a lot of gasoline and coffee*, she reflected. Perhaps another boat would turn up to help them. She wished they had installed a radio telephone, as some other boats had done.

Then she noticed that Ev had not taken the oars with him in the dory, either through forgetfulness or because he had expected she could pick him up easily enough, as she always did. Again she raised the glasses. Ev was standing in the stern, attentively managing the line. Bracing herself against the rolling of the Twosome, she watched, praying for the next five minutes to pass.

There was a commotion close to the dory. Suddenly, Ev fell over backward. She thought at first that he had lost his balance because of the tossing of the boat and the jerking of the fish, but almost at once she saw, protruding through the bottom of the dory and a foot above the gunwales, a dark and slender blade. It vanished. The line began to slip swiftly into the water again.

Ev did not get up. She shouted. She blew the foghorn. He lay in the dory as he had fallen. Even with the glasses, she could see no other boat and nothing in the sky. Nobody could help Ev but herself. And she must help quickly, for, if he was not already dead, he might be bleeding to death.

Calm, she said to herself. *Calm. Keep your head.*

It came to her that this would prove everything the folks in Ohio had said. Other useless, irrelevant thoughts flickered in her mind.

She would have to swim, and at once, before the boats drifted farther apart or the dory sank. Going down into the cabin she snatched a thin cotton blanket from a bunk and took a bottle of whisky from a cabinet. With a fish knife, she severed the line that hung from the harpoon lashed to the pulpit. Then she made a bundle of blanket and bottle, and tied the line around it. (Afterward, she could not remember having done any of these things.)

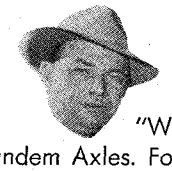
The other end of the line was attached to a yellow keg similar to the one still in Ev's dory. Sally cut the keg off and secured the end of the line to a bitt. She had almost fifty fathoms of line. She judged that the dory was not more than seventy-five yards distant. It might come closer or it might drift away. There was no way to govern that. She removed her shoes, socks, slacks and shirt, but, for some reason, left her fisherman's cap on. She jumped in from the side, holding the bundle. The sinewy water at once carried off her cap and whipped away the heat of her body. For an instant she was paralyzed. Then she began to swim.

In other circumstances, the distance would not have tested her, but, with one arm encumbered by the bundle, she hardly moved. She exerted all her strength and kicked with a practiced scissors. The water was not rough, as an ocean goes, but a wily and antagonistic swell seemed to push her back two feet every time she progressed one; it conveyed a sense of the sea's might and grandeur and everlastingness, a sense of ancient and numberless victories. She was no more than a fleck of foam, tiny, fragile, enormously temporary. She struggled, turning her head back for air.

The June sun gave no warmth here in the fathoms-deep water, which would be captive to winter a long time yet. And somewhere below was the swordfish, still maddened with the dart, still deadly. Suppose the white movement of her body attracted it, as something to be blindly avenged against? She felt the dark sword pierce her flesh. In panic, she reached and pulled, flexed and kicked.

At times she glimpsed the dory. Was she nearer to it or farther away? She could not tell. Suppose she never reached it? Or suppose she did, and found Ev dead? A wave slid over her, like a cold hand, enormous and unhurried. She

we haul more payloads with fewer trucks"



— reports **JOSEPH J. HOCK**

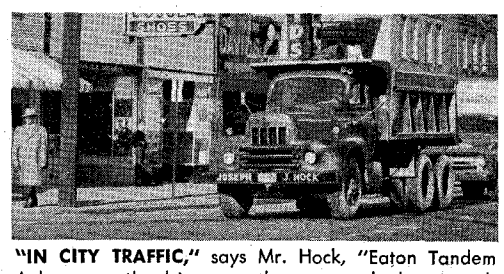
Contract Hauler of Baltimore, Md.

"We operate 35 International trucks equipped with Eaton Tandem Axles. For years they've kept our operating costs low," says Mr. Hock. "When the going is really tough . . . when mud, swamps and steep grades are all against you . . . trucks with Eaton Tandem Axles have proved themselves ideal 'work horses.' With Eaton-equipped units doing the hauling, we save downtime and expense.

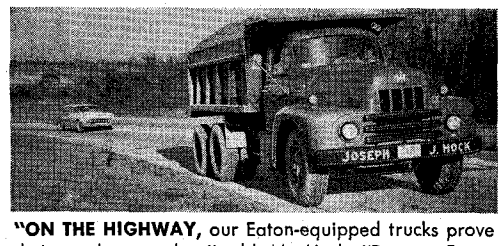
"Our trucks haul over four million tons of dirt a year. One project we're on now will provide U.S. Highway 40 with a bypass around Baltimore; on another job, we're hauling dirt from a river bottom to a sand and gravel plant miles away. However difficult the work, Eaton Tandem Axles pull out full-size payloads without bogging down and delaying schedules. Because we can always haul out maximum loads, we need fewer trucks and less drivers.

"Eaton's flotation keeps a heavily loaded truck on top of soft, slippery ground. In areas where single-axle trucks can't manage, Eaton Tandem-equipped trucks have the power to pull through without bucking or causing excess strain. And, from the driver's standpoint, our Eaton units are safer to operate. Trucks with Eaton Tandem Axles are standard equipment for heavy hauling jobs. We wouldn't consider anything else."

When the going gets rough, you can depend on trucks with Eaton Tandem Axles. Ask your dealer today for a demonstration.

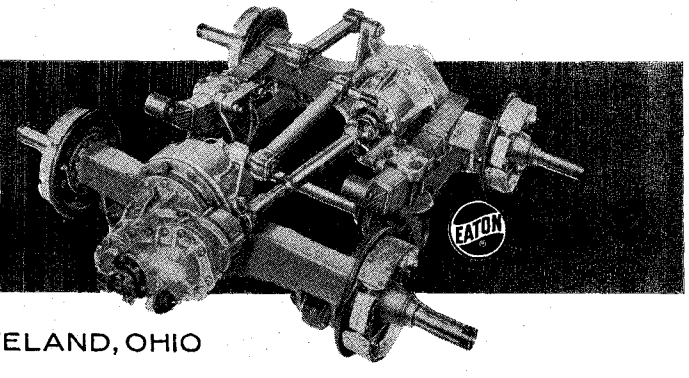


"IN CITY TRAFFIC," says Mr. Hock, "Eaton Tandem Axles assure the driver smooth, more gradual stops-and-starts. This also helps reduce strain on the vehicle, cuts maintenance and repair costs. Thanks to Eaton Tandem Axles, the entire trip is more economical and efficient."



"ON THE HIGHWAY, our Eaton-equipped trucks prove their worth every day," adds Mr. Hock. "Because Eaton Tandem Axles enable us to distribute the load evenly, we avoid too heavy stress on truck parts. We get time-saving road speeds, too, and keep gasoline costs low."

EATON



EATON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reappeared, still drawing the water to her with her left hand, towing the bundle with her right.

Illusive inch by inch, in an element that seemed at times neither to resist nor to yield, she fought on. Now, when she looked, she and the dory were certainly closer together. The Twosome must be somewhere at her back. She did not try to see. She did not feel cold now, or tired. She did not feel anything, nor did she think.

Now she could touch the dory. Reaching up with a favorable movement of the water, she grasped a gunwale and, in two tries, heaved the bundle aboard.

"Ev!" she gasped.

Nothing answered but water slapping against wood. She hauled herself half aboard and hung there, panting. With another swell of the water, she kicked herself in.

Ev lay crumpled in bloody water. The right leg of his pants was torn and bloody. The sword seemed to have passed through his thigh.

His body blocked, in a fashion, the puncture in the dory. Not much water had yet come in. She tied her line to the dory's painter.

When she spoke his name again, Ev opened his eyes and appeared to recognize her, but said nothing. Taking his sheath knife, she cut and tore strips from the blanket and bound his leg. When she moved him, water came in through the bottom.

She managed to stuff a wad of the blanket into the hole. Then she opened the bottle of whisky.

"Ev," she said again, and held the bottle to his lips.

He swallowed a little. She made him as comfortable as she could, at the same time looking around, looking into the sky, but there was no help anywhere. She threw the keg out of the dory, not knowing whether or not the swordfish had finally thrashed itself free of the barb, and not caring. The sun was warm, now that she was in the boat, and the movement of the sea was almost gentle. It was odd. It was like having a nightmare while lying awake in a hammock peacefully rocking. But there was Ev, and there was the water stained with his life. She bailed, using a can that was in the dory.

Then she crawled into the bow and, with the line she had carried from the Twosome, began to pull the dory back to the larger boat. As she hauled on the wet line, the dory moved heavily and deviously, like a refractory beast. Out of danger for the moment, she was assailed in every atom by pain and exhaustion, but she bowed her head and pulled on the line. Her hands burned and bled. Intent on moving and guiding the awkward dory, she could still think, *Good thing my hands aren't like the ads.*

The two boats touched. Clambering aboard the Twosome, she made the dory's painter fast. The dory was filling steadily. She did not know how she was going to shift Ev into the cockpit of the Twosome. She couldn't lift him. She weighed a hundred and twenty-eight pounds and he weighed a hundred and seventy; and her strength was almost gone and the footing was treacherous. She had a wild notion of getting into the dory with him so they could sink together.

Instead, she gave him another drink of whisky, and this time he muttered something, "Not—not our day, mate." He sat up a little. The bleeding of his leg had slackened or stopped.

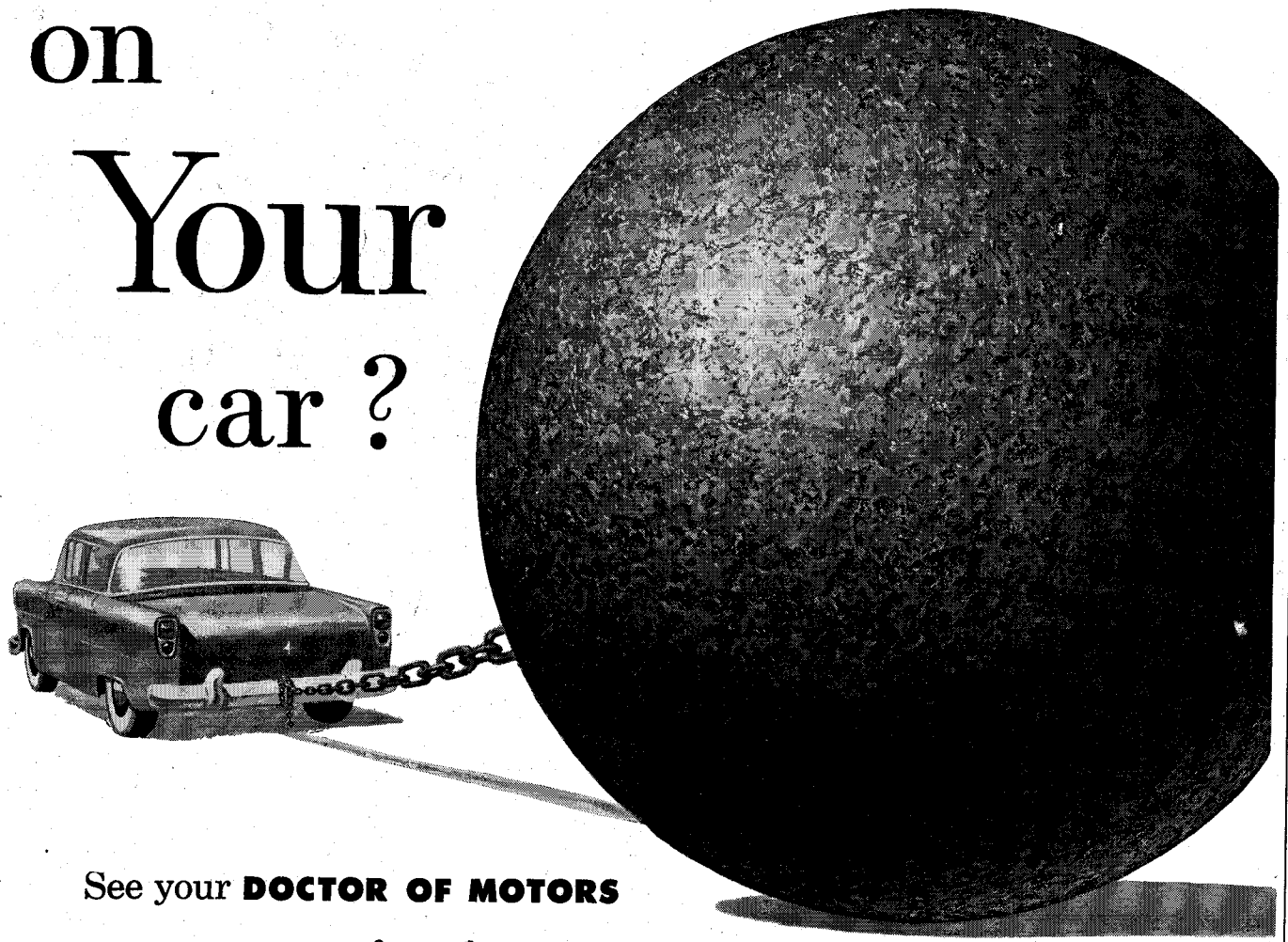
She remembered, then, the tackle with which they lifted swordfish aboard. Tying a bowline under Ev's arms, she climbed back into the Twosome and raised him the same way, with block and tackle, as they had boated many a fish. She raised him as gently as she could, but when she had lowered him to the deck, he was unconscious again. To keep off the spray, she covered him with a tarpaulin that they covered fish with when taking them to port. She even chocked his body with wooden blocks to keep him from rolling, just as they did with swordfish lying in the cockpit. Again it came to her grimly that this was the fishes' day. But she still felt a pulse in Ev's throat. She brushed the wet hair away from his forehead.

She dreaded to look around. If only she were to see a boat or even a plane, but she knew that she would see nothing but the long swelling of the water, the barren sky.

When she did look, it was so. Nothing. Hanging the glasses round her neck and taking a bedsheet with her, she climbed laboriously onto the crosstree, but even with the glasses she could see only the restless glistening of the ocean. The crosstree swung in erratic arcs. For the first time, perhaps because of the exertion and the terrible anxiety, she felt seasick. She lost hold of the sheet and it drifted over the side. Dizzily she descended to the deck.

Then she remembered how Indians had used to signal with smoke. Perhaps smoke would rise high enough to attract attention beyond her own range of sight. There was a large, round tin in the cabin, in which she kept odds and ends. She emptied the tin, put paper and cloth in it, and a few shavings hacked from here and there with a fish knife, and pieces of

Is there a "Ball and Chain" on Your car?



See your **DOCTOR OF MOTORS**

for a fast get-away!

A sluggish engine is not only frustrating—it's dangerous! But, there *is* a sure way to make it alert and alive, packed with full-power pep and performance! Your Doctor of Motors—your skilled mechanic—can bring back that satisfying "new car feel."

Doctors of Motors everywhere install Perfect Circle 2-in-1 Chrome piston rings to assure top performance. Perfect Circles are plated with thick, solid chrome that resists wear—*more than doubles* the life of cylinders, pistons and rings.

For long life and responsive power with positive oil control, ask your mechanic to install Perfect Circles in your engine! Perfect Circle Corporation, Hagerstown, Indiana; The Perfect Circle Co., Ltd., Don Mills, Ontario.

PERFECT CIRCLE

2-IN-1 CHROME PISTON RINGS

restore that New Car Feel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tarred twine, and chips of rubber cut from the old tires the Twosome used for bumpers when tied up at a wharf; then she drew oil out of the engine and added it. She moistened a rag with gasoline, working mechanically, seeming to herself to take hours for every move. Once, she glimpsed herself in a mirror, mouth open, hair wet and disheveled, eyes staring, and she was frightened.

Making her unsteady way across the deck, she reached the pulpit, to which the harpoon was still lashed. She loosened it and let it fall into the sea, and used the lashing to fasten the can to the pulpit's iron rim. The water, choppier than before, tried by contrary and wicked movements to throw her out of the pulpit.

When she had fastened the tin, she found that she had brought no matches. Feeling neither exasperation nor despair, but only a numbness, as though all things must now be endured, she fetched matches from the cabin. She heard a roaring far overhead and saw a four-engined plane, going to Europe, probably, or returning. She braced herself in the swaying pulpit and lighted matches. Three went out. The fourth ignited the fuel, and flame and a thick, black smoke arose. The plane, though still in sight, was already far off. She did not dare to hope that her signal would be seen.

She was lighting a second signal, after another slow, despairing accumulation of materials, when a smaller plane appeared, lower, coming toward the Twosome from the west. The black smoke went up again. The plane circled down and down, until Sally could see men in it. She waved and tried to shout, but no sound came. She knelt in the pulpit, clinging to it, weeping, pointing toward the stern, as though to make them understand that Ev was lying there.

As she got to her feet and swayed and stumbled toward the cabin, she remembered that she was almost naked, and she went into the cabin and wrapped herself in a blanket. Then she dragged herself up the short ladder to the cockpit and crawled over to Ev and lay down beside him on the shifting deck. She put one arm over him. That was all she could do.

There was a drone and a buzzing—the plane in the air or something in her head, she could not tell which, and it did not matter. She lay with her eyes closed, unable to open them. At times, from far off, she heard shouts, then closer voices; and the sea, with mightier motions, lifted her and flung her about and floated her away. Or so, in her numbed mind, it seemed, though whether it took place in this world or another, she did not know.

It was two days before she came out of delirium. She lay in a bed that did not move. Nor did the windows, which gave a view of roofs and trees instead of water. A nurse was standing beside her.

"Where's Ev?" Sally said.

"He'll be all right," the nurse said. "You're all right too."

She told Sally that the big plane had seen the smoke and had radioed for help, thinking the boat afire. The smaller plane had come out, and other planes, and a Coast Guard boat and fishing boats.

"Everybody in the North Atlantic," Sally said to Ev later.

After blood transfusions and surgery for muscles and nerves, he had been told, he would probably walk almost as well as before, if he had patience.

He had received letters of both rebuke and sympathy from his family and Sally's; and when he lay there alone he could not but acknowledge that it was wrong of him to have subjected Sally to such a life, such risks.

It's back to the shoe store, I guess, he reflected. He would almost rather have lost his leg than part with the Twosome. *But anyway, I had six years of it, almost. That's something. You can't have everything in this life.* He was deeply chagrined to think that the swordfish had defeated him. *But it's happened to better men, too,* he thought. *Still* —— And he went over in his mind every move he had made, trying to determine what his mistake had been, like a beaten prizefighter.

Sally came in one afternoon carrying a long flat box wrapped in Christmas paper.

"A present," she said. "You may not want it, though."

When he opened the box, he found a four-foot sword from a swordfish. The point was broken off.

"The Freddie B picked up the keg and took in our fish," she said. "They got ninety-five cents a pound for him. He dressed five hundred and twenty-eight pounds, so that ought to take care of the hospital anyway. Art Willett saved the sword for you, but I didn't say anything about it till now, because I didn't know if you wanted to hear any more about swordfish."

He weighed the blunted sword in his two hands.

"It'll look good over the fireplace, I suppose," he said.

"What fireplace?"

"When we go back. Won't you want a house? A fireplace?"

"We're going back?"

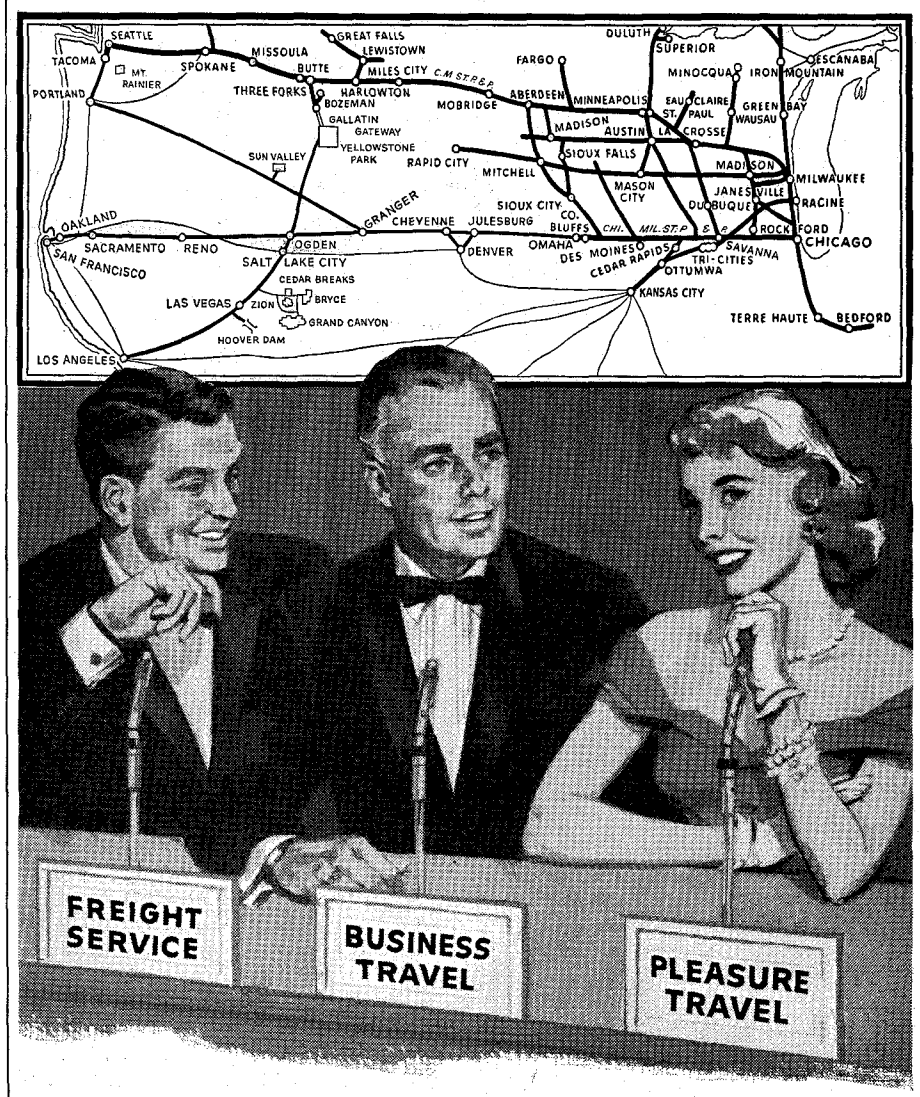
"I guess maybe we ought to, mate."

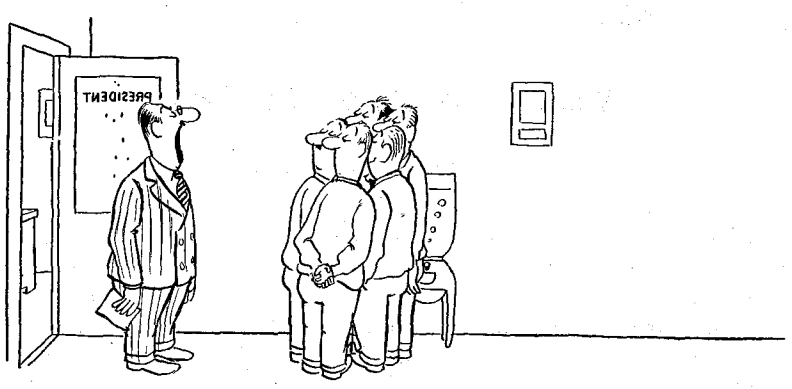
"Do you want to?"

He laid the sword across his legs and looked out the window at the trees and the motionless roofs.

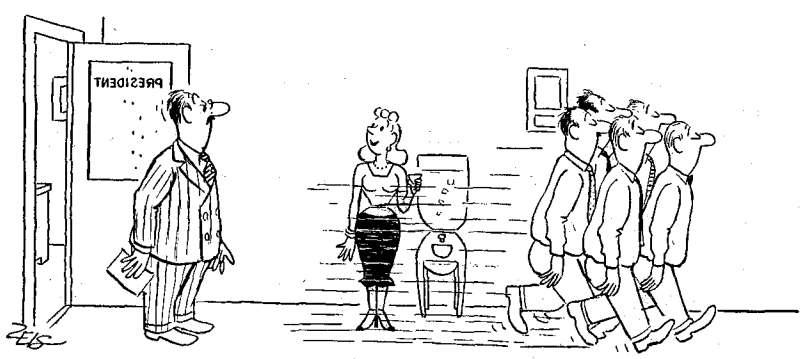
"No," he said. "To be honest."

"Then why do we?" she said. "I can see living ashore someday, on the coast, when we're too old to handle a boat. But I can't see being driven off the ocean by a fish. Can you?" THE END





"Has anyone seen Miss Wilson?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It's no guessing game with this panel of experts

What's your query? Travel costs or tourist attractions . . . business itineraries or luxuries available en route . . . freight rates or available plant sites? In any case, you'll find that Milwaukee Road representatives, located in principal cities throughout the nation, are your best source of right answers. Because they know the West thoroughly and are eager to cooperate in your travel or traffic plans, they have the money-winning answers to all questions of transportation.

GREATEST FLEET IN THE WEST

SUPER DOMES
Olympian Hiawatha
Chicago-Seattle-Tacoma
AM Twin Cities Hiawatha
PM Twin Cities Hiawatha

STREAMLINERS
City of San Francisco
Pioneer Limited
Chicago-St. Paul-Minneapolis
City of Denver

DOMELINERS
City of Los Angeles
The Challenger
Chicago-Los Angeles
City of Portland

THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

Headquarters: Union Station, Chicago 6, Illinois

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Platoon of Pariahs

(Continued from Page 30)

German infantry would be hitting Able up there; good infantry, because it had been parachutists that Able had run into in Monday's fight. Clipped ammunition would be running low in the belts of Able's riflemen; the machine gunners would be hoarding the last rounds in their ammo chests. But it would buy nobody anything to spot eighteen dead men and seventeen dead mules out there in the snow.

Lonnie Bushmiller was a hard-rock ex-noncom who knew how to put first things first. He'd shown that plain enough when he'd kicked Dan out of command of the third platoon—given him the raggle-taggle collection of misfits which waited here in the woods, instead. Well, let Lonnie hard-rock it out until dark. He'd get his ammo then.

"Pass the word we stay here until dark?" Pete asked slowly.

"Pass the word!" Dan told him.

Pete Jasmine spat and said no more as he moved back among the trees. *The kid's in a bind,* he was thinking. *He don't know what to do about it, so he's kicking like a horse in a barb-wire fence. Trying to be tough like Lonnie or his old man, and scared blue underneath while he quirts himself. Well, we still got time.*

Back here, men wearing dirty white parkas moved like dispirited ghosts in the gloom beneath the trees while they stamped their feet and smoked and talked in low voices. Willie Castro, who was nineteen and who hailed from Texas, squatted by his mule while he spoke with Ozzie Smith, ex-sergeant from Able's weapons platoon. Lonnie Bushmiller had summarily busted Ozzie Smith for losing his 60-mm. mortar in the German counterattack on Monday afternoon; Willie had been Lonnie's runner and Willie had got lost, and so he, too, had landed here in this pariah platoon. Not that that bothered Willie; nothing ever bothered Willie Castro very much. Not even mules.

"Stop beefing about your stripes," he was saying to Ozzie now. "Who ever heard of a pariah sergeant, anyway?"

"What the hell you talking about?"

"We're pariahs," Willie told him cheerfully. "Ain't you heard? You, me, the lieutenant—even Bea. . . . Ain't you, Bea?"

He tossed a chunk of snow at the mule standing, head drooped, a few feet away. Willie had named the animal Beatrice last night, after a girl in Laredo who'd once given him a bad time. This Beatrice had a better disposition, Willie maintained.

Ozzie spat disgustedly. "I couldn't care less," he said, and yanked angrily at the lead rope of his own mule. . . . "Stand still, you swamp-brindle jughead! . . . If I'm a pariah, I'm a damn cold one. That's all I know."

"You got something there," Willie admitted. "Next winter I go to Florida. To hell with sunny Italy."

"Next winter you'll be dead," Ozzie grunted. "We'll all be dead. I got the word."

"Wrong word," Willie said lazily, his cheerfulness undimmed. "Next winter I'm a civilian in a nice blue-serge suit."

A little farther along, a chunky man, with eyes that slanted a little beneath the hood of his parka, was grinning with a shine of white teeth. He was a man new to Able Company; a replacement that Pete Jasmine had grabbed off at the battalion supply point last night to lead an extra mule.

The chunky man kept on smiling to himself. His name was Mike Kamura and he'd been wounded while fighting with a very tough Japanese-American combat team to the west and, after the hospital, the impersonal replacement stream had swallowed him up to spew him out again up here in the Apennines.

Pete Jasmine came through the trees and Willie looked at him with bright eyes. "What's the good word, sarge?" he wanted to know.

"We stay here until dark," Pete answered in a toneless voice. "May as well get the loads off the mules."

"And leave 'em shiver all naked?" Willie asked.

"Get the loads off," Pete said.

"O.K., but it's going to run up the Purple Heart score for today," Willie said reprovingly. "Mules are worse'n TNT."

Jasmine went on and Ozzie Smith got sourly to his feet and yanked at his mule's lead rope. "Come on, you," he said. "Step on my foot once more and I'll —— Who said we're a pariah platoon?"

"Lonnie," Willie told him. "Night before last; I was listening outside the CP when he was giving the lieutenant hell."

That had been Monday night after Lonnie Bushmiller had got word that Baker and Charley companies had fallen back and that Able was stuck up here on its own. That was the last message from battalion because radio communication had gone out then—radios weren't worth much here in the mountains. Lonnie had been saying that to Pete Jasmine in the smelly mountaineer's hut which was Able's CP.

Dan Hill came in then, ducking under the blanket hung in the doorway. Dan saluted and said, "Lieutenant Hill reporting as ordered, sir," in West Point fashion, and Lonnie had given him a hard-eyed look and turned back to his conversation with Pete. Dan's face began to get a little red as resentment stirred him.

The little louse is remembering that he used to be a noncom in the old man's troop, Dan was thinking angrily. *So he means to ride me just to let me know who's boss now. It was a lousy break to get assigned to his company; maybe he even engineered that.*

He dropped his hand from the unanswered salute while his eyes ran around the room. A child's garment, soiled and torn, had been flung onto a sagging bed, and broken crockery littered the floor. Sad, mute evidence of people who had once lived here until they had been booted out by war.

Captain Bushmiller went on talking with Pete, and Dan's anger grew. The vindictive little buzzard! Well, he didn't have to stay in this lousy outfit! He'd put in for a transfer; do it tomorrow! Beyond the hut, German mortar shells were crumping into the Notch.

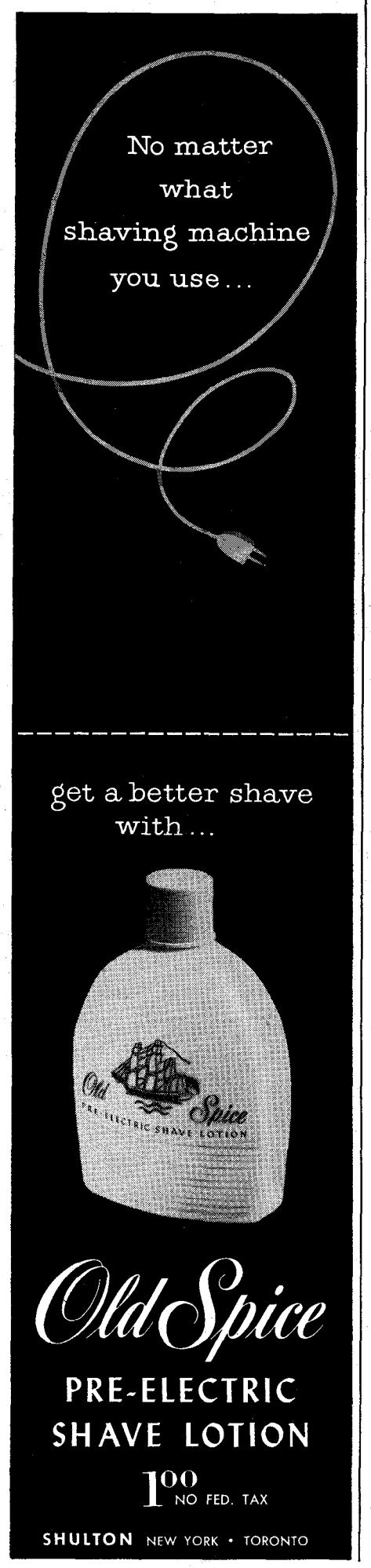
Lonnie said harshly, "The krauts have got us boxed in here neat, Pete. How long would you guess it would be before carrying parties can get up here to us with rations and ammunition?"

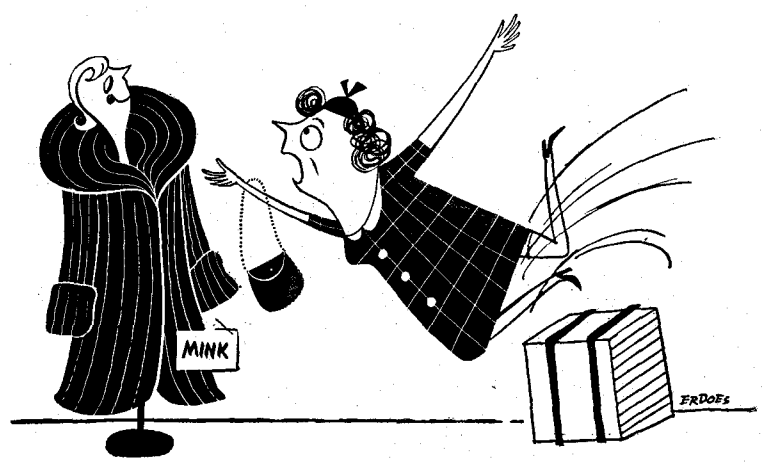
"Maybe by tomorrow night," Pete said. "They got an Italian mule company back there somewhere. Ain't no wheeled transport can get up here to this hole in the wall."

"I know that," Lonnie said sharply. "And I'll be good and damned if I'm going to sit here and hope that some Eyetie mule skinner finds us. That goes for battalion too!"

The back of Captain Bushmiller's mind was thinking of young Dan Hill, standing there in front of him with the anger plain in his face.

The kid looks like his old man, the back of Lonnie's mind was saying. *I wonder if he's got the same guts. Because he's going out on a man's job tonight. No need to tell him that;* (*Continued on Page 80*)





You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Mrs. Sipwit rushed down the department-store aisle to see the widely advertised fur-coat display. Made goggle-eyed by mink and sable, she failed to see a packing case left by a store employee. She tripped over it, breaking her arm. Later she sued the store.

"Your employee," she asserted, "was negligent in leaving that packing case where a person going down the aisle could stumble over it. Therefore you should pay me."

"While we admit that the case shouldn't have been there, it was big enough for anyone to see and the aisle was well lighted," store counsel replied. "If you had watched where you were going, you would have walked around it. As you didn't, you yourself are at fault."

If you were the judge, would you grant damages to Mrs. Sipwit?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Mrs. Sipwit wins. Usually anyone who trips under the circumstances can blame only herself. But in this instance, the court said, the purpose of the fur display was to make customers concentrate their attention on the furs.

Based upon a 1944 Pennsylvania decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Standard of Excellence on Five Continents

Longines

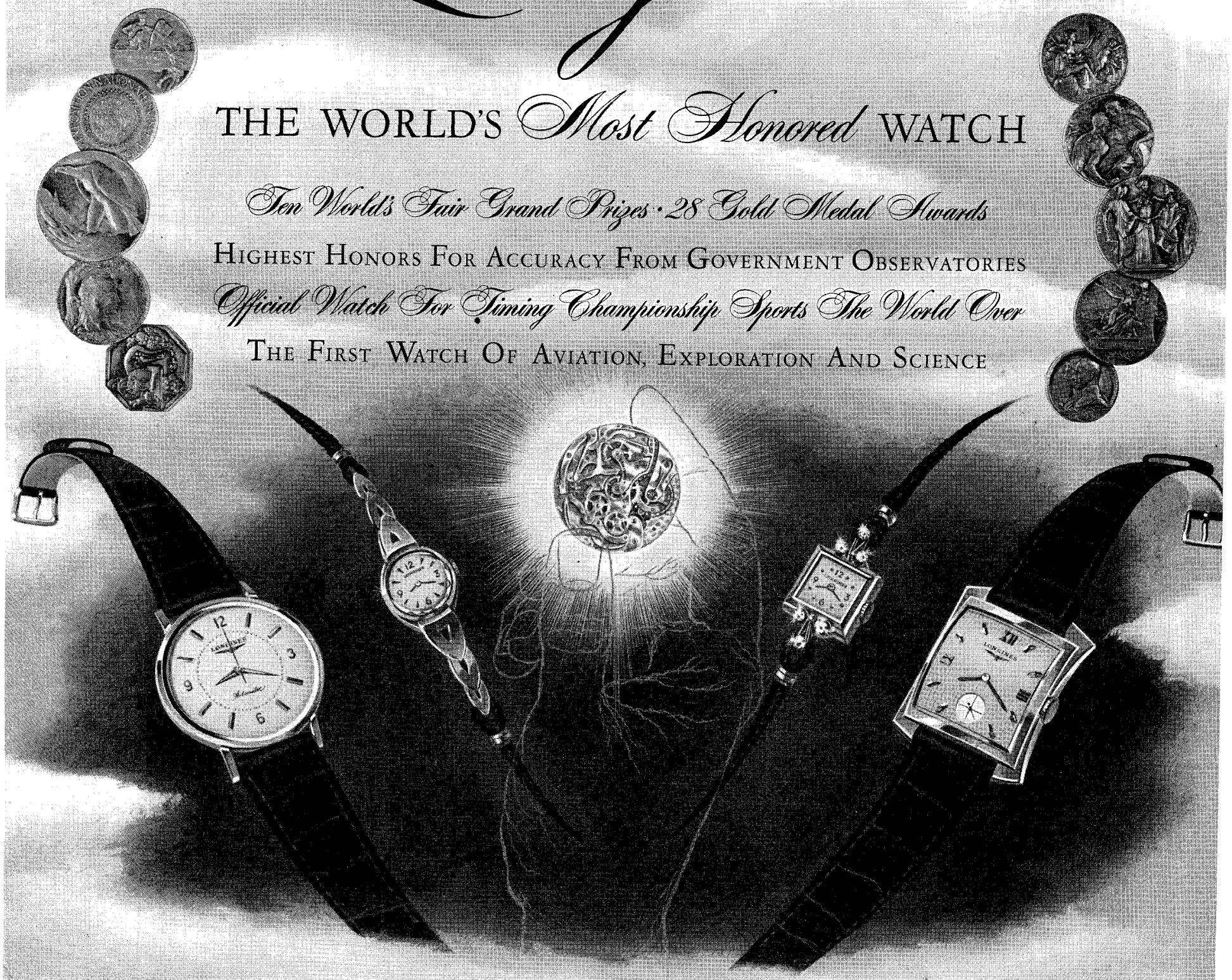
THE WORLD'S *Most Honored* WATCH

Ten World's Fair Grand Prizes · 28 Gold Medal Awards

HIGHEST HONORS FOR ACCURACY FROM GOVERNMENT OBSERVATORIES

Official Watch For Timing Championship Sports The World Over

THE FIRST WATCH OF AVIATION, EXPLORATION AND SCIENCE



The Most Perfect Watch Fashioned By The Hand Of Man

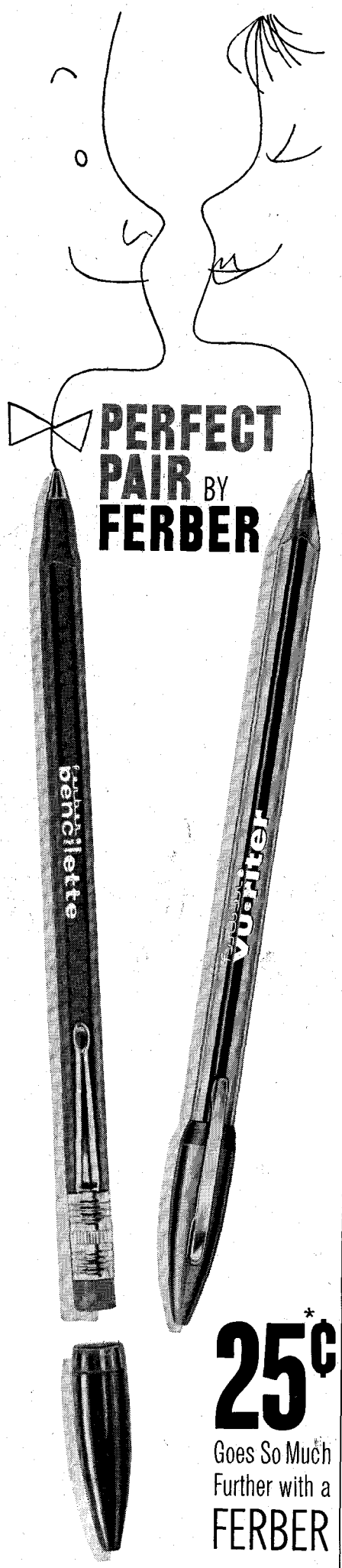
To anyone but a master watchmaker, the perfection of a Longines watch is beyond comprehension. Almost a century of research has gone into its evolution; the genius of foremost scientists, the labors of generations of dedicated craftsmen. The proof of perfection is the legion of Longines honors, the symbols of world opinion that make Longines *the world's most honored watch.* ℂ For just a little more, the joy of owning, the pride of giving the perfect watch, a Longines, can be yours. Beauty of design and untold years of faithful timekeeping—aren't these superlative qualities worth "just a little more"? Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be *honored* to serve you.

Longines—the perfect watch for any occasion. Left to right: Honor Guard "F" Automatic All-Proof, $110; Eldorado "D"—semi-bracelet, 14K gold, $125; Starlight Serenade L-J 6—14K gold, 6 diamonds, $175; Presidency "E"—14K gold case, $125. Movement illustrated: Longines Olympic Timer.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ferber vu·riter® pen

Patented "finger-fit" shape. Transparent barrel holds big visible supply of permanent, quick-drying ink. Writes rings around pens costing dollars more.

Ferber pencilette®

Writes with real flowing pencil lead. Never needs sharpening. Patented "finger-fit" shape. Writes clean, clear lines for miles and miles.

PRODUCTS OF FERBER CORP., ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

(*Continued from Page 78*) *he'll find it out soon enough for himself.*

"What you figure to do?" Pete Jasmine was asking.

"The same as we used to do in the old days," Lonnie said, biting at his words. "When D went out, its pack train went with it. I'm organizing a pack train for Able as of right now."

He swung back to Dan Hill. "Turn your platoon over to Sergeant Mahoney, Hill!" he snapped. "You've got a new command—the pariah platoon of Able Company. Here's a roster of your men!"

He shoved a list of names, hastily scrawled on a scrap of soiled paper, at Dan, and the latter automatically reached for it; held it so that he could read the names in the flickering light. Fresh anger began to climb in Dan as he read. Cooks, the bugler; Castro, the messenger who'd got lost; ex-Sergeant Smith from the weapons platoon; Gompers, who was always going sick—men not good enough to fight. Culls and Dan Hill in command!

"You can't do this to me," Dan said hoarsely as the full import of this grew on him. "You can't relieve me from Three Platoon and give me a sergeant's job in charge of ——"

Lonnie's voice cut coldly into his words. "I'd have reason enough to relieve you of command of Three Platoon even if I didn't want you for another job, lieutenant," he said in a flat voice. "I sent you around to the flank to take the pressure off Wiggins' platoon this morning. You didn't get into the fight until mid-afternoon. Why? Maybe you've got an explanation for that?"

"You gave me no time to get into position," Dan said hotly. "I can't do the impossible!"

"Mahoney got your first squad up there all right!" Lonnie snapped. "You'll learn you have to do the impossible in battle, lieutenant! But let that go now. Get your bunch together and start back; you should be at the supply point before daylight. Back here before daylight on Wednesday morning. I want all the ammo that you can bring. Do you understand?"

After Dan had gone, Pete Jasmine murmured, "You were kind of rough on him, Lonnie. After all, he's big Jeff's kid."

Lonnie Bushmiller's face got harder in the smoky light. "He's big Jeff's kid, but he's got a long ways to go yet before he's the man the Honcho was. The sooner he gets there, the better. I told Jeff once I'd look after the kid if I ever got the chance, and I mean to do it now."

"His coming up here wasn't no mistake?"

"It was no mistake," Lonnie said curtly. "I got word he was coming to this theater and I got friends back in Com Z; they saw to it he came to this regiment. Joe McCann, S-One at regiment, is a friend of mine too. Joe sent Dan to Able."

"So you look after him by kicking him out of command of a rifle platoon and putting him in command of a bunch of goons going back for ammo," Pete said gently. "It don't seem to figure, Lonnie."

"The kid tied things up today," Lonnie said tightly. "Maybe not too bad, but bad enough so that he needs a kick in the pants. This is it. Now he's on his own. And he's got a tough job ahead."

Lonnie wasn't fooling there, Pete thought. The krauts would be right anxious to see that no help came to Able Company, isolated up here in the Notch. He couldn't blame Lonnie, either, for the men he'd picked to go back tonight; tomorrow Lonnie was going to need every rifleman and machine gunner he had right here. Maybe the men he'd given Dan weren't so much, but they'd have to do.

"You think the kid can do the job?" he asked cautiously now. "If he don't get back here with that ammo Able's had it."

Lonnie placed his hands on the table and his face looked older and more tired. "I'm gambling that he's got what the Big Honcho had, Pete," he said. "And I'm sending a good man along with him."

"What good man, Lonnie?"

"You," Lonnie told him. "Young Dan'll need an experienced hand when it comes to stealing mules."

Pete's mouth dropped open. "Mules! What mules?"

"The ones you're going to borrow from that Italian outfit squatting on its rump back there," Lonnie said cryptically. "So long, Pete. Just pretend you're back in the cavalry again."

The day grew older and Dan Hill still crouched at the edge of the woods, staring glumly at the saddle. Behind him he could hear the low murmur of the men's voices; now and then he could catch that ominous grumble of gunfire coming from the Notch. Nothing moved out in front, but he knew that the Germans were on the flanks of the hills, gun sights trained along the route which support for Able Company would have to use—if support came.

The bitter memory of Lonnie Bushmiller's words still rode Dan, tightened that cold knot in his belly so that he wanted to be sick. Maybe he hadn't handled his platoon as he should have in Monday's fight; maybe he had a lot to learn. But to be relieved in disgrace—in front of Pete Jasmine! To be ignominiously dismissed at the whim of an ex-noncom! Damn Lonnie Bushmiller!

But, somehow, he hadn't put in his request for a transfer as he'd intended. He could have done it yesterday back at the supply point while Pete Jasmine was rustling the mules; the thing was already written out and in his pocket. But he just hadn't got around to doing it.

Then he had fouled things up again last night—got lost. Now he and his pariah platoon were stuck here while, up in the Notch, Able watched the last of their bullets run out through the hot gun barrels. It would be a long, long day for Able Company.

Feet made whispering sounds in the snow behind Dan. *Pete Jasmine again,* he thought without turning his head; *Pete with that question in his eyes. Well, the hell with Pete.*

"All right," he grunted. "What is it, Pete?"

It wasn't Pete. "It is Mike Kamura, sir," a voice said.

Dan turned his head sharply; scowled as he saw that it was the chunky replacement that Pete had grabbed off last night.

"What do you want, Kamura?"

"Sir," Mike Kamura said, keeping his grin, "I think that they have made the mistake back at the—what is it you call it?—the repple-depple. I have wish to go back to my own company where I belong, but those people have send me up here instead."

"So you don't like us," Dan murmured under his breath. "I don't blame you. We're not distinguished company."

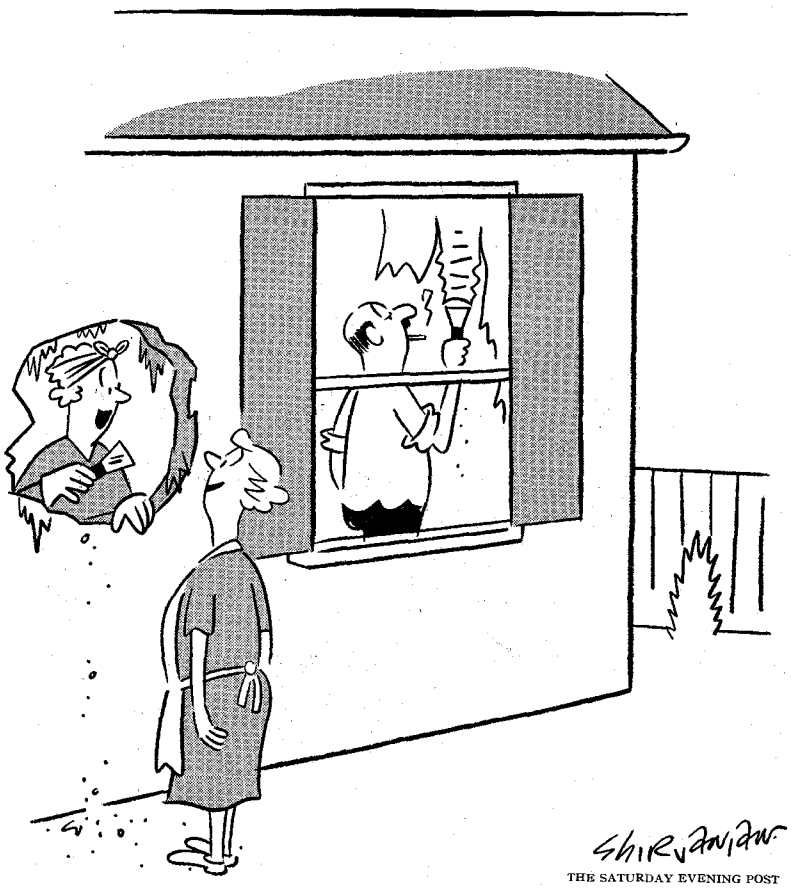
"Excuse me, sir," Kamura protested. "It is not that. It is just that I wish to go to my own company, please."

"What outfit you from, soldier?"

Kamura's grin was faintly apologetic as he spread his hands and named it—a very tough unit composed of Japanese-American fighting men who took their hats off to none when it came to rash bravery. A very, very valiant outfit that yelled "Go-for-Broke!" as a battle cry while its men fought like demons and took staggering losses.

And then Dan Hill remembered something else—something that turned his face more sober in the falling snow. *This man is one of the ones recruited from those infamous camps into which Japanese-American citizens were herded after Pearl Harbor,* he was thinking. *He and the others have got damned little to thank us for after that treatment.*

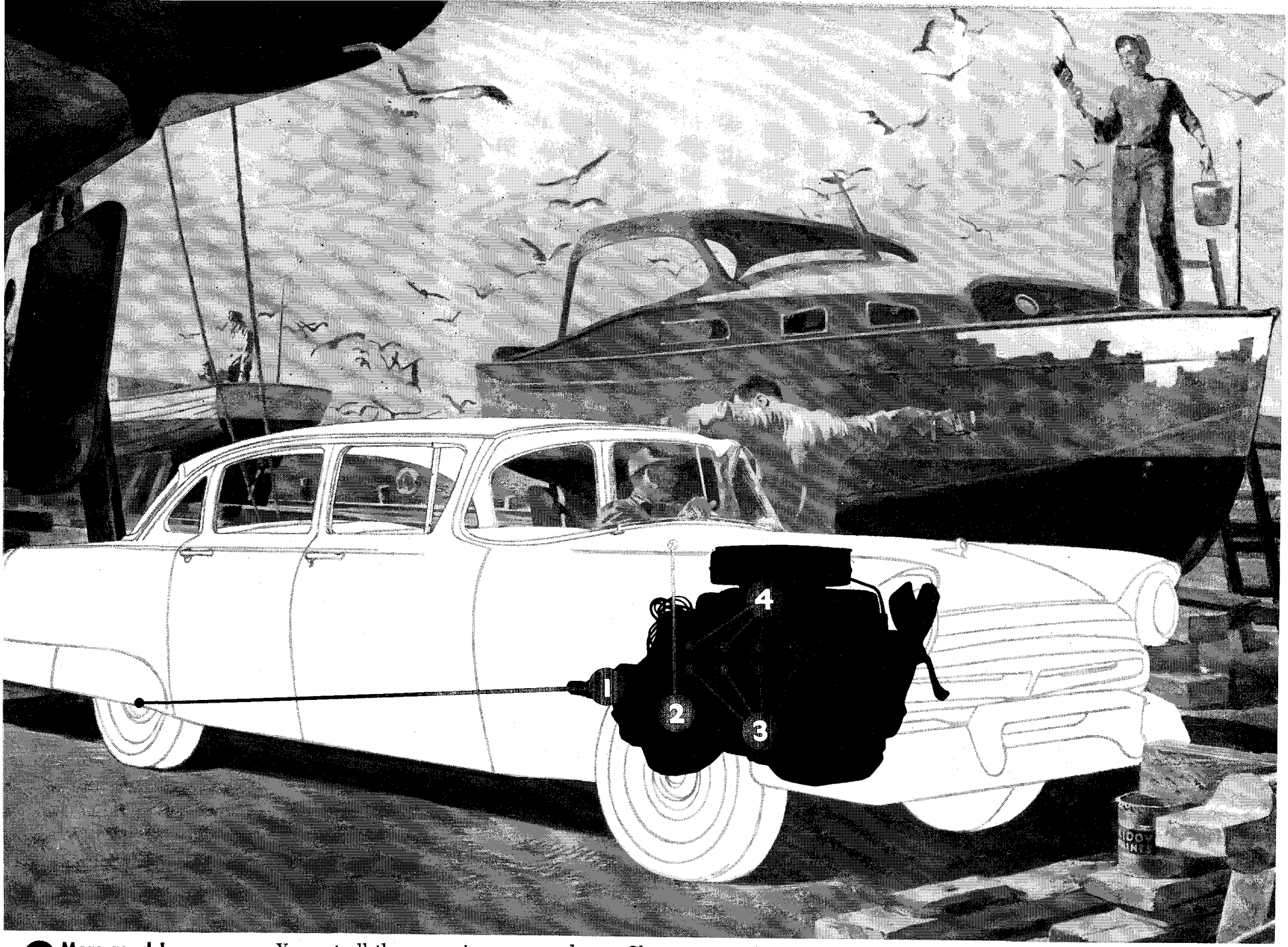
Because citizens like Mike Kamura had really been classed as pariahs, with all that the shameful word implied, but Mike Kamura, and others like him, had changed that now. If they were pariahs, then "pariah" had taken on a new meaning. Now it meant going forward without pausing to count the cost; dying without asking why. (*Continued on Page 82*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm helping my husband remove wallpaper."

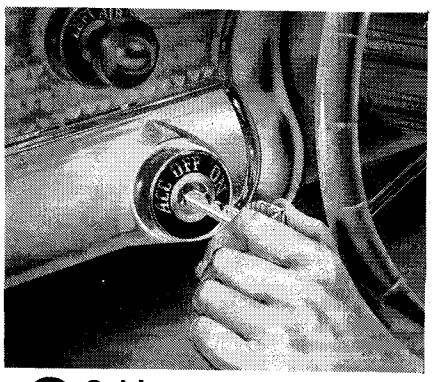
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



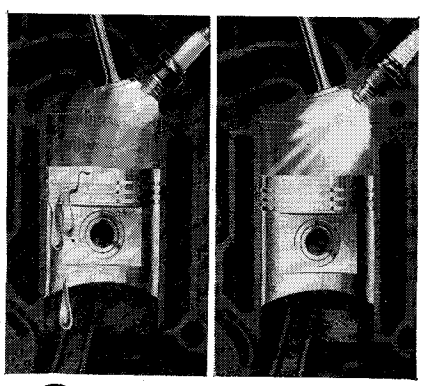
1 More road horsepower—You get all the engine power you paid for when you replace old plugs with 5-rib Champions! Independent engineers proved new Champion spark plugs give cars of all makes an *immediate* boost in road horsepower—the real power actually delivered at the rear wheels. Most cars gained 6% to 31%—for better hill climb and safer passing. No wonder 9 out of 10 racing drivers insist on Champions!

How Champion spark plugs can make your car 4 ways newer

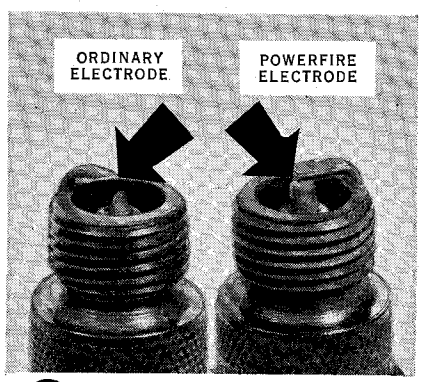
If you haven't changed your plugs in about 10,000 miles, read why Champions will make a big difference in your car's performance



2 Quicker starts—You will get quicker starts, too . . . save wear and tear on your battery. Tests with cars whose plugs had gone about 10,000 miles show new Champions cut starting time by as much as 71% —with an average of 39%!



3 Less engine wear—You avoid costly repairs. Misfiring plugs (left) dilute your oil with raw gasoline. New full-firing Champions (right) burn the gasoline . . . protect oil from dilution. *When changing oil —check your spark plugs!*



4 Lower cost-per-mile—You get top power and gas economy for life of the plug. Photo above shows Champion's great new Powerfire electrode stands up better than ordinary types under identical use. Insist on 5-rib Champion spark plugs!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

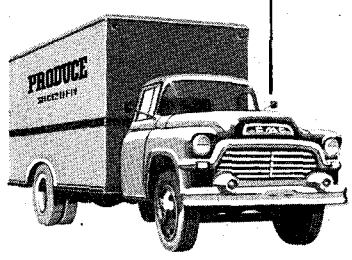
END IDLE TRUCKS!

(*Get The Hertz Idea*) You improve your delivery service when you lease trucks from Hertz! Then, when you need an extra truck during peak loads or emergencies, Hertz furnishes one immediately!

You only pay for the trucks you need. Hertz pays full cash value for your present trucks and replaces them, when necessary, with modern GMC's or other sturdy trucks. Thus, Hertz Truck Lease Service offers complete release of capital investment. One bill provides a complete and accurate cost record!

You enjoy all the advantages of private ownership without the worries. Hertz furnishes trucks, engineered for the job, insured, maintained, painted and lettered to your specifications, washed, gassed, greased, oiled, garaged—in fact, Hertz furnishes everything but the driver!

So investigate Hertz truck leasing today. A free survey of your truck needs is available on request. Call us. We're listed under "Hertz" in alphabetical phone books everywhere! Hertz Truck Lease Service, 218 South Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.



Most experienced...by far

HERTZ

Truck lease service

Start your puppy right!

Worm him at home in ten seconds this easy way with

NEW

Sergeant's® WORM-AWAY

Large roundworms rob your puppy of the nourishment he needs for a healthy, happy life.

Now, with Sergeant's New Worm-Away, you can worm your pup right at home—easily, safely, without any messy after-effects. JUST MIX IT WITH HIS REGULAR FOOD!

Sergeant's New Worm-Away, like any other Sergeant's product, has been clinically tested by consulting veterinarians. It's safe! It's effective! ONLY 98¢

After your puppy is safely through the first 6 months, worm him with Sergeant's Sure Shot (for dogs over 10 pounds) or Sergeant's Puppy Caps (for dogs under 10 pounds). These protect him against *both* the large roundworms which steal his food and the common hookworms which suck his blood. ONLY 75¢

Get these Sergeant's products at any drug or pet counter. Ask for a *free* copy of the 36-page Sergeant's Dog Book. Or write

Sergeant's® Richmond 20, Virginia

the most esteemed name in pet care products

(*Continued from Page 80*) It meant the meaning they had given to it—"going-for-broke!"

"So you're one of them, Mike," Dan said softly.

Mike Kamura's grin stayed pasted to his face. "We are not 'thems,' sir. We are *nisei*—Americans. We fight because it is a very great privilege to fight for America, is it not, sir?"

Dan thought ashamedly, *I have to have a little guy with slant eyes and stilted English tell me things that I'm supposed to have known since the day I was born. Big Jeff would be proud.*

To Kamura he said gently, "You'll get back to your own outfit soon, Mike. Right now I guess we've got to get this ammo up to the Notch. Tell Sergeant Jasmine I want to see him, will you?"

Pete Jasmine came and Dan said, "We're going up," and Pete said nothing, but his grin was easy and fine again.

Together they picked out a route which might—just possibly might—take them safely to the Notch in daylight. There were wide gaps across which they'd move by bounds, and they'd lose men and mules. But, with luck, some of them should get through with the ammo.

Before he gave the word to move out, Dan assembled his men.

"We're going on to the Notch," he said harshly, and Pete, hearing the words, could almost imagine it was the Big Honcho who spoke. "It's going to be damned rough. A lot of us won't make it."

He paused for a moment and the men shuffled their feet in the snow and looked away. All except Willie Castro. Willie's eyes were bright and interested beneath the edge of his parka hood.

Then Dan drew in his breath and added, "I'm not going to order any man to come with me. You've got the choice. Pete and I are going. Those going with us take one pace forward."

Suppose nobody moved, Dan wondered. What the hell did he do then? And why shouldn't they—all of them—take him up on the choice he'd given them? They were the culls of the company. They, too, had felt Bushmiller's heavy hand. Why should they follow Dan Hill, who had already goofed twice now? They'd be damned fools to do it!

It was Willie Castro who broke the silence. "Hell," he said cheerfully, "I and Bea'll go along, lieutenant. Bea's a great one for seeing the country."

Dan Hill stood staring blankly at Willie Castro for a short second; then the words penetrated Dan's mind and he felt a great flood of relief as he knew that everything was going to be all right. Ike Gompers, the company deadbeat, and ex-Sergeant Ozzie Smith and all of the rest were taking their step now. A surge of pride ran in Dan.

"O.K.," he said. "Let's go."

They moved out, Dan in the lead and Pete Jasmine bringing up the rear. In between, seventeen mules towed along by seventeen men wearing dirty white parkas and carrying rifles slung. Dan looked back over his shoulder as the tail of the little column cleared the dark trees, and again that surge of pride ran in him.

Willie Castro, leading Beatrice just behind Dan, grinned through the softly falling snow. "Like fighting Injuns, ain't it, lieutenant?" he asked brashly. "My ole grandpappy once got himself good and scalped marching with the mule soldiers back in Texas."

By midmorning Dan halted them now for a brief rest in the shelter of another clump of pines because the worst half of the trip was still ahead of them. So far, they hadn't been discovered, but, up ahead, the ground was steep and broken, and cover was scant. Here was where either they'd make it or they wouldn't.

Dan and Pete Jasmine lay at the northern edge of the trees and, three quarters of a mile in front, they could see where the Notch started to open its black gut into the mountains. The wind, driving snow too thin for effective concealment, carried the steady throb of firing now, but it seemed to Dan that he could hear a threadiness to it. Like the heart throb of an old man slowly dying.

Pete stirred. "Yeah," he said, half to himself. "Lonnie's hurting for ammo now. Hurting real bad."

Dan didn't answer that, but pointed to the next dark clot of pines two hundred yards farther on. "That's our first bound, Pete," he said tightly. "I'll take three men with me. Keep the rest under cover here. If we make it O.K., filter the rest forward."

"Maybe I'd ought to take the first bunch, Danny," Pete said. That was the name D Troop had used for the Big Honcho's kid in the old days. "This platoon sort of needs an officer with it."

Dan turned his head to give Pete a short, tight grin; put a hand on Pete's arm. "Thanks for the 'Danny,' Pete," he said softly. "And don't worry about this platoon. It'll do all right. I'm taking off now; see you in church."

He gave swift orders to Willie Castro and ex-Sergeant Ozzie Smith and Ike Gompers, and then led the way out of the comparative safety of the pines and onto the naked, boulder-humped snow. They went at a fast walk, and Dan could feel the itch of the skin between his shoulder blades as he waited for the first bullets to come. The four men and three mules had covered half of the distance to the pine thicket when the German fire opened—a wicked lead rain which walked toward them, kicking up little geysers in the snow. Dan yelled and swung his arm, and the tiny column broke into a lumbering run.

Dan was aware, with stark clarity, of the first "boom" of an exploding mortar shell falling away to the right; saw the flash and the dirty smoke of another burst as he turned his head. Looked back. The men and mules were coming along behind him, Willie Castro's long legs eating up the ground and the packs banging up and down against Beatrice's sides.

Then, somehow, they were into the comparative shelter of the trees. "Bea," Willie Castro was saying, between his pantings for breath, "you ain't got the soul of no hero. I thought you were going to run smack up my backside."

Dan crouched down in the snow. Four more—men and mules—were following across the open where the bullet geysers danced in an evil rhythm. The four made the woods and four more came. And then they were all across, except for Clark, the bugler, and Clark's mule. They lay where a mortar round had found them.

They rested a little and then Dan led them on. Another bound toward the next patch of shelter ahead; then another bound after that. Men didn't talk; they saved their breath for the running.

It was early afternoon when they finally came to the last of the trees; from here the ground sloped down a little toward the mouth of the Notch two hundred yards ahead. Once there, they'd be screened from direct fire and they'd have it made. Only eleven mules left now; fifteen men, five of them wounded, including Dan. A mortar fragment had chopped at his shoulder, staining the arm of his parka red. Ozzie Smith hadn't made it; Evans, one of the cooks, had been tapped for his last chow call.

Two hundred yards left to cross, Dan thought as he lay at the edge of the trees,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but a hell of a long two hundred yards. Then he swore softly as his glasses brought the Notch close. Men were moving there; German parachutists getting into position so that they could block the platoon's last dash forward. So all of this had been for nothing, Dan's mind said bitterly. So Big Dan Hill had goofed again. Mike Kamura came up through the snow to crouch beside him.

"It is the sergeant, lieutenant," Mike said. "He is hurt very bad. You come?"

Pete was hurt worse than bad, Dan knew as he knelt beside him—saw the dark stain that was dyeing the sergeant's parka. Pete was done, and Pete knew it, but there was still breath enough left to him to say the thing he needed to say.

"Lonnie's good guy . . . Danny," Pete mumbled hoarsely. "He . . . thinks lot of you . . . figures you're Big Honcho . . . same as Jeff was . . . figured you'd bring ammo ——"

Sober understanding came into Dan, kneeling there while the rest of the platoon watched silently. His voice was husky as he tried to answer; then he knew that Pete had left this snowy glade here in the Apennines. Pete was riding with D Troop once more.

"Dress on the guidon, you randies!" he said in a clear, ringing voice. "Murphy! Ride that damn horse!"

Dan closed his eyes for an instant and he could see them. A stirring picture splashed on a great screen. Pete was there, and his father, the Big Honcho, and Lonnie Bushmiller. And behind them came the troop. Trumpets blaring above the thunder of the pounding hoofs as horses ran, bellies to the ground. Troopers swinging in their saddles, reins low in left hand and pistols high in right as their yell went up. And, over it all, the great billow of yellow dust as the guidon snapped back in the wind.

And Dan knew now what must be done here. "So long and good riding, Pete," he murmured softly as he got to his feet and swung around to his waiting men. "Mount up on the mules! The pariah platoon goes in as cavalry now!"

It was over quickly. Surprised German parachutists heard a howling racket boil out of the woods; looked up to see a crazy horde bearing down on them. Thirteen wild men mounted on eleven wild mules. Arms and legs flying; packs hammering up and down. Dan Hill in front. Willie Castro, Mike Kamura up behind him, yelling like a Comanche on Beatrice.

It was too much. The Germans had expected men, not devils! They streamed away in panic and the charge ran right over the top of them. Then a spate of covering fire came out of the Notch and the pariah platoon was home. Lonnie Bushmiller was there to greet Dan as the latter slid down from his mule.

"D Troop couldn't have charged better, Honcho," Lonnie said softly. "Welcome back, Danny."

It was two days later when the other companies, fighting back to the Notch, took the pressure off Able. Then, presently, there were troops from a fresh battalion pouring in, and there was hot chow and cigarettes and a chance to rest for a little before going on.

Willie Castro rubbed his mule's nose as he talked to Mike Kamura. "I'm going to take Bea back to Texas with me. "There's a dame in Laredo that Bea could give lady lessons to."

Mike Kamura grinned. "Maybe I also go to Texas," he said. "Anyway, I think maybe I like best to stay with this company. We do not charge with the mule in the company I have before, eh?"

"Ole pariah platoon didn't do so bad," Willie grunted complacently. "Us and the Honcho make a pretty good team."

"No pariah platoon now, eh?" Mike asked. "I think better we are one Go-for-Broke platoon all right."

Dan Hill, standing in the shadows, heard that, and he felt good as he slowly tore up the letter asking for transfer out of Able. A platoon of outcasts and culls and supernumeraries, he was thinking. But good. Damned good! It was an honor to be Honcho of such. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"DON'T BE STYMIED!"

NOW REMOVE DANDRUFF

WITH VERY FIRST SHAMPOO!

"Oh, how sun, wind and rain can dull hair, dry scalp and bring out terrible dandruff," says TV's popular *Miss Debbie Haley*. "But I don't worry! I use Fitch regularly." Only Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo is specially made and guaranteed to remove loose dandruff with *one* lathering—or money back!

BRIGHTEN YOUR HAIR UP TO 35%

AT THE SAME TIME!

Tests prove gentle Fitch also *brightens* hair up to 35% as it removes dulling dandruff flakes. Helps recondition hair, leaves it easier to manage and wave. Use new milder Fitch every time you wash your hair—not just to remove loose dandruff!

ONLY FITCH GUARANTEES DANDRUFF-FREE, BRIGHTER HAIR —OR MONEY BACK!

Today, get Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. If not delighted with the thrilling way it brightens hair and removes embarrassing dandruff with one lathering...return unused portion for full refund from Fitch. Also be sure to ask at Barber or Beauty Shop for a professional Fitch Shampoo.

Also available in Canada

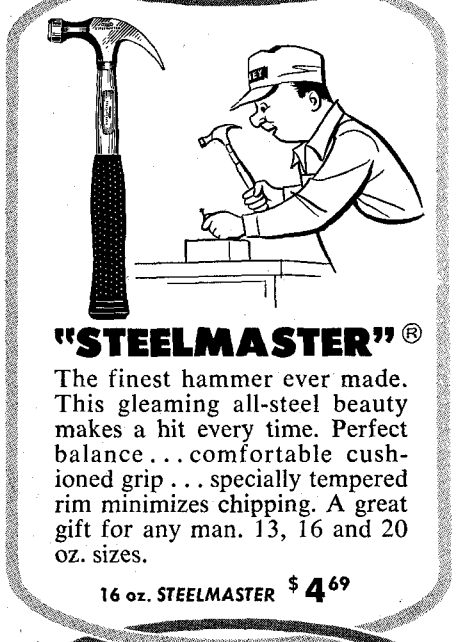
NEW TOOLS from Stanley

Working with tools is more fun when the tools do most of the work. Here are three *new* tools from STANLEY that do just that, and do it well!

"SURFORM" ®

The miracle speed cutting tool. It does more work than any hand tool in your shop. Cuts wood, metal, plastic, etc., faster than other tools. Try SURFORM yourself. On sale everywhere.

Plane type $3.69
File type $2.69



"STEELMASTER" ®

The finest hammer ever made. This gleaming all-steel beauty makes a hit every time. Perfect balance . . . comfortable cushioned grip . . . specially tempered rim minimizes chipping. A great gift for any man. 13, 16 and 20 oz. sizes.

16 oz. STEELMASTER $4.69

"GLIDE -O- MATIC" ®

The rule that remembers. Push button locks rule at any measurement . . . release lock and blade glides smoothly home. Steel scribers on case mark work . . . no pencil needed. 8, 10 and 12 ft. lengths.

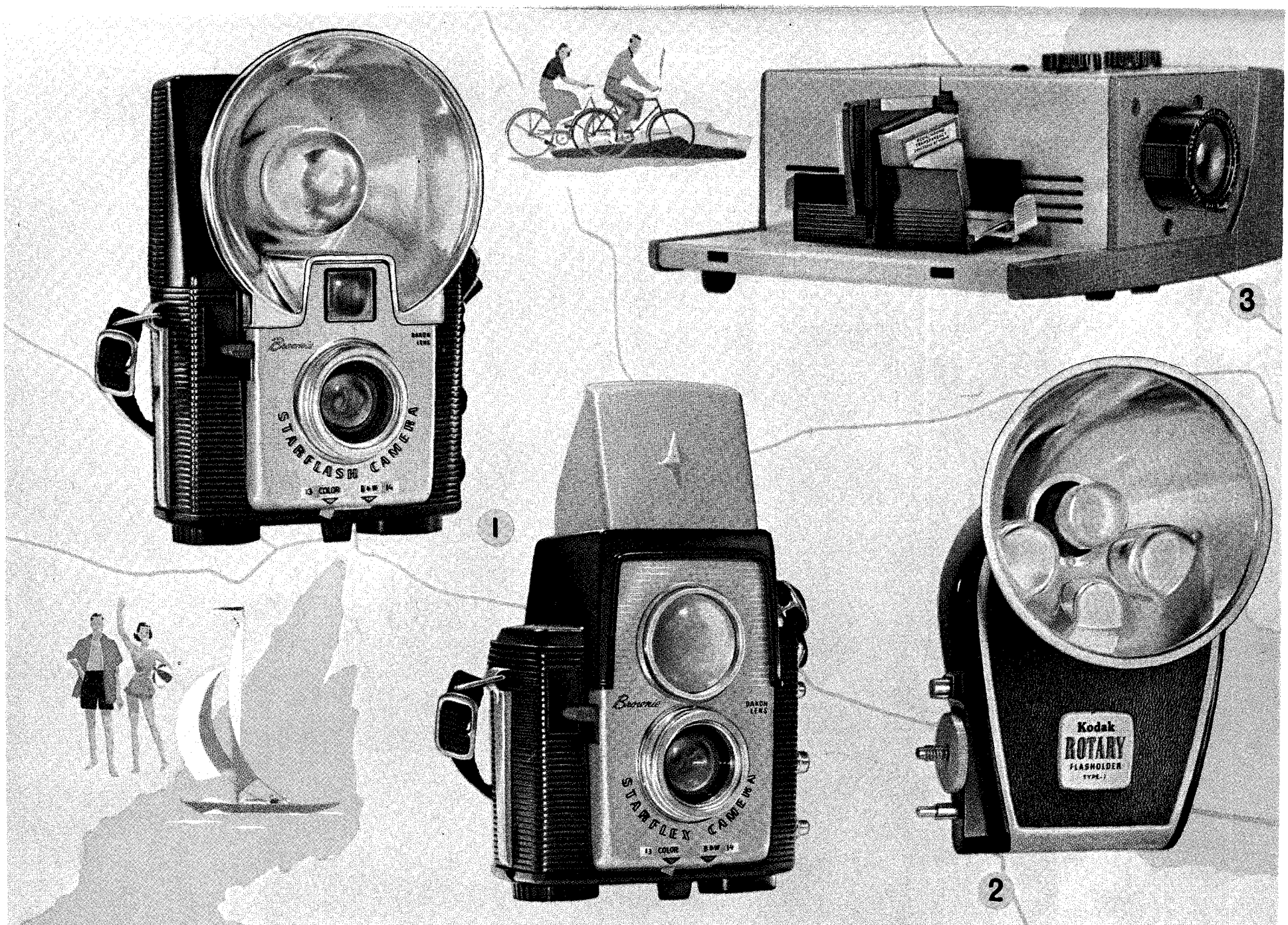
8 ft. GLIDE-O-MATIC $1.98

Wherever fine tools are sold ask for Stanley. Write for illustrated tool catalog No. 57. Stanley Tools, Division of The Stanley Works, 714 Elm Street, New Britain, Conn.

STANLEY

The Tool Box of the World

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



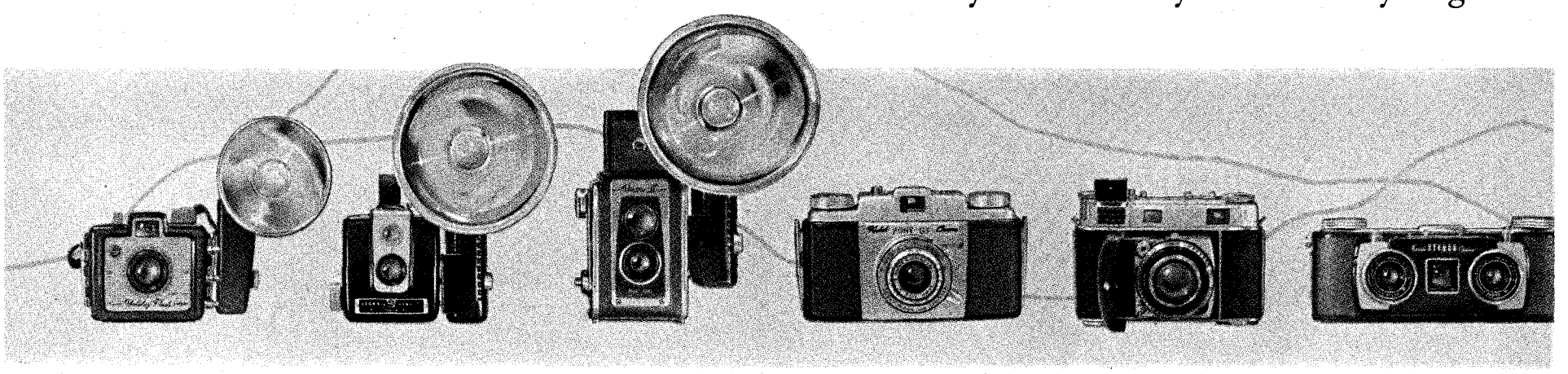
1 *New* **Brownie Star Cameras** take color slides, too! First Brownie cameras designed to give you all three: lifelike color snapshots . . . crisp black-and-whites . . . and beautiful color slides. And they're priced at only $8.50 and $9.95 . . . or as little as $1 down.

2 *New* **Kodak Rotary Flasholder** holds six low-cost M2 midget flashbulbs—fires them one at a time without reloading! Ejects all used bulbs at once. Two models to fit nearly all flash-synchronized cameras. Less batteries, $9.95 and $11.95 . . . or as little as $1 down.

3 *New* **Kodak 300 Projector** is ultra-portable, ultra-modern in design. Carries like a briefcase, yet it shows slides full screen—even in a small room. Far brighter, too. With smooth, simple new Kodak Readymatic Changer, $59.50 . . . or as little as $5.95 down.

From Kodak—a wonderfu

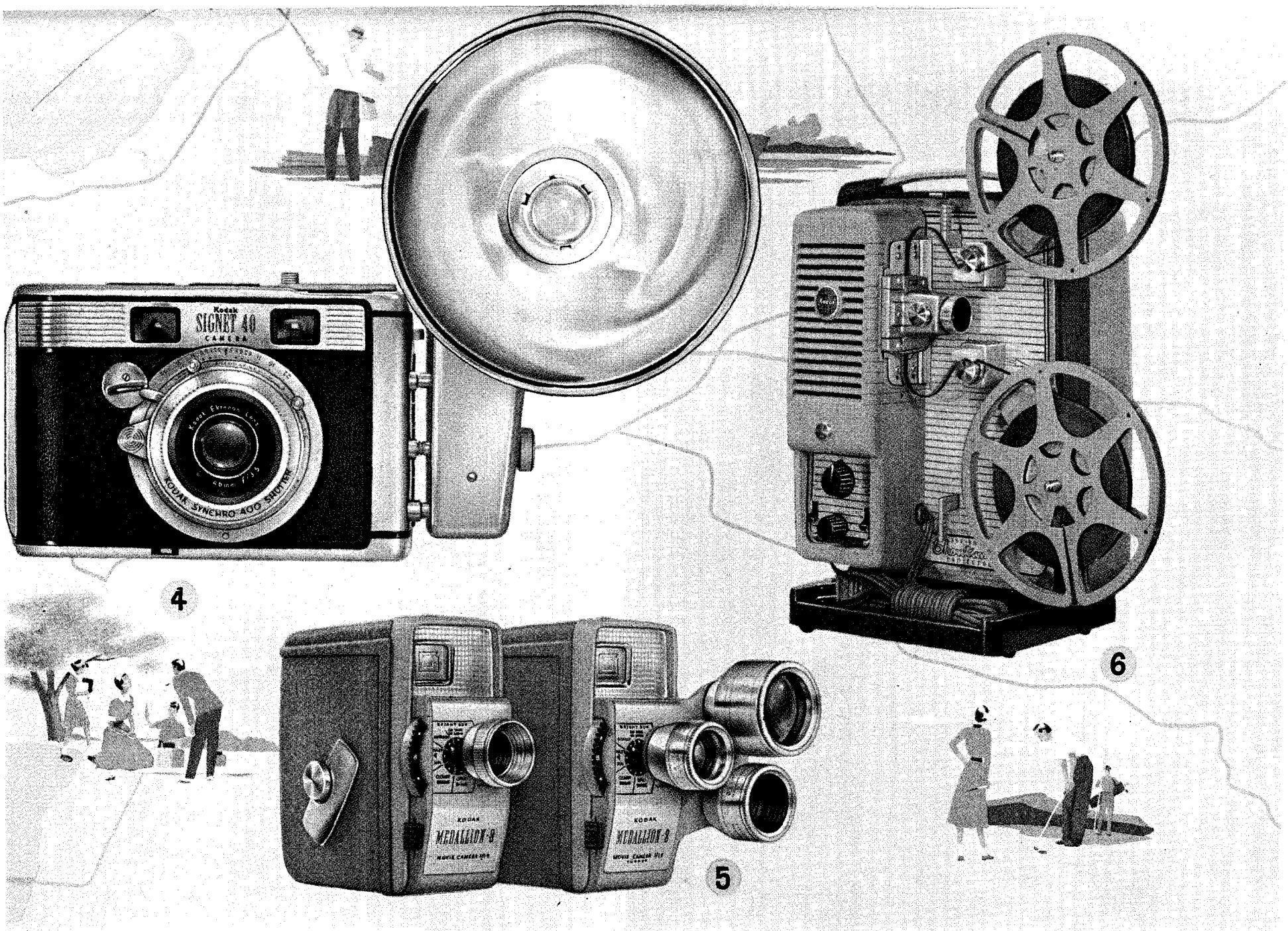
Now is picture time—with bright new ideas, remarkable new products designed to make photography easier and more enjoyable for you. And they're made by Kodak—so you know they're good!



Easy-to-use snapshot cameras, from left: compact Brownie Holiday Flash Camera, $4.95; world-famous Brownie Hawkeye Flash Camera, $7.95; Kodak Duaflex IV Flash Camera, with *pre*-view finder, $16.95. (Flasholders from $3.50.)

Smart, sure color-slide cameras: Kodak Pony 135 Camera, easy way to start in 35mm photography, $36.50; Kodak Retina IIIc Camera, basis of complete photographic system, $165; Kodak Stereo Camera, for 3-dimensional pictures, $84.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



4 *New* **Kodak Signet 40 Camera** gets color slides with remarkable ease! So smart, so simple, so sure! Quick-action thumb lever advances film. Dual-reflector flash system gets maximum brilliance with all midget bulbs. Complete, $69 . . . or as little as $7 down.

5 *New* **Kodak Medallion 8 Cameras** are Kodak's easiest-to-use movie makers ever! Weigh 23 ounces, magazine-load in 3 seconds. New exposure dial. Pre-focused lenses. With fast *f*/1.9 lens $99.50, or as little as $10 down. Turret *f*/1.9 $149.50 complete, or $15 down.

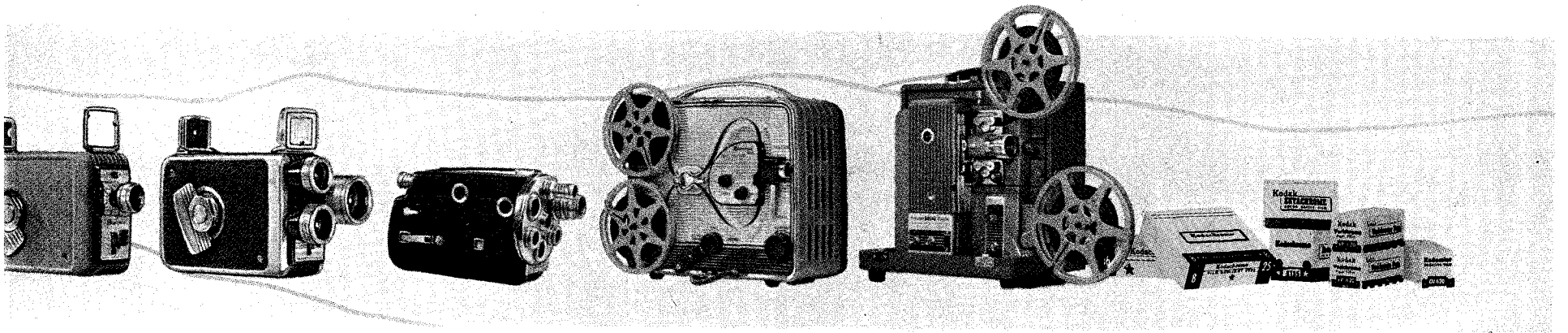
6 *New* **Cine-Kodak Showtime 8 Projector** shows 8mm movies 5 feet wide! New model features variable speed control. Half-hour shows with one simplified loading. "Stills" and reverse-action, too. $129.50, or as little as $12.95 down. Standard model $115, or $11.50 down.

ıew world of picture taking!

Kodak presents the big new idea in photography: picture taking designed for today's living—carefree, easy, and relaxed—yet surer and quicker than ever.

New cameras and films, new projectors and flash —all are a part of this exciting new idea.

Step into this Wonderful New World of Picture Taking at your photo dealer's. He'll be happy to demonstrate these exciting new products. Ask about small down payment and easy terms. (*Prices are list, include Federal Tax where applicable and are subject to change without notice.*)



ion-built movie cameras: Brownie Movie Camera, *f*/2.7, $29.95; ıie Movie Camera, Turret *f*/1.9, $79.50 complete; Cine-Kodak Turret Camera (16mm), with standard *f*/1.9 lens, $315.

Top value movie projectors: economical 8mm Brownie 300 Movie Projector, $62; superb 16mm Kodascope Royal Projector, $275.00.

Famous films: new Kodak Verichrome Pan Film, new Kodacolor Film, Kodak Ektachrome Film, Kodachrome Film.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak
—a trade-mark since 1888

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACE Takes Care of Scalp and Hair of
Brother
Sister
Mrs.
Mr.
Only ACE completely rounds and smooths each tooth: ends—sides —even between teeth. No sharp edges to scratch scalp or snag hair.
ACE®
HARD RUBBER
COMBS
SMOOTHER • STRONGER • LAST MUCH LONGER

The Seven Dictators of Broadway

(Continued from Page 29)

they are carrying on a violent love affair with the theater.

In order of seniority, the critics are: Brooks Atkinson, The Times' man on the aisle since 1925, is the counterpart of the urbane, reflective New Englander. A devotee of pipes, bow ties, bird watching and Thoreau, he brushes off mediocrity with the tolerance born of 2000 opening nights, but sends up Roman candles for something with genuine merit. Was a distinguished foreign correspondent in China and Russia during World War II.

Richard Watts, Jr., of the Post, an ebullient native of West Virginia, began reviewing plays at Columbia University forty years ago and still tracks down off-Broadway and amateur productions when there is no other wheel in town. Berates vulgarity, phony pretentiousness and slipshod effort. Also a widely traveled and respected foreign correspondent.

John Chapman, of the News, son of a famous Denver newspaperman, has covered every conceivable beat as a reporter, photographer and columnist. Runs a high fever for worth-while plays, but throws the harpoons into rubbish with equal gusto. A knowledgeable student of music, he is rated the No. 1 man in appraising musical shows.

Robert Coleman, of the Mirror, a gregarious Georgian, is suspected of being a frustrated actor. Plumps for the classics and works in blank verse, sometimes to the bewilderment of his tabloid readers.

John McClain, of the Journal-American, born in Marion, Ohio, first made a reputation as a ship-news reporter. Graduated to the drama by way of a Broadway column and a stretch of screen writing in Hollywood. Has forbearance of bad acting, but gives bad writing a hard time.

Walter Kerr, of the Herald Tribune, from Evanston, Illinois, is generally regarded as the most perceptive critic who has come up in the last thirty years. Gives fewer favorable reviews than anyone. Taught dramatic theory at Catholic University for ten years and firmly believes there has not been a playwright since Shakespeare worth preserving. The only critic in the group who has worked in the commercial theater, he was represented on Broadway by two moderately successful musicals. Directed King of Hearts, co-authored by his wife, which ran for eight months in 1954 and further enriched the Kerrs beyond the dreams of a newspaperman's avarice by serving as a movie vehicle for Bob Hope under the title of That Certain Feeling.

Tom Donnelly, of the World-Telegram, arrived on Broadway last May via Syracuse and Washington. Unawed by the glamour of the big leagues, he does a sound job of blackballing dull and muddled plays.

The foregoing thumbnail sketches suggest that blasting is the critics' favorite pastime, but it is not a studied pose. They simply have more to rap than to praise. At that, they are much kinder than the public to shoddy stuff. Variety, the trade paper of show business, keeps an annual tabulation on the critics and has found that favorable reviews substantially outnumber box-office successes every year.

"By and large, the critics are very lenient," Elia Kazan, the noted director, says. "They're exposed to so much tripe that they're inclined to go overboard when something halfway decent comes along. They're a fine bunch of men who are genuinely concerned with the theater."

Kazan's bow to the critics marks a complete reversal of attitude since 1946, when he figured prominently in a bitter attack on them. The whole thing was a melancholy commentary on human nature, for, like most outbursts, it came from recipients of the critics' highest commendation.

The hassle was touched off by the reviews of Maxwell Anderson's Truckline Café, the target for the heaviest bombs ever dropped on a major playwright's work. Anderson had been awarded the first two Critics Circle awards for Winterset and High Tor, but Chapman called Truckline Café "the worst play I have seen since I have been in the reviewing business," and his colleagues went on from there. Kazan and Harold Clurman, the producers, responded by taking an ad in the Times denouncing the critics as men "acquiring powers which, as a group, they are not qualified to exercise, either by their training or by their taste." The producers bought two more big ads appealing to the public to support the play, but it folded after thirteen performances.

Anderson got into the act with his own ad in the Herald Tribune on March 4, 1946. He has written many eloquent speeches for the theater, but the ad carried a passage that is remembered as his most famous line. Anderson reviled the critics as "the Jukes family of journalists who bring to the theater nothing but their own hopelessness, recklessness and despair."

There is a sequel to the story never divulged before. Nine months later, Anderson still was so sore at the critics that he ordered Bill Fields, his press agent, to withhold their tickets for the opening of Joan of Lorraine, starring Ingrid Bergman. Anticipating that the critics would try to buy tickets, Anderson supervised the distribution of first-night seats, but Fields talked him out of the scheme at the last moment. The critics got their passes, Joan of Lorraine got raves, and the show played to packed houses until Miss Bergman left to fulfill a movie committment.

We now flash back to Kazan's nice send-off to the critics. I asked him how it squared with his harsh words in the Truckline Café ad.

He grinned amiably. "You've got me in a box. The only way I can wriggle out is to say a different crew was covering shows then. Atkinson and Watts were away during the war and Kerr wasn't doing reviews. Maybe the blasts against Truckline were justified, but I don't regret the ad. I still think the show deserved more credit for what it tried to say."

The passing years have not appeased Elmer Rice, whose Pulitzer Prize-winning Street Scene was acclaimed by the press in 1928. On November 11, 1934, Rice also took an ad in the Times, to vent his spleen against the critics after his two latest plays—We, the People, and Between Two Worlds—had achieved runs of only six and four weeks, respectively. "For the most part they are men without intellect, perception, sensitivity or background," Rice fulminated. "They pander to the tastes of the empty-headed, the bored, the insensitive and the complacent."

While preparing this article I phoned Rice and asked whether I could see him for his current views on the critics. "If you don't mind, I refuse to be quoted on the subject," he answered.

Just a moment, please. Had his opinion of them changed since 1934? "I will not discuss it," he said, and hung up.

Producers have threatened to bar caustic commentators, but only the Shubert brothers, who own half of the thirty-two legitimate theaters in New York, have gone through with it. Walter Winchell, once excluded, was restored to good standing, but Leonard Lyons, another columnist, and Variety have been on the Shubert blacklist for more than twenty years. "It's a joke because every press agent gives them opening-night tickets under phony names, and the Shuberts know it," Bill Fields confides. "The reason for the ban has been forgotten, but the Shuberts still keep the feuds alive."

More direct retaliation—such as a punch in the nose—undoubtedly has been contemplated by a host of indignant artists, but diligent research reveals only one such reprisal against a critic. Nearly twenty years ago, Jack Kirkland hauled off on Dick Watts, his old college chum, for a review of Tortilla Flat, which he had adapted for the stage.

A safer device for taking digs at the critics is to depict them on the stage as eccentrics missing a few marbles. A sketch in Make Mine Manhattan showed a newspaper publisher interviewing one Lester Jukes, an obvious cretin, who was applying for a job as a drama critic. In presenting his qualifications, it developed that Jukes was (Continued on Page 88)

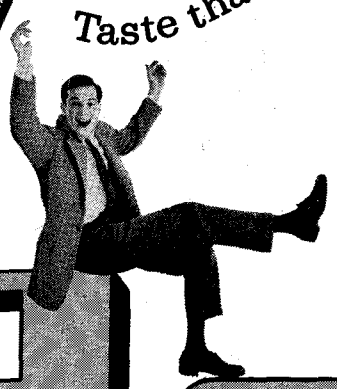
"You'll have to take them all; I'd hate to break up a set."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is headline NEWS for smokers!

Taste that flavor!



Hit Parade

Full king size cigarette! New white-tip filter!

Tobacco so fine, so rich, so rare—

Your taste can't tell the filter's there!

Say, have *you* smoked a Hit Parade? It's *one* filter smoke made of 100% Natural Tobacco—combined with a new free-drawing filter. You get that *natural* tobacco taste! Try Hit Parade today!

"Tobacco is our middle name" *The American Tobacco Company*

© A. T. Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROBLEM PIECES?

Not for the World's Cleaningest Dishwasher!

SEE THE PROOF
Just *one* side of the cup rack holds 6 hard-to-fit-in glasses, plus 2 measuring glasses, all at once.

Anything *you* can do—Frigidaire, the cleaningest dishwasher, can do better—and *does.*

You've never seen a dishwasher that can handle big awkward pieces so easily—and *so many* at a time.

Nor one that gets every piece so shining clean—thanks to the 22 needle sprays of water from its exclusive Turbo-Spray washing action. With complete safety, too.

Nor one that is so automatic—just press the Starter Button and walk away. And it's so easy to load—glide-to-you racks and adjustable cup rack do away with troublesome rules for "what goes where."

So don't settle for just a *dish*washer—get Frigidaire that washes everything but the kitchen sink.

See all the models at your Frigidaire dealer's—under-counter, freestanding, sink-dishwashers, as well as portables, all in style-right colors. Ask him about easy, economical installation. And about a *free home trial,* with a portable. Using is believing—why wait? See him today.

Look for your dealer's name in the Yellow Pages of your Classified Telephone Directory under the heading: ELECTRIC APPLIANCES.

GM GENERAL MOTORS

'57 FRIGIDAIRE
AUTOMATIC DISHWASHER

Frigidaire—Built and Backed by General Motors

(*Continued from Page 86*) almost totally deaf and blind and that he loathed the theater. "Just the man for the job!" the publisher cried. The reviewers demonstrated their dandy sportsmanship by calling the sketch a high spot in the revue.

Whenever theatrical people pan the critics—a highly popular diversion—someone is sure to mention their fallibility as forecasters. The prize exhibit always offered is Abie's Irish Rose, which piled up 2327 performances over a five-year run, then an all-time record. Old-timers assure you the critics unanimously roasted the plot dealing with the marriage of an Irish Catholic girl to a Jewish boy over the violent objections of both families, who subsequently were reconciled when twins were born to the young couple. The reviews of May 23, 1922, refute the trumped-up yarn. There were twenty-one daily papers in New York then, and seventeen gave the play raves.

Another legend is that Tobacco Road, in second place on the long-run list, was bitterly condemned by all the critics for its emphasis on vulgarity and sex. Nonsense. They did object to that aspect of the show, but the overwhelming majority called it an honest, vivid and moving piece of playwriting. The anti-critic bloc conveniently forgets that the monsters often give a play a better reception than its creator dared to anticipate. Russel Crouse, co-author of the practically imperishable Life With Father, tells a revealing anecdote in this vein.

"Howard Lindsay, my collaborator, who also played the leading role, was in an expansive mood coming up on the train from Baltimore for the New York opening," Crouse relates. "'I think that we're in pretty good shape,' he said cautiously. 'We may get a full season out of this.'"

Atkinson's review led off with an uncanny prophecy: "Sooner or later, everyone will have to see Life With Father." The play set the all-time record with 3224 performances in a continuous run of eight years, grossed $9,908,000 on Broadway and the road, and the authors' share of the movie profits amounted to another $1,600,000.

Through the years, a rule of thumb has held true for fully 95 per cent of Broadway shows. Thumbs up from the critics means success, thumbs down spells failure. Not even the most glittering stars are immune to a critic's scorn. Tallulah Bankhead has not had a go at Shakespeare anywhere since John Mason Brown commented in 1937: "Tallulah Bankhead barged down the Nile as Cleopatra last night—and sank." The kiss of death to The Lake was Dorothy Parker's devastating crack: "Katharine Hepburn ran the gamut of emotions from A to B." When Mae West appeared in Catherine Was Great, John Chapman dismissed the opus with the observation that "the play is a bust, which is one more than Miss West needs." The shortest review on record was Robert Garland's report on Heads or Tails. It consisted of one word: "No!"

As previously noted, virtually all exceptions to the rule are musicals. Mr. Wonderful, a revue, was murdered when it opened in March, 1956, and hung on for eleven months. The critics sadly reported that Cole Porter, who had written some sixty shows, most of them great, hit a clinker in Can-Can, but it flourished for more than two years. Fanny achieved a similar run despite a rough going-over.

"People who go to musicals aren't typical theatergoers," John McClain explains. "They're mostly tourists and guys on expense accounts who get a little loaded and want to look at pretty girls. If corporations were not allowed to claim the entertainment of clients as a tax-deductible expense, four out of five musicals wouldn't last a month."

The only serious drama in the last decade that became a smash hit after unanimously unfavorable reviews was The Heiress. Conversely, a handful of highly recommended plays lay large eggs every season. Careful reading of the reviews discloses, however, that the critics gave warning that the plays were on the arty side and would have a limited appeal.

The disturbing realization that so much creative effort and money hinge on his opinion prompts every critic except Chapman to disclaim the influence attributed to him. "I'd sleep a lot better many nights if nobody read me after I've torn down a play some poor wretch has written with his life's blood," Chapman says morosely. "Unhappily and unfortunately, two out of three bad notices from Atkinson, Kerr and me can kill a show. The prestige of our papers, not our personal opinion, is important. When Lewis Nichols replaced Atkinson during the war, he automatically became the big man in town because the Times is the Number One paper."

Atkinson, weary of debating the issue, keeps in his desk copies of a column he wrote in 1953, arguing that the theatergoer makes the final decision on a play.

It is the desire to reduce that keeps people from eating meals between snacks.

IMOGENE FEY

Kerr hews to the same line. "The frightening power we're supposed to wield is exaggerated," he declares.

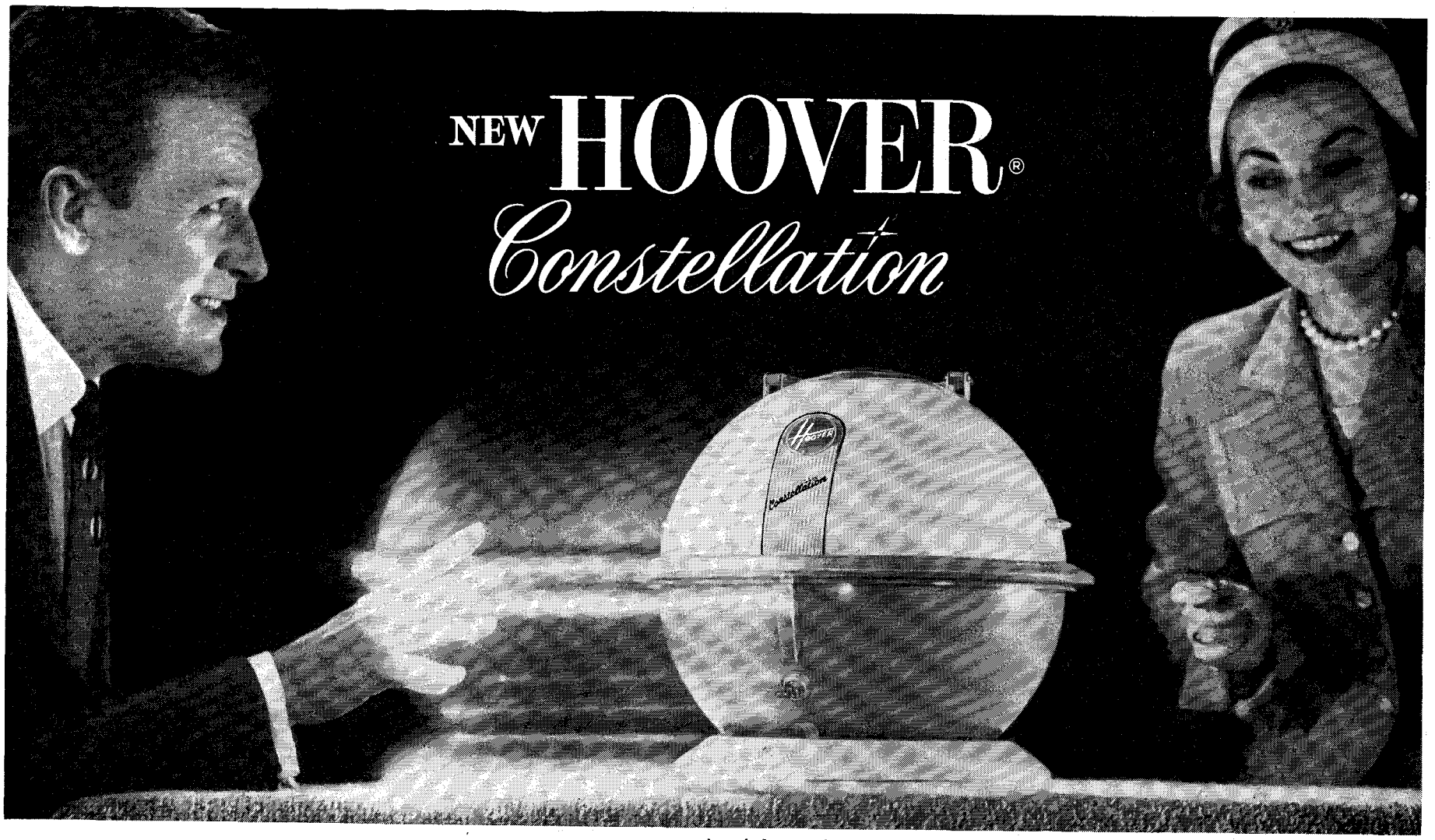
Hobe Morrison, drama editor of Variety, probably is best qualified to evaluate the critics' influence. "People unquestionably are paying more attention to their advice today than ever before," he says. "They want guaranteed hits, and maybe you can't blame them. The price of tickets has gone up about fifty per cent in the last ten years, but production costs have increased nearly three hundred per cent. There's no such thing as a moderate success any more. Years ago a low-budget play that got lukewarm notices could hang on and build up on word-of-mouth recommendation. If a show doesn't click immediately now, the terrific competition for theaters will force it to close in two weeks.

"Investing in a Broadway show always has been a bad gamble. In any given season there are three flops for every hit, and the odds against making money are getting longer all the time. With rising costs putting a triple squeeze on audiences, producers and theaters, a show is dead if the critics don't like it."

The competition for theaters mentioned by Morrison is an economic factor that requires brief explanation for laymen. It further underscores the importance of the critics' impact on the public. In 1927 there were seventy-five playhouses on Broadway. Today there are thirty-two; the remainder have been converted into movies and TV studios or have been razed for office buildings. The decline in the number of theaters has resulted in a sharper reduction of plays. During the 1927 season, 264 productions were presented on Broadway. This season there will be about seventy. More plays are written now than ever before, but the great majority (*Continued on Page 90*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

see! the cleaner that walks on air!



Actual photograph of a store demonstration

New kind of cleaner floats on its own airstream... takes the pulling and tugging out of cleaning

Now Hoover turns the job of moving the cleaner over to the cleaner itself. The new Constellation floats along after you under its own air power. It follows you so easily you almost think it can read your mind.

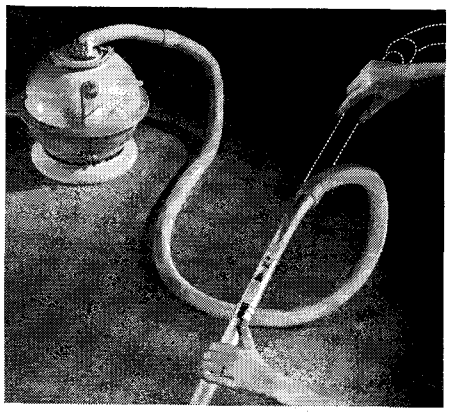
The Constellation's amazing "airlift" makes cleaning just a matter of guiding the new 3-wheel nozzle—with one hand. And, notice, Hoover's double-stretch hose gives you plenty of extra reach. You reach more dirt and get *more*, too—thanks to the powerful suction from Hoover's full horsepower motor.

See the new Hoover that walks on air at your dealer's now. In a fresh new color scheme that gives you a lift, too. The new Hoover Constellation, Model 85, including tools, $89.95

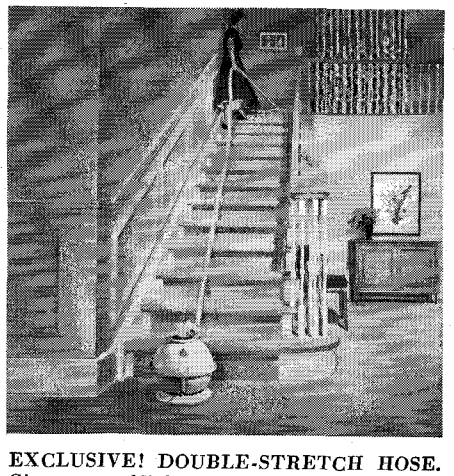
New Hoover steam-dry iron. First with stainless steel soleplate. Outglides all others on any fabric.

HOOVER®
FINE APPLIANCES
... around the house, around the world

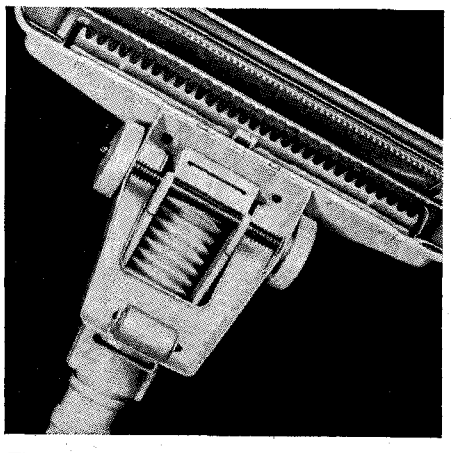
NEW! CARRIES ITS OWN TOOLS. Snap the rack in place and let your tools ride piggyback. Notice the handy cord holder.



NEW! TELESCOPING WAND. Extends out to twice its own length. New catch locks it securely in place. Can't come apart.

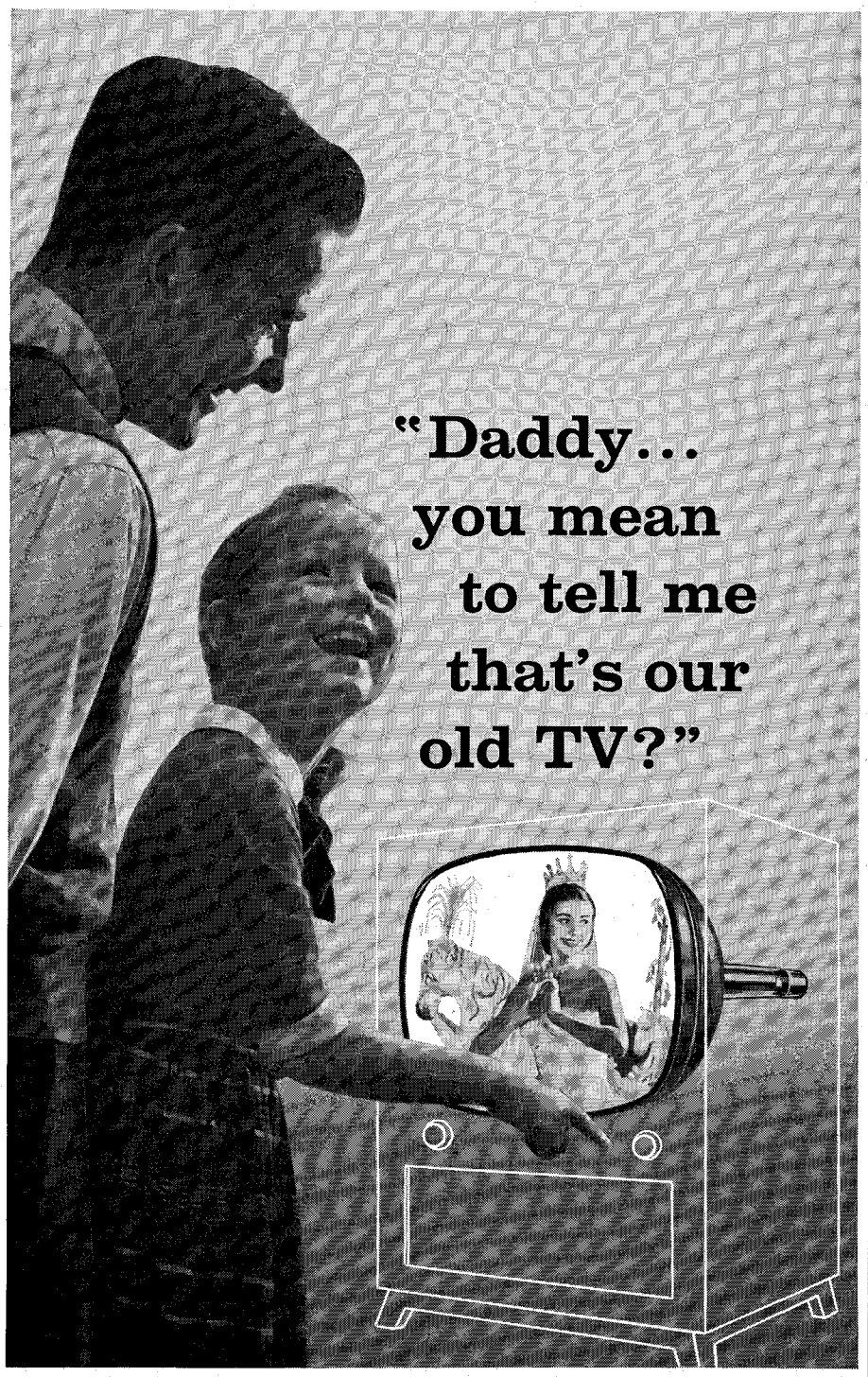


EXCLUSIVE! DOUBLE-STRETCH HOSE. Gives you world's longest reach—16 feet for cleaning anywhere in the house.



EXCLUSIVE! 3-WHEEL NOZZLE. Glides over rugs with one-third the usual effort. Flexible neck lets you reach under low furniture.

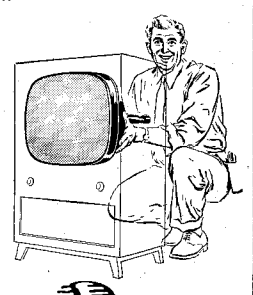
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It does seem hard to believe, but it's true. Silverama, the *modern* picture tube, can rejuvenate a set and actually give clearer, brighter, sharper pictures than ever before.

Each Silverama has a vastly improved electron "gun," an RCA-developed super-phosphor, and above all, a reflective metallic inner coating of aluminum. No change in circuitry is needed—no expensive adaptation. There's an RCA Silverama made to fit virtually *every make and model* of TV set. And every Silverama is warranted by RCA for one full year. Ask your service technician to give you a more realistic TV picture on your present set—right now—with RCA Silverama.

Call him today!



Don't wait until the tube goes. Replace now with an

RCA Silverama

SUPER-ALUMINIZED RCA PICTURE TUBE

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA • TUBE DIVISION • HARRISON, N. J.

See the Royal Ballet with Margot Fonteyn in "Cinderella" on Producers' Showcase, April 29, NBC-TV.

(*Continued from Page 88*) are gathering dust in filing cabinets for lack of available stages.

Here's how the shortage of theaters brings sudden death to a show that gets off to a limping start. The customary rental charged for an attraction is 30 per cent of the weekly gross receipts, in return for which the landlord pays for part of the advertising and provides the theater staff as well as some stagehands and musicians. The gimmick in the lease is a stop clause. This gives the landlord the right to throw out a play the first or second week it fails to gross a specified sum—about $16,000 for a drama and $30,000 for a musical. That's a lot of money at the box office if the reviews are indifferent. The landlord unhesitantly invokes the stop clause because there always are other shows in the wings clamoring to go on.

The fast eviction of a play invariably is accompanied by the gripe that the dopey critics didn't appreciate its message or cultural values. Another common grievance is that a critic abuses his authority when he foists his personal opinions and prejudices on readers. "One man can't set himself up as the composite audience," Herman Shumlin contends. "I don't think anyone should advise the public whether a play is good or bad."

What, then, is the proper function of a drama critic? George Bernard Shaw, once an illustrious member of the lodge, said "a critic is a man who leaves no turn unstoned." Percy Hammond defined his work as "the venom from contented rattlesnakes." And thundering down the corridors of time is the harsh impeachment of an unknown eighteenth-century actor: "Theatrical criticism is the occupation of a poltroon."

Brooks Atkinson, the dean of the profession, sums up his colleagues' viewpoint: "I'm strictly a newspaper reporter covering a beat. The chief difference between another assignment and mine is that my opinion, rather than information, is news. I don't try to reflect mass opinion. I'm paid to express only my own reaction.

"This may sound pompous, but there is no other way the job can be done. Only one criterion can be applied to a play: Am I moved, amused or emotionally involved by this thing? I have little control over the answer. It is governed by the power transmitted from the stage."

Old Broadway hands register another complaint against today's critics which really is a compliment, although it is not intended as one. "Reviews now are dull compared with the sprightly stuff turned out years ago," Shumlin says. "Nobody is writing with the verve of Alec Woollcott, Bob Benchley, Heywood Broun, Dorothy Parker, George Jean Nathan and Percy Hammond. When Woollcott liked a play he infected the whole town with his enthusiasm. His judgment often was faulty, but when he used his favorite line, 'There is dancing in the streets today because such-and-such opened last night,' you couldn't help getting excited about the theater."

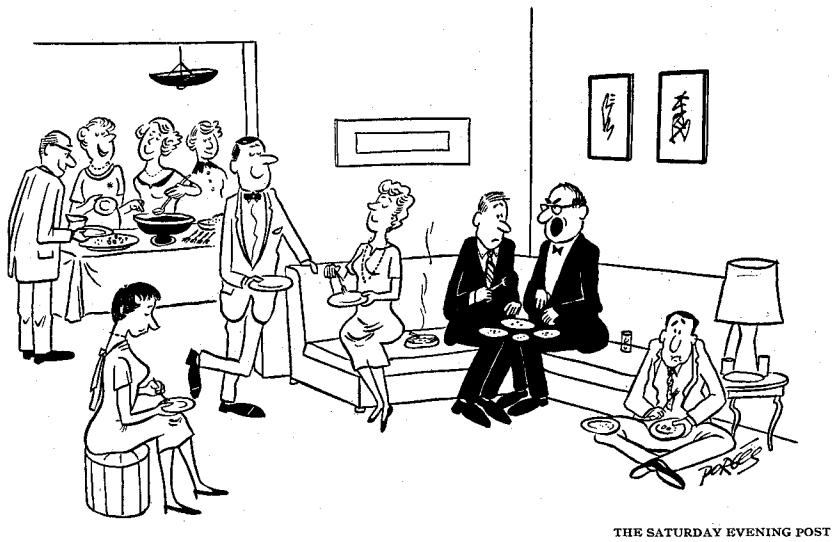
Shumlin has a point, but it is something less than fair to measure the literary quality of reviews written in the 1920's and the 1950's by the same yardstick. Critics today have to contend with a much tougher deadline. Oddly enough, they have been under greater pressure to dash off their pieces ever since the opening-night curtain was advanced from 8:30 or 8:45 P.M. to eight o'clock a dozen years ago. The change was made ostensibly to enable people living in the suburbs to get home at a reasonable hour.

"Sordid propaganda," snorts Richard Maney, a press agent. "It was done entirely to catch more editions of the morning papers."

Under the present system, morning-paper critics get out of the theater at 10:30 P.M. By the time they reach their offices, they have little more than an hour to make a 12:15 deadline with a 400-to-800-word review that digests the plot of the play, analyzes the performances and interprets the author's philosophy, if any.

The old masters worked at a more leisurely pace. Miss Parker, Benchley and Nathan wrote for magazines and had a week to compose their essays. Woollcott, Broun and Hammond were on newspapers, but they had some four or five hours to meet different schedules. The Herald Tribune gave Hammond special dispensation to take all the time he wanted to rewrite and polish his phrases. That and a superb gift for words made him the most quotable drama critic since Shaw.

In his closing remarks on a musical, Hammond wrote: "I have knocked everything in the show except the knees of the chorus girls, and God has anticipated me there." Unimpressed by the allure of the stately show girls featured in the Ziegfeld Follies, he observed: "Dusk brunettes and sparkling sorrels dance and utter lines almost as human beings." Hammond, who recognized no sacred cows, led off his review of Mourning Becomes Electra in this fashion: "From four o'clock yesterday afternoon until eleven at night, Eugene O'Neill heckled life in one of the bitterest and lengthiest of his attacks upon that popular institution. . . . Were (*Continued on Page 92*)

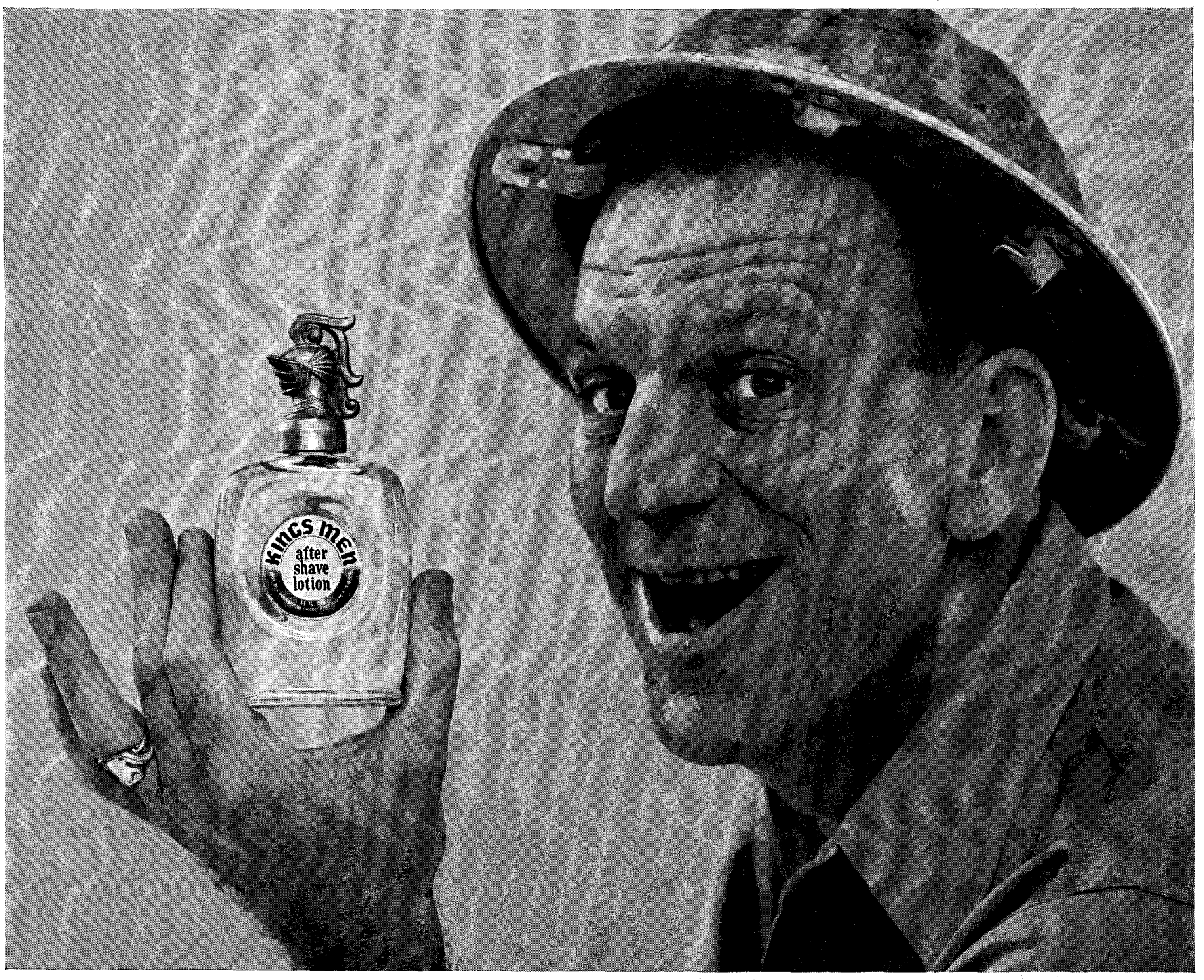


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That's my potato salad you're eating!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I don't want to be a Tycoon



...I just want to feel like one!

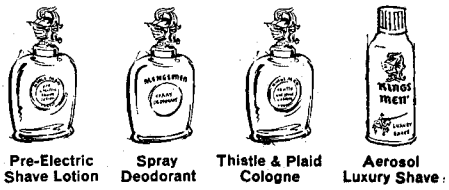
And you can, too, Mister—when you use KINGS MEN After Shave Lotion. KINGS MEN does far more for you than ordinary after shave lotions. It makes you feel great! It's cooler, more refreshing . . . soothes better. Since a bottle lasts so long, why put up with anything less than the best? Get yourself some KINGS MEN right away! *Known everywhere as the world's finest!*

KINGS MEN®

AFTER SHAVE LOTION *only* $1

Plus Federal Tax

Other quality KINGS MEN products:



Pre-Electric Shave Lotion · Spray Deodorant · Thistle & Plaid Cologne · Aerosol Luxury Shave

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 90*) I not fearful that I should be hissed as a blasphemist, I should suggest that Mr. O'Neill is a blend of the sincere artist and the shrewd mountebank." Regarding the so-called divine Sarah Bernhardt: "To me, in every role she is Mona Lisa, disinterested, semismiling and inscrutable, save for the knowledge that she insists on being paid every night in fresh $100 bills."

In the old days the critics put on a sideshow that competed with the hammy histrionics behind the footlights. Woollcott held court in the lobby tricked out in a flowing cape and unbuckled galoshes. Broun, whose appearance was likened to that of an unmade bed, turned up for openings in a battered top hat and a suit with built-in wrinkles. Benchley stole the show from The Squall, a drama of seething Spanish passion in which Nubi, a crazy, mixed-up gypsy girl fleeing a vile oppressor, was given refuge by a noble family and proceeded to exhibit her gratitude by seducing the head of the house, his son and the hired man. Throughout these murky goings-on the heroine protested her innocence and virtue by proclaiming, "Me Nubi, me good girl." In the second act, Benchley rose in his seat and announced, "Me Bob, me bad boy. Me go home." Atkinson, who never leaves his seat during intermissions, and his colleagues now go out of their minds quietly and unobtrusively.

Reviewers today may lack their predecessors' flair and stylish sparkle, but they do a more serviceable job. It was a common practice years ago to use a play as a springboard for droll lines which were dreamed up on the way to the theater and had no relation to the business at hand. Critics now tell right off the bat what their readers want to know—whether the play is worth the price of admission. The old boys, captivated by their rhetoric, often overlooked that detail.

Perhaps the most sweeping change in theatrical criticism is that actors no longer are targets for ridicule to get a gag in a review. Kim Hubbard once reported: "Uncle Tom's Cabin played here last night. The bloodhounds had poor support." Creston Clarke never lived down Eugene Field's comment on King Lear: "Mr. Clarke played the king all evening as though under constant fear that someone else was about to play the ace." Heywood Broun was sued for $10,000 in 1917 by Geoffrey C. Stein after he wrote that Stein had given, in The Awakening of Spring, "the worst performance ever seen on any stage." The court held a critic had the right to express his displeasure. The next time Stein trod the boards Broun observed "he was not up to his usual standard."

When critics wind up and throw barbs into a play now, they take dead aim at the author or producer and sympathize with the actors for getting trapped in the mishmash. Actors receive the old treatment only when there is extreme provocation, as in the case of Jay Robinson, a wealthy youth who financed, in 1951, a revival of The Green Bay Tree to get the leading role. After a few rehearsals, he agreed, with the anguished director, to withdraw from the play. Nine months later, he turned up in Buy Me Blue Ribbons, a gem of a stinker about a filthy-rich actor who was kicked out of a play he bankrolled. Walter Kerr cut Robinson into small pieces with one stroke: "At the moment, he is suffering from delusions of adequacy."

Bruised artists and bankrupt producers have accused critics of practically every imaginable deficiency except one. Like baseball umpires, they are called blind, stupid bums, but even rabid opponents admit their decisions are thoroughly honest and unprejudiced. A few years ago two plays put their integrity to a severe test. Season in the Sun, written by Wolcott Gibbs, the New Yorker's critic, and King of Hearts, directed by Kerr, were received more favorably by the public than by the critics. In both instances the reviewers chided their fraternity brothers for letting social significance get in the way of the jokes. "When Mr. Gibbs grows serious," Watts said tartly, "he writes the sort of play the drama critic of the New Yorker would look upon with devastating scorn."

I asked Gibbs what he thought of Watts' review. "On the whole," he answered, "it was a courteous piece."

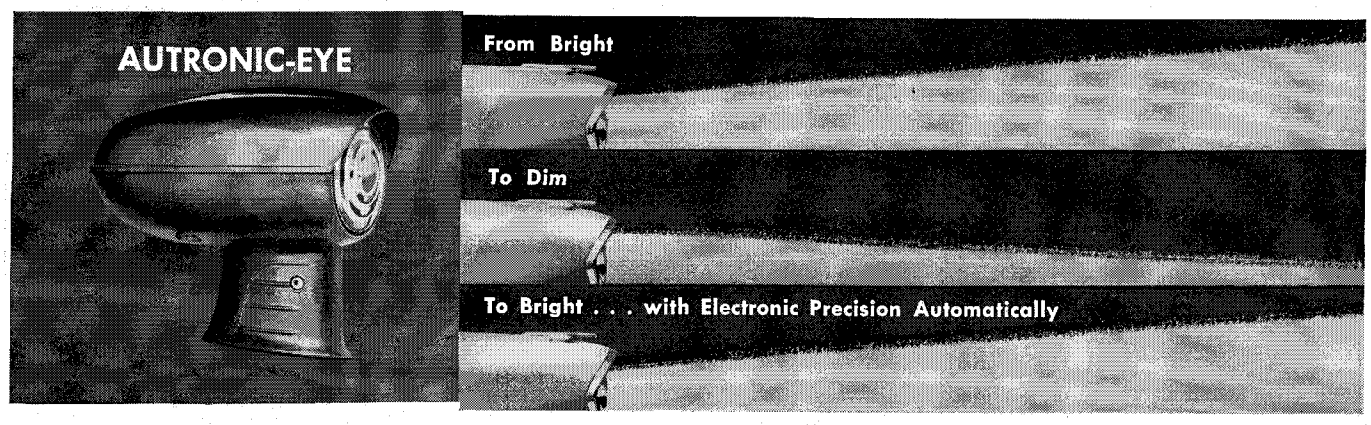
Watts called King of Hearts "a dissatisfying play," and Chapman said, "It seems to be a cartoon when it was meant as a caricature."

Jean Kerr, the critic's wife, who was the co-author, was more candid. "I played it smart. I let Walter direct it instead of review it."

The Croix de Guerre for objectivity over and beyond the call of duty and discretion has been in James Whittaker's undisputed possession for thirty-five years. Whittaker was married to Ina Claire, a big star, when his duties as the Daily News' critic obliged him to render a dispassionate opinion of his wife's artistry. He met the acid test unflinchingly. His review began: "When she married me, Ina Claire told me she was an actress, but there is nothing in The Gold Diggers to prove that she told the truth."

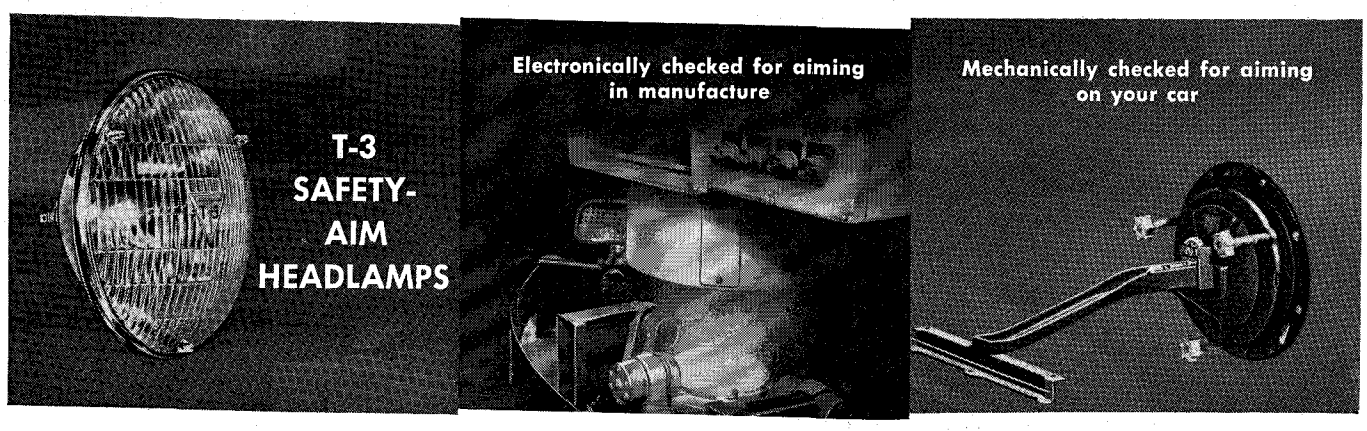
Miss Claire, a real trouper, was surprisingly philosophical about the whole thing. She did not divorce Whittaker until three years later. THE END

Guides TO SAFER NIGHT DRIVING
FOR 1957 GENERAL MOTORS CARS
Autronic-Eye available at extra cost. View-Finder Mirror standard on some models . . . available at extra cost on others. T-3 headlamps standard on all models.



automatically operates your headlamps . . . you devote full attention to the road ahead!

reduces blinding rear view headlamp reflection . . . with fingertip control!



assures more light aimed right . . . essential for safe night driving!

BRIGHTEST NAME IN LIGHTS Guide
GUIDE LAMP DIVISION GM GENERAL MOTORS GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION • ANDERSON, INDIANA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

End of a Marriage (Continued from Page 26)

drive for miles in silence. Yet we are bound together in an odd but firm way.

Strange, friendship. It takes a kind of awareness you don't get often. We are aware of one another. I have never known any men as well as these three. Yet what do I know, really? So little. George's twin daughters were married this summer, with much fanfare. We saw it in the papers, but we weren't invited. All he ever said was, "Well, that's over." But I do know him. I know he doesn't like fanfare for its own sake, that he will go on being a success for his family, but is at heart a very simple man, for all his real ability.

I know that sometimes Doctor Cather has to leave before the woman comes who stays with his wife, and that those mornings he is just enduring the trip till he can get to the phone at college and ask if she's all right. He has a kind of sweetness. There's no resentment in him, though he's ill paid for being knowledgeable, and he's had this blow at home. He comforts us all by being himself, a man without grudges.

Yet I've never talked about them with Alice. Why not? Have I wanted to keep them separate or have I felt there was

> A woman never really wants the last word—that would silence her.
>
> MARY BLANCHARD

nothing that could be told? You can't say, can you, that it makes you feel good to see George's stiff figure standing there every morning, brief case in hand, never once keeping you waiting, that he makes order in your universe? You can't describe that little rush of tenderness you feel when you see Doctor Cather scurry off up the hill to his wife, his shoulders bent, his whole self a little shabby and tired. Nor can you tell about Mark Brewster. Nor about Kathie.

We saw Kathie that very first day. They'd bought the old Cape Cod cottage they call the Thwaite Place. I tooted the horn and Mark came out—and Kathie. A tall girl with curly dark hair and a pointed face and mischievous grin. She lifted a hand to George and me, threw her arms about Mark and kissed him unashamedly. Halfway down the path, Mark went back, kissed her again, as if the day were to be an eternity. Then he flung himself into the car, waving back one last time, began to talk gaily about all sorts of things. They were both so eager, so young—we liked them.

No, it went deeper than that. I wouldn't be feeling what I feel now if it hadn't. George and Cather and I are quiet men. The Brewsters weren't quiet. We've never said to one another that the Brewsters were something we had all longed to be, that they had something we had never attained. True, though, and it was there in us all, the knowledge.

If you're quiet and reserved, it does something to you to see love expressed so uninhibitedly, so extravagantly, as those two expressed theirs. They proved something about love, or we felt they did. You couldn't tell your wife that, could you? So how could I ever tell Alice what is the matter with me? How could any woman not make Kathie special instead of a symbol?

She always wore a bright blouse and Bermuda shorts or a sweater and slacks. Good clothes that didn't look careless, just comfortable and gay. We'd only been going there a few days when she ran down to the car one morning with a plate of doughnuts, hot from the kettle. "One for the road!" she said. She had on a shocking-pink sweater.

"Why, thank you!" George said politely, and she grinned at him. Something about the way George ate that doughnut made me like him a lot.

"You wouldn't think, now would you," Mark said, "that my Kathie never saw the inside of a kitchen till she was married? Silver-spoon-in-the-mouth girl, that's my Kathie. Nice to capture one if you can. They find housekeeping exciting!"

We go around the reservoir on the way to town. On that little spit of land we often see a small heron standing.

"What do you know, a heron!" Mark said the first time we saw it.

"*Ardea herodias*," Doctor Cather murmured.

"You don't say?" Mark said in his gay way.

Doctor Cather flushed. "No," he said. "It's some other heron, much smaller. That's just a name that stuck in my head out of the schoolbooks."

And two days later Kathie called out, "How's Mr. Herodias?"

So you know Mark told her everything, every small thing about our day. So we didn't all of us keep the drive separate, did we?

Yet Alice would have liked the heron, I expect. She knows a lot about birds. It's just—well, we're out of the habit of telling each other little things. Or we never had the habit.

So I didn't tell her much about Mark and Kathie. But I think I did go off to work more eagerly. Just because of that brief glimpse I had each morning, because of the feeling I had about the men in the car pool. Yes, I admit, I did.

Then one night Mark asked us to stop while he picked up some steak. He came out of the store with a big package, was in the car again.

"Well, that's the next pay check gone, or just about," he said. "The clan is gathering tonight. You can't feed the clan hamburgers, now can you?"

"Why, I don't know," Doctor Cather said gently. "Why not?"

Mark gave a shout of laughter, but it had a bitter note in it. "It's plain you don't know the Everts family," he said.

By this time we knew that Kathie had come from an upper-crust family that didn't think Mark was good enough for Kathie. But at that time Mark was sure of his love, sure about life. Or was he? Wasn't that laughter about the steak, even the buying of the steak, an admission of doubt? We had heard about the building of the outdoor fireplace. George it was, oddly enough, who gave Mark sensible advice about the construction. But Kathie was standing on the steps when we came, and her smile and wave were as nice as ever. Mark lifted the package high in the air, as if bringing home a prize, and she laughed aloud. She had planted petunias all across the front of the house and they were bright and saucy.

The next day Doctor Cather said, "Was the steak successful?"

"Oh, no end!" Mark said. "Not a scrap left. We did hope for enough left over for hash! Yes, it was a quite nice little slumming party. Kathie is now washing the dishes.... Somebody stepped on the new begonia." Then he fell silent, which was not like him.

That night when we picked up Doctor Cather, he was carrying a plain red pot with a tuberose begonia in it. He said nothing, but we knew what it was for, and when Mark joined us, Doctor Cather said, "Will you take this to your nice wife, Mark?"

I wish I had thought of it. Mark was touched. "I say, that's awfully decent of you!" Mark said. "Kathie's going to love you for this!"

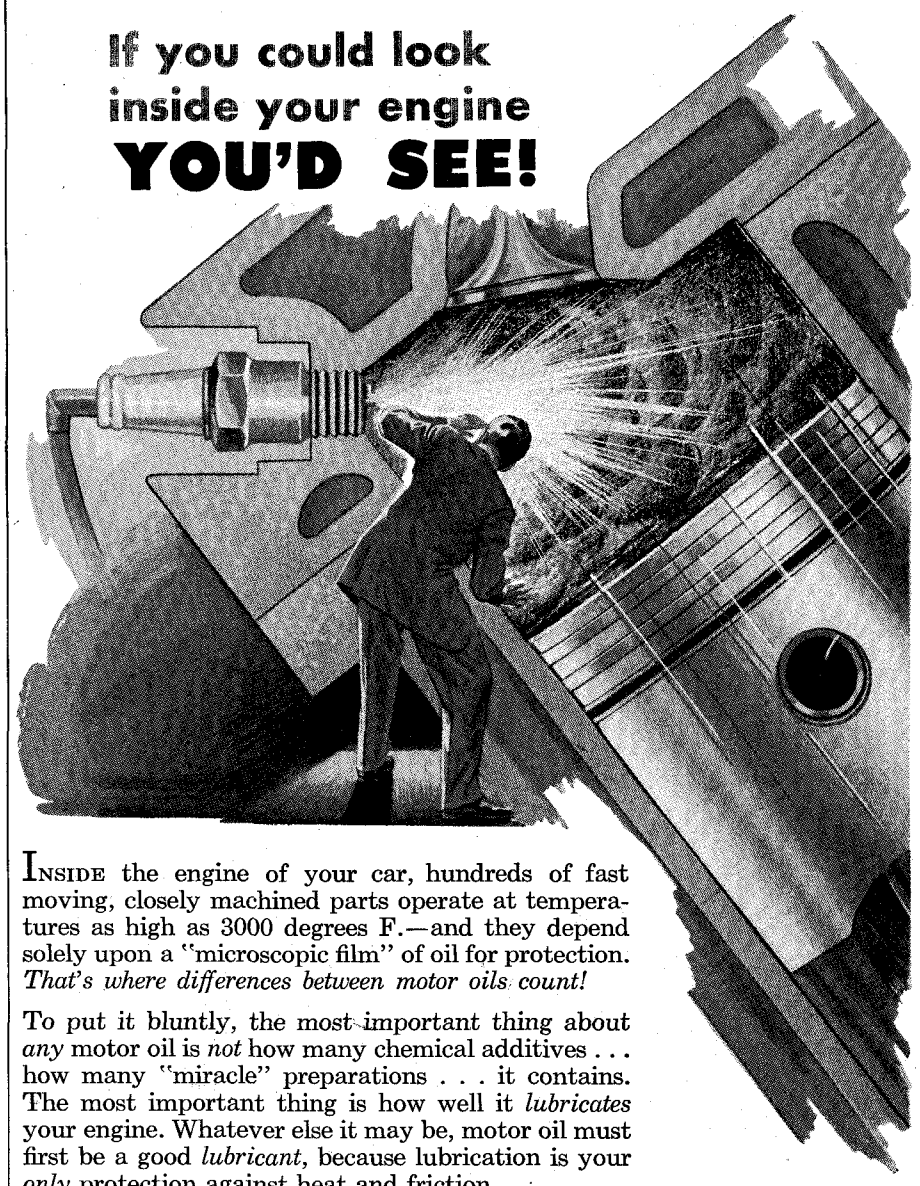
She did too. "Why, the lamb!" she said, and Mark told Doctor Cather so. And a couple mornings Mark greeted Doctor Cather after that with "Hello, you lamb!"

We didn't talk much about our various businesses, except for Mark. Mark didn't exactly talk about business, but about the men in his office. There was one, Clifford, who owned a Modigliani. He made us see Clifford, a stuffed-shirt sort of man, going bald.

"He doesn't deserve a Modigliani," Mark said. "You know, he just doesn't deserve it. . . . Well, I shall come home one night with a Cézanne under my arm. No fooling."

What difference does the motor oil make?

If you could look inside your engine YOU'D SEE!



INSIDE the engine of your car, hundreds of fast moving, closely machined parts operate at temperatures as high as 3000 degrees F.—and they depend solely upon a "microscopic film" of oil for protection. *That's where differences between motor oils count!*

To put it bluntly, the most important thing about *any* motor oil is *not* how many chemical additives . . . how many "miracle" preparations . . . it contains. The most important thing is how well it *lubricates* your engine. Whatever else it may be, motor oil must first be a good *lubricant*, because lubrication is your *only* protection against heat and friction.

Because the makers of WOLF'S HEAD Motor Oil know this, they start with nature's richest, most valuable crude oil—and then refine it three steps *beyond* ordinary motor oils. 100% Pennsylvania—WOLF'S HEAD is then scientifically fortified to meet every requirement of the most modern cars in every type of service.

The result is rich, tough, *superior* lubrication—the kind of lubrication that *makes a difference* . . . in engine performance, power, oil consumption and repair bills.

For your car . . . for your pocketbook—WOLF'S HEAD is truly the "*finest of the fine*". Be sure to ask for it. If your dealer doesn't have it, he can get it for you.

WOLF'S HEAD

MOTOR OIL

FREE!

WOLF'S HEAD "Guide to the Weather" Folder. Tells how to be your own accurate weather forecaster. Write for a copy today.

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA

WOLF'S HEAD OIL REFINING CO., INC.
OIL CITY, PA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We believed him too. He was the sort who would pull it off, who would someday bring home a treasure for his Kathie. We could see them hanging the Cézanne, having a celebration, clinging together in joy. Only he was so young now, not able to afford steak for his wife's family. The nearest he came to a Cézanne was a small etching of a market place done by a student. He showed it to us with pride. "He's going places, this boy," he said. "Five bucks it cost me. It's just right for over Kathie's desk!"

"Did your wife like the etching?" I asked him the next day.

"You know, I didn't give it to her," Mark said, as if surprised. "The long arm of coincidence stepped in. My revered mother-in-law, may she never rest in peace, dropped in with a Napoleon plate and a little gadget to stand it on, and when I got home, there it was over the desk. Always loathed Napoleon anyway—looks like my boss."

"But how do you know she wouldn't have preferred the etching?" Doctor Cather asked.

"Even if she would, you couldn't take the plate down. It's fixed there for eternity," Mark said. "You haven't met my mother-in-law."

I don't think you can pretend love. She loved him. She'd run away with him to marry him, she lived in the little house that he could afford, washed dishes and made doughnuts and jelly and all, kissed him before our eyes morning after morning, laughed, looked lovely. She loved him all right. But she was an Evert, after all. She was used to buying her clothes at the best shops, and one morning Mark came scowling to the car, and Kathie didn't appear in the doorway.

He flung himself into the back seat with George and said, "And don't say good morning, anyone. It's a stinker, that's what it is."

"Yes, it's very hot," George said.

"Weather—I wasn't talking about weather," Mark said crossly. "But no one—no one—is going to buy my wife's clothes. Even if she has to go in flour sacking. And it isn't because her mother loves her, either. It's because she's ashamed of having an Evert who isn't dressed properly. Well, I won't have it, and that's final."

"Hardly worth quarreling over," George said in his dignified way.

"Oh, isn't it? Well, we quarreled. We had a honey of a quarrel."

"When you have children, you'll understand that you can't help feeling you should give them things," George said. That was just after the Lemon twins were married. We had heard George had given each of them a house. Perhaps he felt guilty about that.

"Well, we haven't got any children. But when we have, if we ever do have, they aren't going to be coddled, you can be sure of that," Mark said.

"Can you?" George said. His voice was almost sad.

"Yes," Mark said shortly.

But the next morning Kathie came out with him as usual; they kissed. Mark was very cheerful. "We made up!" he confided in that boyish way of his. We all felt pleased. But we didn't know whether Kathie had sent the clothes back or what.

I still don't know, but I think it was Mark who submitted.

Things seemed as usual for a couple of weeks after that. One day Kathie came down to the car with three little jars of chili sauce. "And one's for Doctor Cather. Don't forget to give it to him!" she said. She looked so gay, so beautiful. She had love to hand out to everyone, love left over. We felt things were all right for those two.

Then one week when it was Mark's turn to drive, he phoned me the night before and said, "Rob, would you mind awfully taking my run this week? I'll make it up later. This friend of Kathie's is getting married up in Vermont and she does need the car." I said I would, and that was that. But it was odd not seeing Kathie, mornings, that week. Something was missing,

"Your wife get off all right?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," Mark said. "Gone, bag and baggage. And baggage. It takes a good deal of paraphernalia for a fling with the old crowd. It's going to be a wedding to end all weddings."

"You should have gone along," George said.

"I? I have a job, my good man. Vacations are parceled out for such and such a time, and you don't get them changed. Besides, I'm one for the simple life; I don't go in for weddings. Not that I wasn't urged. Mrs. E. seems to think the firm would be only too happy to give me just a few days for fun. Silly of them not to, don't you think? Silly to work, even, don't you think? Only the mediocre work."

You could see he was jumpy and irritable and lonesome without Kathie. But at last she did come back, two days later than expected. I suppose she did have fun, no responsibilities, the sort of time she had been used to all her life. No dishes to wash, no beds to make, no petunias to water. Wearing handsome clothes again, dancing—all that. But she came back.

"Did you have a nice time?" George asked her politely.

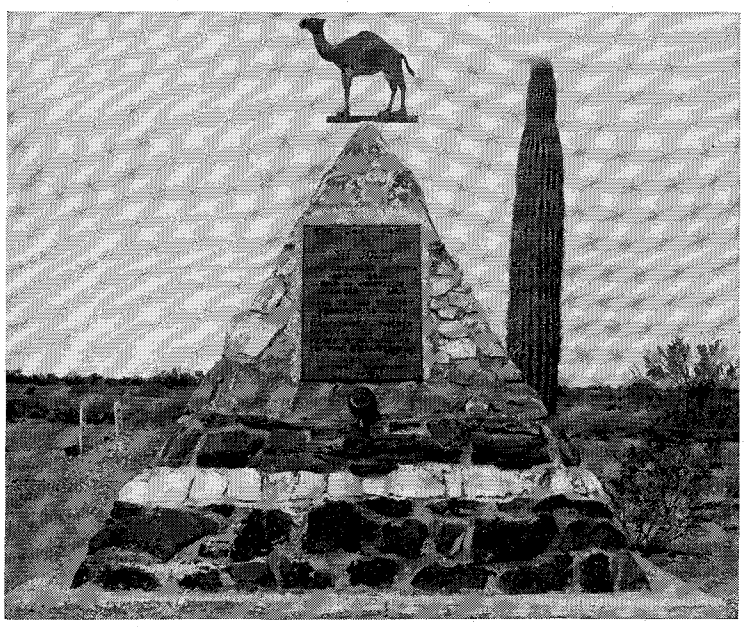
"Wonderful," she said. "Really wonderful. Only I missed Mark. He just wouldn't come."

"You mean, I couldn't come," Mark said. "Don't get things mixed up, kid."

"You wouldn't," she said, giving him a small, stubborn grin. "But be that as it may, it was fun. . . . Bless you!"

She waved after us. She was there two weeks, and then (*Continued on Page 96*)

So We Commemorate



OUR STRANGEST PUBLIC SERVANT

Motorists in the Arizona desert near Quartzsite are startled by the sudden appearance of a pyramid, surmounted by a camel, at the roadside. It stands there as a memorial to one of the most unusual employees the United States Government has ever had—Hadji Ali, the camel driver—and as a reminder of a freakish experiment in American transportation.

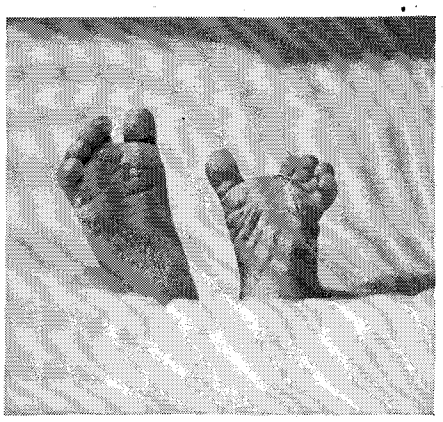
A century ago, Secretary of War Jefferson Davis persuaded Congress to appropriate $30,000 to buy camels for use on express routes between the Army's scattered outposts in the arid Southwest. The Government imported seventy-four from Arabia, and a prosperous German immigrant shipped in forty-five more on his own from Siberia. Hadji Ali, Syrian-born son of an Arab and a Greek woman, came along as chief camel jockey of the Arabian imports.

The camel project failed dismally. The local flint and quartz proved harder on the animals' hoofs than their native sands. Army cavalrymen and muleteers found that the alien beasts had "intractable and vicious dispositions" even by mule-train standards. Some, breaking loose, loped wildly around the desert for decades. Others were sold at auction. The last one lived to a cantankerous old age in the Los Angeles zoo, not dying until 1934.

Hadji Ali meanwhile served his adopted Government faithfully for more than thirty years. When the Army ran out of camels, he drove mules and scouted for hostile Indians. He retired about 1890, and died at seventy-five in 1902, a lonely Mohammedan far from his native land.

James L. Edwards, a bachelor state-highway foreman with time on his hands, decided in 1935 that Hadji Ali deserved to be commemorated. Edwards personally built the pyramid, which is eleven feet wide at the base and stands eight feet high. Its base is of black malpais boulders. There is a glistening six-inch band of gold-bearing quartz and a layer of petrified wood from Yuma County's petrified forest. The top consists of the national colors in layers of red, white and blue rock. As a final touch, Johnny Neal hammered out the copper camel in the highway shops. The inscription reads, "The last camp of Hi Jolly," Hadji Ali's Army nickname.

R. Lansing Ferrell



These airlines...

...and other commercial operators fly the fast, luxurious, four-engine Douglas DC-6, DC-6B, or new DC-7 series airplanes:

AEROLINEAS ARGENTINAS
*ALASKA AIRLINES
ALITALIA
AMERICAN AIRLINES
AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS
BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORP.
CANADIAN PACIFIC AIR LINES
CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS
CONTINENTAL AIR LINES
DELTA AIR LINES
EASTERN AIR LINES
*ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES
FLYING TIGER LINE
*GREAT LAKES AIRLINES
JAPAN AIR LINES
KLM ROYAL DUTCH AIR LINES
LINEA AEREA NACIONAL DE CHILE
LINEE AEREE ITALIANE
*LOS ANGELES AIR SERVICE
*MARITIME CENTRAL AIRWAYS, LTD.
MEXICANA DE AVIACION
NATIONAL AIRLINES
NORTHEAST AIRLINES
NORTHWEST ORIENT AIRLINES
*OVERSEAS NATIONAL AIRWAYS
PANAGRA
PANAIR DO BRASIL
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS
*RIDDLE AIRLINES
SABENA BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM
SLICK AIRWAYS
SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS
*S. S. W.
SWISSAIR
TASMAN EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD.
†TRANS AMERICAN AIRLINES
†TRANS CARIBBEAN AIRWAYS
TRANSPORTS AERIENS INTERCONTINENTAUX
UNION AEROMARITIME DE TRANSPORT
UNITED AIR LINES
WESTERN AIR LINES

*Flying soon †Certificate applied for

More people and more airlines fly Douglas than all other airplanes combined

DC means DOUGLAS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flies almost as fast as the stork_the DC-7

Whatever your reason for getting home sooner...

Take the DC-7__world's fastest airliner

With its top speed a remarkable 410 miles an hour, the DC-7 wings you with velvet swiftness across the oceans, across the continents—anywhere in the world!

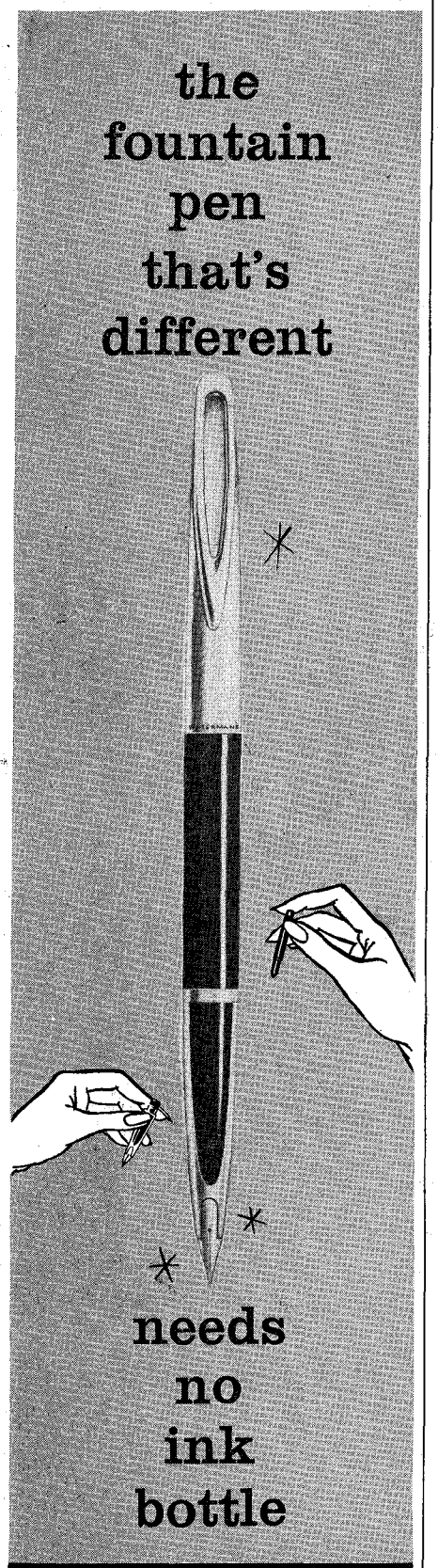
There's unbeatable luxury and comfort, too. The spacious DC-7 cabin is pressurized, air conditioned, soundproofed and tastefully appointed to make your travel completely restful.

Next trip, get there *sooner*, more *comfortably*—by DC-7. See why *more* people and *more* airlines fly Douglas than all other airplanes *combined!*

DOUGLAS

BUILDER OF THE DC-8 JETLINER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Waterman's C/F®

the cartridge-filled fountain pen

*Fills with an unbreakable cartridge of real ink *Tremendous ink capacity *Transparent cartridge shows ink line clearly * Never needs servicing *In wide choice of color combinations and points *From $2.95 to $15.00 (plus tax)

...the newest word in writing

WATERMAN PEN COMPANY, INC., Seymour, Conn.

(*Continued from Page 94*) she was off again—this time to the mountains, where the Everts had a hunting lodge.

"Not that they ever shoot anything," Mark said. "It's just a place for parties. They observe the same amenities as in town. Mrs. E. says her heart's been bothering her and she needs Kathie to play hostess to V.I.P.'s. She hasn't, you know, got a heart, so how could it bother her?"

It was while Kathie was gone that time that Mark joined us one night, looking grim. "That's that," he said; then he laughed. "I asked for a raise," he said. "I didn't get it."

"Don't be in such a hurry," George told him. "You're very young."

"Young? I still have to live. I want to have something besides codfish gravy or dried-beef gravy for supper—that's what we always come to near payday. Unless the family comes for dinner. We hock things then. No, I've got to have more money, even if it means robbing a bank."

"But you'd have to have as much as the Everts, wouldn't you?" Doctor Cather said unexpectedly. "That's a good deal, my boy. A very great deal. It seems stupid to try for it."

Mark was sober. "Yes, of course you're right," he said. "It is stupid. Just a raise wouldn't be any real competition, would it?"

"None at all," Doctor Cather said gently.

After that trip we all knew something was wrong, but we didn't do anything about it. How could we have? Kathie was there, but some of the brightness had gone out of her. She wore the same clothes, but had taken on a kind of scornful elegance. She looked like an Evert, not just a young, beautiful girl deeply in love.

One day—it was very hot, though we were well into fall already—Mark said to Doctor Cather, "You ought to take summers off. What's the use of a teaching job if you don't take summers off? Here the new session's beginning and you're all worn out." Doctor Cather did look tired that day.

But he smiled at Mark and said, "I don't get raises either."

After we let Doctor Cather off at the college, Mark said, "You know, he's an all-right sort of fellow, isn't he?"

Then we were into October. Yes, we all knew now that things were wrong with Mark and Kathie. We didn't talk about it, but we knew. I always felt tension when we stopped at the house on Schoolhouse Road, waiting to see whether Kathie would come out with her radiant smile. I think George felt it too. Sometimes she did come, put up a hand in greeting, but it wasn't the quick, impulsive wave of summer. Nor did she throw her arms about Mark's neck and cling to him. Some mornings he kissed her briefly on the cheek, came down to us without looking back.

The leaves began to turn and the early mornings were beautiful indeed. Quite early there was a frost.

"I see your petunias survived the frost," I said to Mark.

"My petunias?" As if he had forgotten the day he took the plants home, the radiance with which Kathie had received them. "Oh, yes. I hadn't noticed. . . . We had an overnight guest. That was frosty too. Don't my petals look a little black?" He laughed, but there was anger in his laughter. "Can you imagine it?" he said. "They think Kathie ought to pack up and come home to be with her mother, who has this heart condition, as I told you. They think she could pack me up, too, if she couldn't come by herself, though that's what they'd prefer, naturally. They think I'm a very inconsiderate sort of husband, unfeeling—all that. Why, they've got all that room; we wouldn't be any bother. And Mrs. E. needs Kathie, really needs her, you know. . . . Sorry. I did get a real nip."

No one knew what to say. Finally, Mark himself said, "It wouldn't be temporary, that's the trouble. If it were just to be a little stay, as they pretend, you could manage to do it gracefully. But that's not what they mean at all. Kathie doesn't see that they don't mean what they say. But I will not be kept by the Everts, even temporarily, and that's that."

"You could set a time limit," George said.

"No. It wouldn't work," Mark said.

I think we all knew he was right, that it wouldn't work, that they'd be trapped if they let it happen. And yet it didn't seem possible to any of us that Kathie would let it happen. The marriage had been too bright, too beautiful not to last. Yet we did know things were serious, that Mark was deeply troubled, that there was some change in Kathie herself.

Then one morning last week—well, we drove around the reservoir, and there was the heron, standing there in the still golden morning. The water was quiet and clear. It was Mark who always greeted the heron, but this morning he never mentioned it. I kept waiting for him to speak, even after we had passed the spot. He hardly talked all the way to town. We let off Doctor Cather, then George.

Then Mark said, "You needn't go out to the plant. Let me out anywhere now." But when I drew up at the curb, he sat there a moment. "I've lost my job," he said suddenly.

"Good heavens!" I said. "That's tough. But there are lots of jobs right now."

"I know. I'm looking around. I had a row with Clifford. Don't know what got into me. . . . Don't tell the others. I'll work it out."

"Of course you will."

"Funny. I was going to go straight to the top at Aircraft. Got a feeling I'll never go anywhere. . . . Kathie's gone home. She says she'll be back—but will she?"

"Perhaps you should have pocketed your pride and gone with her," I said.

"No, that would have been the finish for sure. No, I couldn't—you must see that. Thing is, I ought to land a really fabulous job right now, and I don't seem to be able to land any sort. Something seems to have happened to my git-up-and-git." He got out of the car slowly. "I'll work it out," he said again. "Here, tonight?" and he walked away. But he looked as if he had nowhere to go.

When I picked him up that night, I didn't need to ask him if he'd found something. I knew he hadn't.

The next week he drove. I don't know where he went after we'd left the car. I would think of him a good deal, and in my thoughts he was just wandering, wandering about the city, not asking for jobs, not doing anything at all. But at night he would joke with us a little, never saying anything about Kathie or his own discouragement. George and Cather knew Kathie had gone home for a visit, but that was all.

Then one morning George said to me, "She ought to come back. No way for a man to live. It's not good."

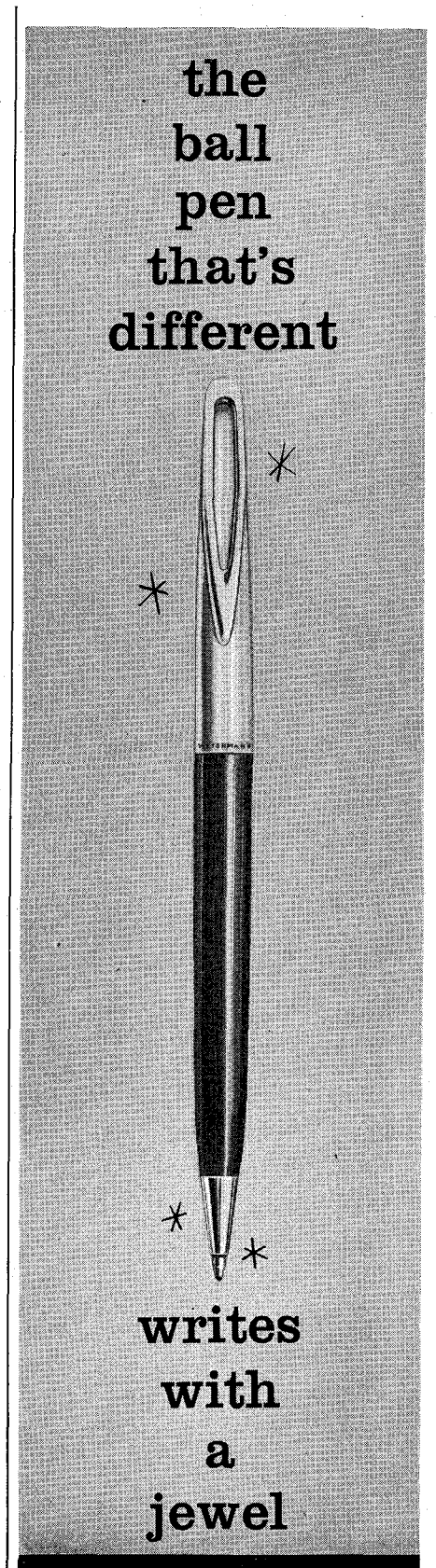
"No," I said. "It's bad. But we can't do much about it, can we?"

"Someone should tell her a few facts about life."

"You?" I said. "I?"

"I believe I might if I had the opportunity," George said, surprisingly.

"If. You won't get the opportunity," I said. "You can't walk up to the front door of the Everts' mansion and tell the butler you've come to give the daughter of the house a dressing down."



and nothing writes like a Sapphire*

*The only ball pen that writes with a jewel instead of a steel ball *Writes smoothly and evenly, even on glossy surfaces *Jewel point has a remarkable affinity to ink *Converts instantly to a fluid-lead pencil *Choice of colors to match Waterman's C/F.® Prices start at $1.95

Waterman's Sapphire* CONVERTIBLE

...the newest word in writing

WATERMAN PEN COMPANY, INC., Seymour, Conn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He smiled. "No, I suppose not," he said. "It's a pity, though."

It was a pity, there was no mistake about that. The hills were all so bright with color, the sun shone. It's been a perfect month, weather-wise. Mark told Cather he'd take us in this week; said he'd just as soon because he was going to need to do some driving around through the day. I was always the last one out, so we had a few words together after the others left.

Wednesday he said, apropos of nothing, "I smashed the Napoleon plate."

"Feel better?" I said, and tried to say it lightly.

"No I can't say I did. . . . Rob, I wanted to ask you. . . . You don't think I'm a fool, making a stand, do you?"

"No. You couldn't go there to live, I can see that. Only—well, it seems a pity that there isn't some way out of it. Have you told her you've lost your job?"

"How could I? Now? The perfect excuse to help me out while I'm looking! No, we have to fight it out on this line. Only—well, what would I do if I lost?"

"You won't lose," I said.

"See you," he said, and drove off. I wasn't sure he wouldn't lose. Not any more.

Then, tonight he said to me before we got the others, "I won't be coming in with you any more. You tell the others, will you? I've got a sort of job in Denver and I'm leaving in the morning. Not much, but something."

"Oh. Alone—you're going alone?" I said.

"Yes. Naturally. A proper daughter doesn't leave her mother when her mother's on the verge of a heart attack, does she?"

"There's no use talking like that, Mark," I said. "And maybe she really feels that's true."

"No doubt. Oh, she says she'll join me. Maybe by Christmas. But she won't. No, it's done. Only I don't seem to know where to go from here."

I wanted to say something to him about—well, that if he had faith enough in her love, it might survive this separation, but it seemed corny, even in my thoughts, and I couldn't say it.

"What about your house?" I asked him.

"I've rented it." The gay simple little house, with the fireplace in the back, the petunias in front, the big elm in the yard.

He said very little to the others when they came. At the corner store, when Doctor Cather got out, he did say, "Good night, Doctor Cather." But perhaps only to me did the words have a melancholy finality, the shape of a farewell to a friend. When he got out at home, I said, "Good luck! Miss you, mornings." I shook hands and Mark turned back to the car, thrust his hand through the open window and shook hands with George wordlessly. He was gone. That was all.

George said, "Miss him? What does that mean?"

"He's going out to Denver to work," I told him. "He didn't want to hash it over."

"I see." He knew what that meant—that Kathie wasn't coming back. "A pity," he said only.

Yes, it is a pity. And this October is not like the Octobers of my boyhood.

A man must not make final judgments. A strange thing has just happened. I was just sitting here, remembering this month, when Alice came across the room and sat on the arm of my chair. She's not demonstrative. I don't know when she's done such a thing. She looks so neat always—dark skirt, very white blouse, a string of pearls, her hair brushed back so smoothly. It startled me, having her come to sit here, so close to me.

"I heard about the Brewsters," she said. "Such a nice young pair—it seems terribly sad somehow."

She put her face down against my hair—just for an instant—then got up and went to the sofa and reached for her book.

"Yes," I told her, "it is sad."

Has she been looking into my mind this last half hour? She sits there in the corner of the sofa, head bent to her book, quite as if I weren't here, as if she hadn't come and put her face against my hair. But she did come. I can hear the leaves skittering against the cellar door. Strange, the grief is dying out of the sound. I could almost tell her about the three of us, going in together tomorrow, pooling our loss of Mark, our loss of some bright dream. Almost. Suppose I said to her, "I do have a place to come to out of October." Suppose I said, "Why, I do have a safety I didn't even recognize!" Or suppose I said, "Our love has never gone up like a rocket, but neither will it come down with the light all fizzling out." Somehow I ought to say to her that I know marriage is a place where all is pooled, is known without telling. But I can't say any of it. We are quiet people and we just don't talk much. THE END

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

3. Of the Monday Mood and the Man

And one bright morning, lad, you'll wake to find
Her personal sun eclipsed by black clouds blown
From some dark stratum of the female mind
As melancholy marks her for her own.
Bleak-eyed, she'll view the sorry prospect then:
Her parlor, drab; her kitchen curtains, hateful;
Her face, hands, hair—cry Woe, and Woe again!
Her spouse and all her progeny, ungrateful.

And there's no cure, save time, but mind you this:
Oh, double now thy standard daily ration
Of small fond deeds—the dinner out, the kiss,
The one sure miracle drug, Appreciation!
For wife, like husband, child, and lesser beast,
Most needs it, son, when she deserves it least.

No wrestling this wheel!

CHEVROLET

Power Steering

SAVES UP TO 80% OF TURNING EFFORT

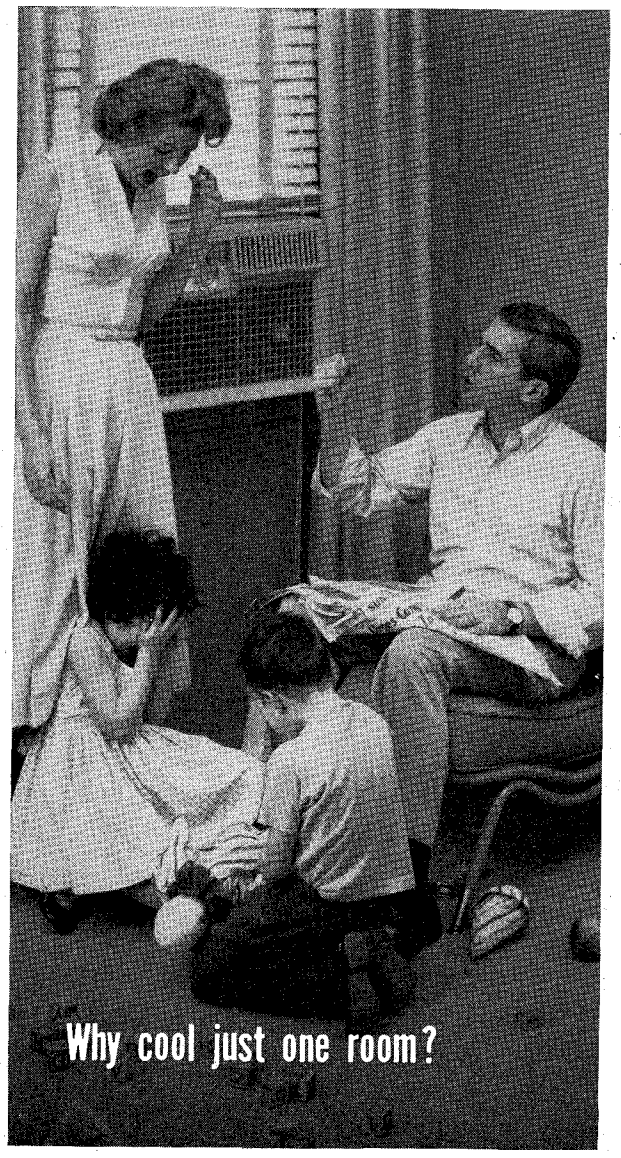
If you've ever driven over a really rough detour . . . or rutty back roads pockmarked with chuckholes . . . you know what an ordeal it is in an ordinary car. But try it in a big new Chevy with Chevrolet Power Steering and *you won't believe your arms!* Even on treacherous loose gravel or soft shoulders, all the "feel" is there, but all the fight is gone . . . thanks to the same magic "muscles" that make it a lark to park or maneuver through city traffic. And out on the open highway, Chevrolet Power Steering gives you such a feeling of relaxed security that 500 miles seems more like 50!

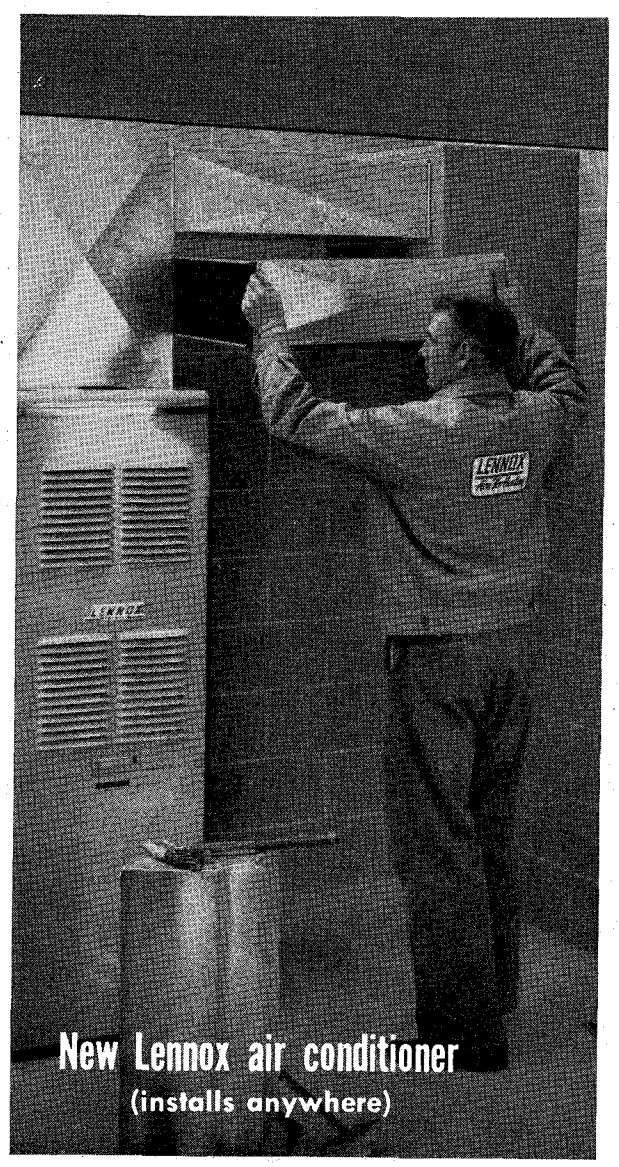
For 1957, Chevrolet Power Steering is optional on all models at a *new low price* (now it costs no more than radio or heater). Try it before you buy your next car and *feel what you've been missing!* Saginaw Steering Gear Division of General Motors, Saginaw, Michigan.

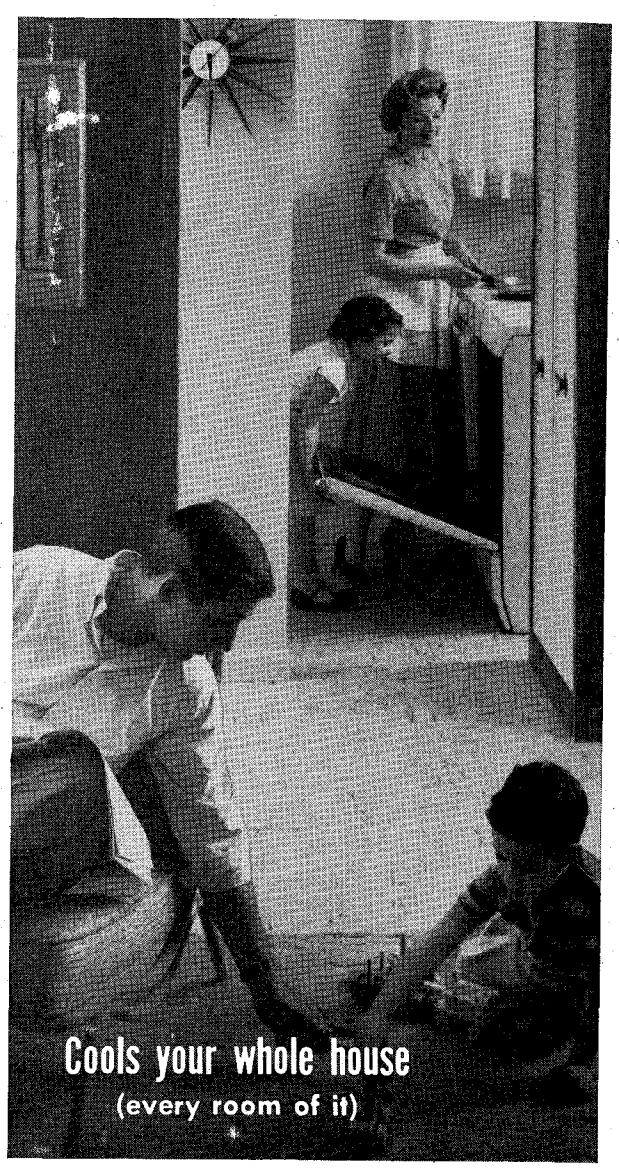
WATCH "WIDE WIDE WORLD" SUNDAYS • NBC-TV

CHEVROLET POWER STEERING by Saginaw GM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED







Now . . . from Lennox . . . a whole-house air conditioner for cigarette money

It's the amazing new Lennox Stowaway Air Conditioner . . . now available for custom-installation by your local Lennox Comfort Craftsman

Why enjoy air conditioning in just *part* of your house for just *part* of the day or night? You can afford better than that—now!

Lennox, world leader in the science of conditioning air, has developed a remarkable new air-cooled *whole-house* air conditioner that's surprisingly economical to install, operate and maintain. *It costs no more over the years you enjoy it than you spend on cigarettes—even if your family smokes as little as two packs a day!*

Economical to install

Called the Lennox Stowaway, this new air conditioner has been specially designed for low-cost installation in any home—no matter how it's designed or heated. It requires no plumbing, no water tower, no expensive wiring; can be neatly "stowed away" in an attic, basement or crawl space, or outside on a roof or concrete slab. If you have a warm air heating system of any make, you're really lucky, of course, because you can then use your furnace ducts and registers. But since the Lennox Stowaway air conditioner requires only the simplest type of ductwork, it can also be economically installed in homes with hot water, steam or radiant heat; or with a space heater, wall heaters or floor furnace.

Costs less to operate

And what about operating costs? To cool and dehumidify the air throughout your house, the Stowaway uses up to *40% less electricity* than many other air-cooled air conditioners of similar capacity. Two compressors assure a constant comfortable balance of temperature and humidity. Lennox Stowaway units of 2-ton, 3¼-ton capacities—also 5-ton single-compressor model—are now available for custom-installation by your Lennox Comfort Craftsman.

Buy now on Easy Pay Plan

Call your Lennox Comfort Craftsman, listed in the yellow pages of your phone book. He's factory-trained, deals directly with Lennox. He'll be glad to give you a free air conditioning estimate.

LENNOX comfort craftsman

CAN YOU QUALIFY AS A LENNOX COMFORT CRAFTSMAN?

Opportunities are open in some localities to heating and air conditioning specialists who can meet our high standards. Write: Lennox, Dept. CC, Marshalltown, Ia.

More families buy **LENNOX**®

world leader in all-season air conditioning for the home

Find Your Nearest Dealer In The 'Yellow Pages'

©1957 Lennox Industries Inc., Heating and Air Conditioning founded 1895; Marshalltown and Des Moines Ia.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Columbus, O.; Decatur, Ga.; Ft. Worth; Los Angeles; Salt Lake City. In Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Calgary, Vancouver.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kiowa Moon (Continued from Page 51)

sister. Shall I tell him now? Shall I tell him I know it too?

"Well, anyway," he finally said, "we can eat the cake."

They took it out on the stoop, in the faint light of the waning moon. He sat with his back against the house, and when Rachel had cut the cake, she sat close by him, leaning against his shoulder, while they ate. Before they were through, they ate it all.

They spoke of their need of rain. Ben had been up at the source of the Dancing Bird, and it was no more than a seep, though in the spring it was a little waterfall, nearly two feet high, and they called it the Falls. Rachel admitted to Ben that whenever she was at the head of the creek she always looked for the bird papa had seen there, that had given the stream its name.

"I sure miss papa," Ben told Rachel. "He's four years gone, and yet, this year I miss him more than I ever did before. We need him, sis. We need him bad."

In some ways he sounded weary and about a hundred years older than he was. But there was something else in the way he spoke that reminded her of a little boy. *Now?* she wondered. *Should I tell him now? "Sis." He knows I'm not that to him. He pretends it to please mamma. Because he thinks I believe it.*

She was afraid. She could not remember ever having been so much afraid in her life. Maybe Ben wouldn't like to think of her in any way except as a sister, maybe he wouldn't have any use for her at all. There never seemed to be a right or natural time to tell him. Nothing they talked about ever led into it in any way.

She asked him where Witch River was, where papa had died, and why nobody outside the family ever seemed to have heard of it. It was a reached-for question, to keep him out here on the stoop a little longer. Any time now he might yawn and go to bed.

Now Ben told her how papa had been drowned in Witch River while crossing cattle, and how his body had never been found. He remembered it all as if it had been last night.

"Now the horses he rode are old," Ben concluded slowly, wonderingly, "and his bones are sand in the sea."

They were silent. The fireflies that had failed Rachel were thick and bright, stirrup-deep, all along the Dancing Bird. Rachel reached for Ben's hand and held it hard between both her own.

"I miss him still," Ben said. "He was all I ever knew to turn to when I didn't know what to do. I need him so many times. Rachel—Rachel, honey, I never needed him any more than I do this year."

Now? Shall I tell him now? Maybe I could become what he needs instead. But still she didn't know how to speak.

"He would have known what to do here," Ben said. "Papa knew how to face anything down."

"No," Rachel said. "If you'll think back, you'll remember things he turned his back on, trying to pretend they weren't there. You'll even remember things he never faced, but gave ground to and drew away."

Now how does she know that? He was almost frightened for a moment. *How much does she know and understand that we think she's never suspected?* He decided to ignore it.

"He was a good man," Ben said, without change of mood. "The best man ever forked a horse, I guess. There'll never be another like him."

Her whisper was intense, rebellious. "That isn't true."

"What?"

"You're a better man than papa ever thought of being," she told him.

"Rachel! Me?"

"You're steadier, and you hold on harder. You stick to your knittin', where papa was always getting switched off. You're the one people can tie to, Ben! And count on always."

"I—but—why, Rachel ——" He was dumfounded. "But you loved papa—I know you did. Because ——"

"I worshiped him. I would never have known he wasn't the best man in the world, if I hadn't known you. But you're the best man."

He was silenced, and she didn't know whether he was touched or only astonished and shocked by her heresy.

Presently he leaned over and gently kissed her hair. He said softly, "I'm right glad you think that, anyway."

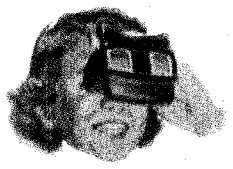
Now? Is this the time?

But he stood up and, with an easy pull of one hand, lifted her to her feet. He

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Why can't you come home exhausted like other men?"

the Wizard of Oz



"comes to life" in the magic realism of View-Master 3-dimension color pictures!

For the first time in all the history of make-believe, the beloved "Wizard of Oz" appears in fascinating three dimension! Now, in a View-Master picture packet, Dorothy relives her enchanting adventures in Oz . . . in pictures that "come to life" as magically as scarecrows and poppy fields. To youngsters, it's like visiting Oz themselves!

See "The Wizard of Oz" now . . . and other new packets, such as Walt Disney's "Bambi" and "The Easter Story". They provide hours of enjoyment with a View-Master Viewer or Projector . . . wonderful Easter gifts for everyone!

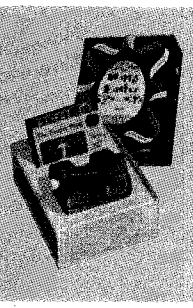
New! Donald Duck Packet. His debut in 3-Dimension. Uncle Scrooge and nephews add to fun. Packet, $1.25

New! Bobby the Bunny Packet with Easter-time stories about live animals children love. Packet, $1.25

View-Master Packets cover many subjects of interest to everyone. Twenty-one full-color pictures (3 reels) in each Packet. $1.25

View-Master Viewer shows reels in three dimension. Sturdy plastic construction, easy to operate. $2.50 Light Attachment for Viewer, $2.00

Junior Projector uses View-Master Reels to project two dimension pictures. Sturdy, easy to operate. $9.95



Easter Gift-Pak

NEW—a bright package of viewing fun, in gala Easter wrap. Holds Viewer and two selected gift Packets . . . priced at just $4.95. Deluxe Gift-Pak contains Viewer, two Packets and Viewer Light Attachment . . . $6.95.

COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE

A NEW CAMERA FROM THE MAKERS OF VIEW-MASTER!

nomad

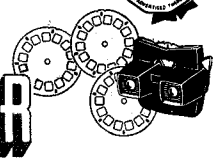
Takes black-and-white or color snapshots . . . flash pictures, too! Smartly styled, very simple to use. Ideal gift!

Nomad 127, $4.95 Nomad 620, $6.95 Nomad Flash, $2.50

® Sawyer's Inc.
Prices slightly higher in Canada.

Select

VIEW-MASTER®



three dimension pictures at photo, gift, drug and department stores everywhere

Send for the free gift booklet that tells about View-Master Products, Personal Stereo Camera, Bi-Lens 35mm Slide Viewer and Nomad Cameras, all made by Sawyer's Inc. Write to: Sawyer's Inc., Dept. S, Portland 7, Oregon.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

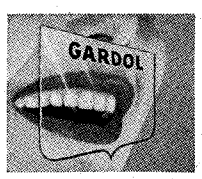
Brush Your Teeth with Colgate's... Brush Bad Breath Away!

And Colgate's with GARDOL Fights Decay All Day, Too!

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol stops mouth odor all day for most people . . . with just one brushing! Gives you that fresh-clean feeling that comes from brushing your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream.

And unlike other leading toothpastes,* Colgate Dental Cream contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing!

Gardol's invisible shield fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing.



*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL

Colgate's with GARDOL
CLEANS YOUR BREATH
WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

said, "Now, you take care of everybody while I'm gone."

And it was time to get some sleep.

After Ben was gone, the summer ran on, and it was turning into one of the driest they had known since they had been on the Dancing Bird. The grass cured on the stem before it was halfway up, and the range, heavily overstocked the year before, was overgrazed and haunted by dust devils wherever the livestock had wandered. Trail men who drove late would bust, as most had busted the last three years in a row.

This year the things that had made Rachel's childhood happy didn't seem to interest her any more. Other years she had trapped pets, often collecting a regular zoo of them. Once she had raised an elf owl, no bigger than a sparrow when it was full grown. Another time she had spoon-fed a nest of ravens until they flew. For several years, one or another of them had come back, from time to time, to squawk for handouts around the stoop, but fewer appeared each year, until no more came home. She had tamed any number of deer mice and jumping mice. These were magical little creatures, with delicate oversized ears that the sun shone through.

But now she turned instead to summer drudgeries she had always begun reluctantly before. She scoured the big iron kettles, dug fire pits outside, and started trying out tallow for the great store of candles and soft soap that must last the family for a year.

She was trying to forget another task that she knew she must someday undertake. No one had assigned it to her; indeed, she would be prevented if she were found out. Her restless industry was an attempt at escape, for she dreaded this thing, and even saw reason for physical fear. But she could not drive it from the back of her mind. The five hands who were always loafing at home, a different combination every day, were a help in putting off the job she feared. These, with either Cash or Andy always around, gave her an excuse for believing she could not slip away. But her time was running out. July passed and they were into August; she knew Ben might already be on his way home.

Then the grasshoppers came. When the first great cloud of them appeared in the north, Rachel mistook the strange low darkness on the horizon for a dust storm, and she watched for twisters. The billions of grasshoppers rolled swiftly across the grassland, and only shreds and fibers were left where they touched.

It was the grasshoppers that gave Rachel a chance to get away. When they had passed, the cicadas, that everybody called locusts, resumed their metallic shrilling in the bare cottonwoods. But the cattle were left standing in helpless bunches upon the stripped land, and the prairie moaned night and day with their bawling. Cash worked as though possessed.

He sent riders in seven directions, hunting for belts and pockets of grass the grasshoppers might have missed. When these were found, the cows had to be moved to them, with Jake Rountree on hand to see that the Rawlins cattle got an even break.

Zeb Rawlins himself was in Fort Worth, seeking a deal with somebody to put together a crew, with which he wanted Jude to drive a herd of stockers to Wichita with the first cool weather. Jude was the drawback there; Zeb was not having an easy time finding the men he had to have. But if word went down to him that he was coming out on the short end at home, he might be able to flood the Dancing Bird with gun-toting riders and take over the whole range.

Cash still came in at night, or sent Andy, with three or four of their crack shots, but only a couple of hands were left at home to sleep away the days. They had almost, but perhaps not quite, come into the first days of their next Kiowa moon. No excuse was left. Rachel could get away now, and must, if she was ever going to. Early one morning Rachel saddled a fast pony and got away unnoticed. She pointed downstream and to the east, toward the Rawlinses'.

Half a dozen horses shuffled themselves in the Rawlins saddle corral, restless in the morning sun. They watched her approach, and whinnied at her pony, so that she was announced from a long way off. Nothing else stirred around the Rawlins place; the cabin was closed up, tight shuttered against the morning heat, and the chimney was smokeless. Except for the corralled horses, the place might have been deserted for a long time.

Rachel did not tie. When she had dismounted she led her pony to the door, keeping hold of him, for she was frightened now—more so with every step that she advanced. At the door she raised her knuckles to rap, but still hesitated a moment more, all but unable to face the ordeal she had laid out for herself. What, after all, could she possibly say?

She never knocked. The door was suddenly snatched open in front of her, and Hagar was standing there, glaring at her with a total hostility. The sunlight was pitiless upon the deep lines and roughnesses of her face, and it was a death's-head face.

Rachel tried to speak, and could not. She was seeing evil lights come up behind Hagar's eyes, the same dreadful glow she had seen upon that awful night in this same house when they had heard the story of Hagar's captivity. She wanted to turn, vault onto her horse and get away, but not a muscle would move.

"You," Hagar said. The word was voiceless, a rasping of breath in her throat. "You," she repeated. "You dare to come here?"

"I—only ——" Rachel could not remember a word that she had ever thought of to say.

"You come here," Hagar said, "to this house. You come and stand afore me." She had regained her voice, though it shook, and her words seemed to choke her. "What blasphemy can there be you would draw back from?"

Looking into the terrible eyes, Rachel was certain Hagar was insane. Yet she still stood there.

"Squaw!" Hagar accused her. "Ki'way squaw! Yet you stand here afore me!" Her voice still shook, but rose strongly now, "Red she-devil as ever was, yet you dare face up to me? For now we know all. Your own brother put knife to my little girl at No Hope—her dear pretty hair has been seen on his shield! Yes, and he stopped by your place as he rode to that butchery, didn't he? Boasted to you of what he would do—and from you rode straight to the massacre! And his knife—your own brother's knife—it was at work when they cut apart her darling body—past all decent laying out of it—leaving no part with another!"

Overrun by Hagar's storm of words, Rachel was in bewilderment. Hagar had seemed to accuse Ben or Andy—perhaps Cash, even, forgetting in her madness that Cash had been far away. But Hagar's raving still poured on.

"Oh, I know you now! Dear God in heaven, how I know you! For I know the work of red-devil squaws, when they be nigh a massacre and get a chance at the bodies. Had you been 'longside your brother, you would have bloodied your hands like his own. But not again! All Texas knows the truth now, save those too blind to see! You will be struck from the face of this earth! You and all your kin, and all who give you help or feed you—you'll be hunted and driven ——"

She lost her breath in a hard fit of coughing. She turned blindly from the door, went to her knees as her crippled feet betrayed her, and clawed herself up again. "Rifle," she croaked, as if someone were standing there to hand it to her. "M' rifle—gi' me m' rifle!"

The spell broke, and Rachel could leave there. She had a scared moment in which her pony reared and spun away from her, spooked by her billowing skirt as she whirled. The leather burned through her

"Herbert believes in a sound mind in a sound body."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fingers, and she all but lost him. She made cast after cast of the split rein, while the pony ran backward from her, and she stumbled over her skirt, unable to quiet him. But she got the rein over his neck at last, and a foot in the stirrup; she was no better than lying across the saddle, but with him, as he lit out.

No bullet came. In the Rawlins cabin, Georgia had finally got to her mother, from wherever she had been, and caught Hagar as she stumbled toward the door. Hagar had got down a heavy rifle musket, and was fumbling to seat its coiled Maynard primer.

"Ma! You can't!" Georgia threw arms around her.

Hagar fought her daughter with an unnatural strength. Georgia's lip split as an elbow struck her mouth, and a rib cracked as the musket butt drove into her body. Yet she held on; and in a matter of moments Hagar's cough came back, and the strength went out of her. She lost her grip on the musket and went to her knees. Georgia picked her up and carried her to her bed.

When Rachel could gain her seat, her knee over the horn, she bent low on the pony's neck, letting him bolt, and only then looked back. Hagar had not reappeared in the open door. But still she urged the pony flat out and belly to the ground, winging over gullies, sailing high over brush they could more quickly have swerved to pass, wanting only more space behind her.

By the time she pulled up, the pony was shaking as badly as she was, and all the wind was beaten out of both of them by the headlong run. It took her a while to recover herself sufficiently to take a look at what had happened. None of it made much sense at first. The wildness of Hagar's accusations had the effect of disconnecting all she said from reality.

Going back over it, taking apart what Hagar had said and looking at each piece of it alone, she found that the meanings became more clear. Hagar had not said Rachel was at No Hope; her reference had been to what could be expected of squaws if they were present at a slaying. And the accusation of her brother—Hagar had not meant any of the Zacharys. Nor had she meant Seth, who was a savage, but not a red savage. The mad woman had been repeating some part of Abe Kelsey's babblings. She had called Rachel a Kiowa squaw whose brother had ridden with Seth.

Strangely, she found herself calm in the face of this answer; it was almost as though she had felt relief that the long mystery and foreboding were over. *I think, now, that I already knew it. I think I must have known it for a long time.*

She unsaddled methodically and put away her saddle and bridle. She walked into the house unexcited and unhurried; yet Mathilda knew what had happened in the first moment that she saw her.

This time Mathilda did not panic. She had known for quite a while that her struggle to stand off the inevitable was a hopeless one. She said, "You've been to the Rawlinses'."

Rachel nodded. "The bones are out of the tree." It was an expression they had brought with them from the San Saba, where the Indians had formerly made tree burials.

Rachel and Mathilda were alone, and now they said what little had to be said about these bones, newly fallen from the tree.

"I should have told you the whole thing straight off, I guess," Mathilda admitted.

"Is this all of it this time?"

"Yes, this is all of it." She told Rachel now how papa had led a band of volunteers in pursuit of a party of Kiowa raiders who had cleaned out a whole string of isolated settlers, apparently. This was back before the war, in '57, but the Kiowas were always bad ones, even then.

The raiders had captive children with them—seven or eight, at first. Papa had sworn he would follow them as long as horses made tracks. He chased them all the way to their village, far up the Salt Fork of the Brazos, and whipped their warriors in a holding action they tried. He was less than an hour behind them at one point, as the village got away.

That was when he found her. Traveling villages carried all their stuff on drag litters, or travois, which were poles dragged behind a horse, with a buffalo-hide hammock slung between. And there between the travois tracks sat a white baby less than one year old.

"How did you know I was?" Rachel asked coolly.

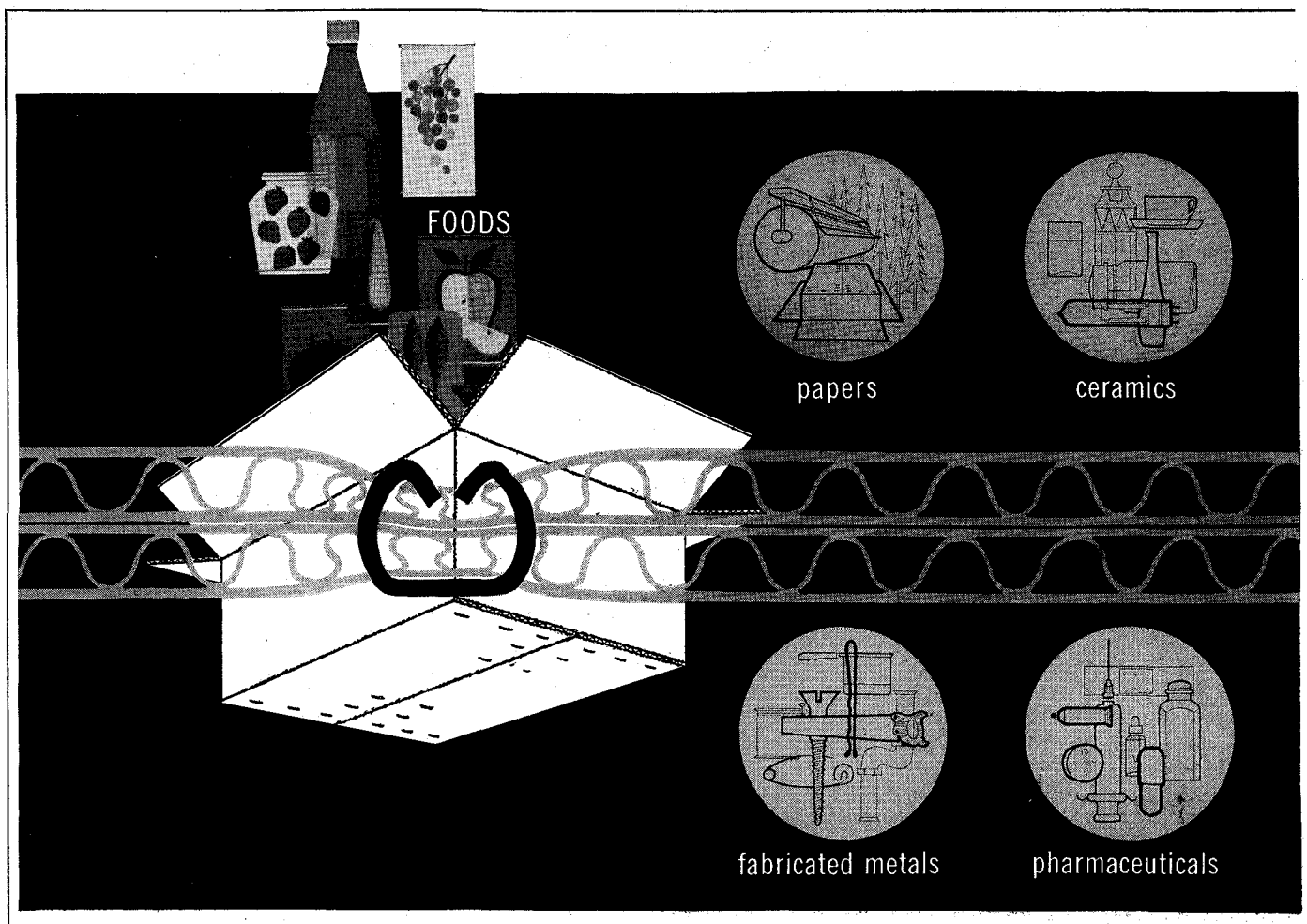
"Why, by your teeth, of course. Seemed you had bounced out of a drag litter, all unnoticed."

"Indians have teeth. What made you think I was a white girl?"

"It was perfectly obvious. It always has been. It was only long afterwards, when Abe Kelsey got mad at papa, that he started that other outlandish story." Mathilda made it a simple statement of fact, because that was what it was to her, and always had been. "Papa carried you more than two hundred miles in his arms," she said now. "Took him two weeks to get you home."

"If I was a captive child, why did nobody ever find out who I was?"

"Maybe we didn't try too hard—though we did do what we thought we ought to.



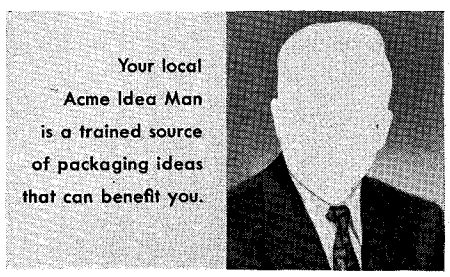
See your AIM* about Ideas for products going places

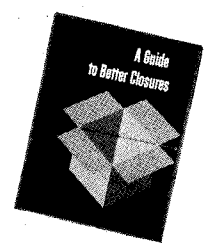
...in Fibreboard Boxes

The Food Industry picks Acme Steel Stitching Wire for speed and strength in addition to economy. One out of every three users of stitched fibreboard boxes in the Food Industry is getting the performance advantages of Acme Steel Stitching Wire in actual production today. No matter what your products may be you can enjoy the benefits of Acme Steel Wire Stitching equipment if you are a user of fibreboard boxes.

Your packing costs can be materially reduced and safe delivery assured by switching from your present method to fast, sure Acme Steel Wire Stitching. There is an Acme Steel Stitching Machine to fit almost any wire stitching requirement.

***See your Acme Idea Man.** He is prepared to discuss the most economical, positive closures for your packaging. He will be glad to give you a copy of the informative new closure book, "A Guide to Better Closures." For the name of your Acme Idea Man, and your copy of this book write Dept. SAW-47, Acme Steel Products Division, Acme Steel Company, Chicago 27, Illinois. In Canada, Acme Steel Company of Canada, Ltd., 743 Warden Ave., Toronto 13, Ontario.





ACME STEEL WIRE STITCHING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But you were so dear and sweet, and we wanted you so ——"

"It doesn't matter any more," Rachel said.

"Of course not. I don't know what difference it would make even if that foolish story had been true. There's lots of Indian blood in some of the very finest Southern families. Sam Houston himself married a Cherokee girl. I don't know how people get so upset."

Having seen Hagar, Rachel knew how. But she said again, "It doesn't matter."

Mamma kissed her, and praised her for being so sensible. "You and I aren't going to be here, anyway, come winter. We have money now; it's time to see to your education. We'll visit a while in New Orleans first. After that, maybe Charleston; maybe Richmond."

Always ready to run again, Rachel thought; *every time the truth about me catches up.* She said, "Could you ever really bring yourself to leave Ben and Cash and Andy?"

"We must be crazy people," Mathilda said, "to live in a leaky mud hut at the utter end of desolation, and put our money down a hole. The boys find their work here; emptiness has some strange pull for men on horses. But it's a dreadful thing to be a woman out on the prairie. Cassius will be gone soon, and Andy too. And poor Ben—he'll feel he must stay by us, drawing into himself and growing old too soon."

Rachel saw now how drawn Mathilda looked, how terribly tired. She made Mathilda lie down, and she sang the herd lullaby about the pore cowboy, shot five times right through his dang chest, until Mathilda smiled and dozed. Then she slipped away.

Maybe they got too much practice in facing up to the worst out there. Rachel never doubted for a moment that she was of Kiowa blood. Too many things bore it out besides the conviction Abe Kelsey's statement had borne for so many. She remembered how Mathilda had always kept at her to wear a sunbonnet and cotton gloves when she went outdoors in the summer heat. How all the lemons they ever got hold of had been wasted trying to make creams to keep her bleached. How she never had been allowed to wear moccasins with beads or any kind of an Indian-looking thing.

The Kiowas had been stealing Spanish-Mexican women and Texian women for somewhere upwards of half a century, and raising stolen white children as their own. And plenty of them had wavy chestnut hair, far less Indian than her own, which was straight black. Lost Bird had auburn hair, and his eyes ——

She felt her stomach try to turn over as she remembered Lost Bird's eyes. Now she took down the little mirror that hung above the wash bench and studied her own eyes. But this time she took the mirror to the darkest corner, and saw that her eyes were nearly black. Then she stood sideways at a window and watched her eyes turn green. And when finally she faced toward the bright sky she saw her eyes go lighter than a peeled grape; doubtless they would flash pale steel, like the knife in Lost Bird's eyes, out in the full sun. *Is that why he looked familiar when I never saw him before?* She could find no other resemblance. But she could hear Hagar saying, "*Your brother stopped by on his way to No Hope.*"

She went to the slop bucket and was sick. But when she had drunk a pint of cold water and washed her face, she knew what she had to do—at once, tonight, before Ben got home. If only Cash and Andy would stay out one night more. . . .

Nightfall did not bring them home.

She located a sheath knife and a belt that would carry it, and punched holes in the belt so that she could strap it on. It was all she was going to take with her. She had no destination and no plan, except to get away; to the west likely, and try for the cap-rock breaks. Her brothers were trackers, all of them, but so was she—enough of one to know how to break her trail.

That night, after they had gone to bed, Rachel lay listening for Mathilda's breathing to become regular, so that she could creep out of the house.

But that was the night the travails of Mathilda's life caught up with her. Something closed in, and something bore down, and something gave way. Mathilda slept lightly, nervously. Four times before midnight Rachel stole out of the bedroom and each time Mathilda came broad awake.

"Rachel, you up?"

"Drink of water. It's hot tonight."

Then Mathilda would like some water, too, so that she was fully waked up again. And the patient waiting began all over again.

An hour after midnight Mathilda began to moan. Her voice sounded faint but wide awake, through the warm dark. "I don't feel very good." It was almost a whisper. "I have the awfulest pain."

The pain seemed to be right in her middle, so they decided it was indigestion. Rachel closed the shutters, and saw to it that the loopholes were all plugged, so that she could build a fire. She set a kettle on, but lighted no candles, and fumbled by memory for the herbs she supposed she should put together, verifying them close to the fire. Finally she made a brew, believed to be good for indigestion, out of peppergrass, ginger and some pinches of stuff such as mandrake root.

This concoction, brought scalding hot, must surely have been the worst thing she could have dished up, for it induced hard vomiting. A little later, before her breath was entirely recovered, Mathilda gave a long, groaning cry of pain and went unconscious.

The next three hours went to make up the longest night Rachel had ever lived in her life. Mathilda regained consciousness in half an hour, but moaned continuously until daylight.

When Cash and Andy rode in together, in the first dawn, Rachel knew she had never been so glad to see anybody before. Mathilda tried to smile at them. "Something I ate," she whispered. They felt her forehead for fever, but she was wet with sweat. A little later she seemed to doze, out of sheer exhaustion, or perhaps she lost consciousness again, for her breathing sounded strange.

"Seems like a busted blood vessel," Andy said. "Somewhere in her chest."

"You don't know what it is any better than I do," Cash set him back. "All I know, it don't look like any natural kind of bellyache to me. I've got to get help."

Rachel was appalled. "All the way to—where? Rountree? You won't be back before tomorrow night!"

"I'll fetch Georgia Rawlins."

"They wouldn't let her come here if the world was falling down!"

"She'll come."

Mathilda rested more easily after the sun came up. Her breathing became more natural, and she slept almost peacefully through the middle of the day.

Cash brought Georgia late in the afternoon. Cash let Georgia down at the stoop, threw her saddle on the ground and turned loose her horse. "Got to look around a minute!" he shouted, and rode to the corral to get a fresh pony.

"What's the matter with him?" Andy asked the outdoors, afraid to speak to Georgia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He's been fretty the last four miles," Georgia told them. "Something spooked him. Didn't say what it was. . . . Let's see your mother."

Mathilda had gone worse again, seemingly half conscious, but unable to recognize Georgia, and breathing with great labor. Georgia asked when it had begun, and looked overpowered. "This is bad. She's bust a blood vessel."

"I told you," said Andy.

"Shut up and fetch my saddlebags. We've got to quieten her what we can. Keep her warm. Wish we could get dry sheets around her. But I don't dast mess with her. I sure hope I'm mighty wrong. She looks a whole lot like a goner."

She pounded some dried leaves and pieces of root into a powder and made a tea of it. They got about half a cupful into Mathilda; it was the first liquid she had kept down so far. "Make her sleep some, maybe. Won't do no other good, though."

Rachel tried to find out how Georgia had got away from her mother.

"Ma? Never asked her. Just lit out."

"Don't she know you're gone?"

"Bound to. Saw me ride off with Cash, I reckon."

"But what will you tell her when you go back?"

"Hell, Rachel, how do I know? Maybe I'll tell her I'm carryin', by him. Whatever seems needful."

"She'll kill you!"

"Not me. Oh, she's game to pull a trigger, all right! But me, I'm all the girl she's got left."

Now Andy roused them up, speaking in a low tone, but urgently, "Stand over by the windows. . . . No, one to each side. Get ready to bar them up. Not yet!"

They could hear the hoofs of Cash's horse coming in, walking quietly. Standing by the windows, but out of line, they could not see Cash, but they knew he had given Andy some kind of signal.

"We got trouble," Andy told them. "But don't touch the shutters. We can't let on we know it. Lest they never let Cash get here."

... ...

April Snow

By Katherine Saunders

Jonquils awaken in surprise
With snowflakes melting in
their eyes.
Tulip buds are frosted over
Beside a snowy four-leaf
clover.
The hyacinth has found her
feet
All covered up with sherbet
sleet
And, undisturbed, the blue
spruce stands
With big snow cookies in
his hands.

... ...

He pulled a loophole plug from the door, and stood behind it, ready to swing it open. The sound of the walking hoofs came on, and on. How could hoofs so near approach for so long, yet never seem to get there? Suddenly Andy swung the door wide, and Cassius, bent low over the horn, jumped his horse across the stoop and into the room. Andy slammed and barred the door behind him.

"Now fort up!" he shouted.

"I figure there's about a dozen of 'em," Cash said as he dismounted. "Knock open a loophole in the west wall. Rachel, get one open in mamma's room. . . . Georgia, pull the slide on the north lookout—better bust out the glass."

They posted themselves as he told them, each alone, one to each side. And after that there was silence in the house. Mathilda seemed to be sleeping peacefully. Half an hour passed and the sun went down. The shuttered interior darkened, but a clear dry light remained outside; it would not dwindle enough to harm marksmanship for the next two hours.

"See there!" Andy spoke from the west loophole. "One's riding in the creek bed! I can bead right on his head!"

"I see him," Cash said.

"You want I should ——"

"Let him come on."

Up over the cutbank of the Dancing Bird, squarely in front of the house, came a single Indian rider. "Lost Bird," Cash said, so that they all could hear it.

He was without war paint and his shirt was on; a four-inch silver disk shone in his hair. And this time they could see he carried no weapon at all. It was a strange thing for a Kiowa to present himself like that, entirely unarmed. But that was the worst thing about Kiowas; they were always doing something original, unpredictable, so you could never figure what kind of way they were fixing to come at you.

"That gray he's riding is a famous racer," Cash said with a peculiar detachment.

Lost Bird's right hand was raised in the peace sign. He did not lower it as he pulled up five yards out, directly in front of the door, and made his pony stand like a rock.

Cash said something in Kiowa, and Lost Bird began to speak. Andy had returned to his station. Nobody was unglued from his loop to see Rachel creep through the shadows to one of the front-shutter loopholes.

She remembered the smooth, beautifully molded face, the small, pleasant-appearing smile, the dark-reddish glow in the thick braids. But his eyes were only dark slits now. Rachel felt the peculiar revulsion that she had felt before. Lost Bird was speaking slowly in Kiowa, a phrase at a time; and he matched his words with the conventional sign language of the prairies that they all knew. So this time she knew what he said.

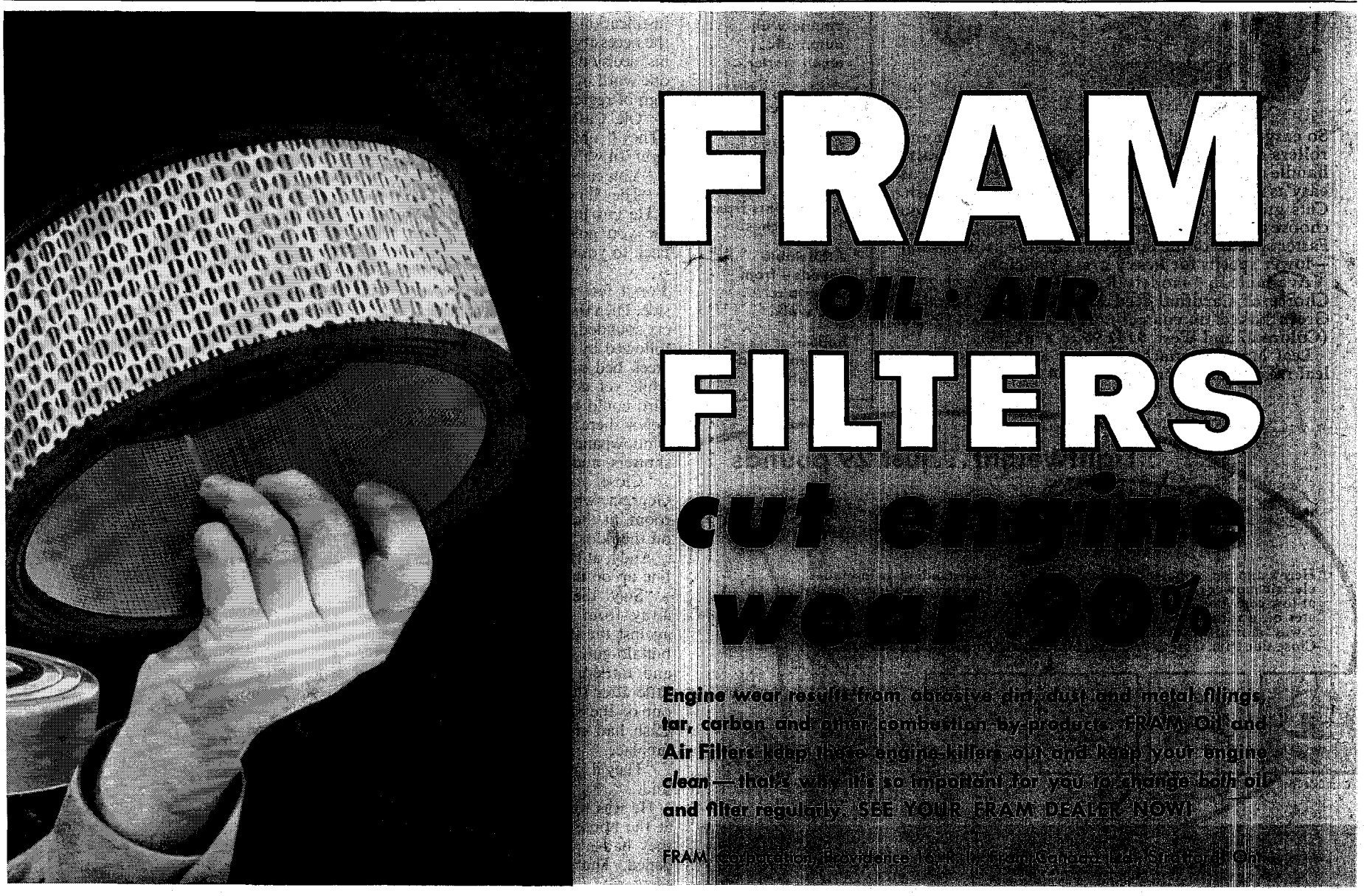
"We many times take your people," he said, and though the sign language does not translate well in its literal meanings, the thought came through clearly. "You come, you want them, you buy. You pay us. We let you take them back. Many times. All friendly. All good."

Cash said something through the door in Kiowa, and Lost Bird acknowledged it with a brief grin. But he went on with the speech he had doubtless carefully prepared. "Long ago," Lost Bird's signs said, "you take a child of ours. You take my sister. We look for her very long. Now we find. Now we come. We want her back now. She is ours. We pay. You pay us, now we pay you. All friendly, all good. I give ten horses for my sister. You give me. I take home."

Cash spat out an angry Kiowa phrase.

"Tell what you want more. Price is good. But I give more," Lost Bird's hands said. "I do not leave this place without my sister. I have twenty-two men. You have two men, three women—one very old. No good."

Cassius raised his carbine to the loophole, aimed steadily and put a bullet close past Lost Bird's ear. The black-powder smell was plain in the room as he


FRAM
OIL • AIR
FILTERS
cut engine wear 50%
Engine wear results from abrasive dirt, dust and metal flings, tar, carbon and other combustion by-products. FRAM Oil and Air Filters keep these engine-killers out and keep your engine clean—that's why it's so important for you to change both oil and filter regularly. SEE YOUR FRAM DEALER NOW!
FRAM Corporation, Providence 16, R. I. In Canada: Fram Canada Ltd., Stratford, Ont.

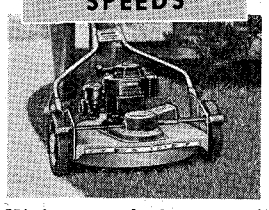
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mowing is so easy with

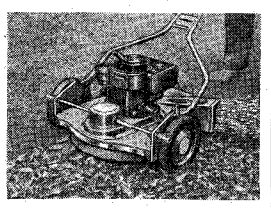
Sunbeam® POWER MOWERS

FREE WHEELING and SELECTIVE SPEEDS

Simply lower handle to drive mower. Just raise handle for free wheeling around flower beds, trees, fences and other hard-to-get-at places.



Higher speeds for normal grass, faster mowing. Slower speeds for heavy grass, weeds, mulching leaves or for use by elderly people.



Sunbeam POWER MOWERS GIVE YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES

- Powerful 2¾ HP, 4-cycle Briggs & Stratton engine with automatic recoil starter.
- Low tone muffler.
- 21" cutting blade.
- 5 cutting height adjustments from 1 to 3 inches.
- Adjustable speeds—from slow to a fast walk.
- Built-in Sunbeam quality throughout.

So easy-to-operate! Simply move handle down and rollers engage wheels to propel mower. Just raise handle to disengage drive for Free Wheeling. It's as easy as that—no knobs to turn . . . no levers to push. Cuts grass or tall weeds. Selective Speeds let you choose the best speed to meet your particular needs. Faster speeds for the large estate or the professional—lower speeds for heavy grass, mulching.

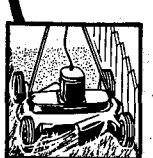
Available in 3 models: R321; R321A; R221-275. Choice of Cardinal Red and White or Metallic Green baked-on enamel finish. **$149.95** to **$159.95** (Colorado and West, **$152.95** to **$162.95**).

Leaf Mulcher attachments for all models, saves leaf raking and burning. Only **$4.75**.

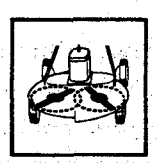
Lightweight . . . just 29 pounds

Sunbeam TWIN BLADE ELECTRIC MOWER

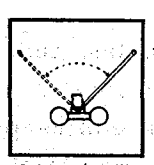
Here's another popular Sunbeam Mower! An outstanding twin-blade electric mower that gives you *all* the advantages of power mowing at low cost. Powerful ONE HORSEPOWER Sunbeam motor—operates on ordinary residential current. With swing-over handle for 2-way mowing. Convenient cord-holder on handle. 18 inch cut. Close side trim. Only **$79.95**. Leaf Mulcher attachment, only **$6.75**.



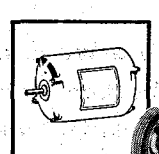
Close Side Trim



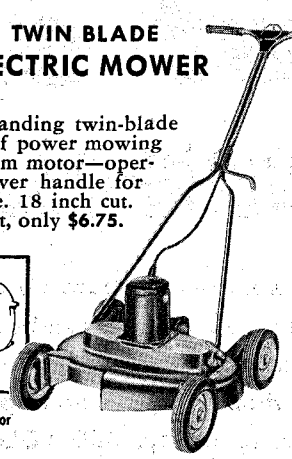
Twin Blades Smoother mowing



Swing over handle for 2-way mowing



Powerful One Horsepower Motor



© S.C.

Look for the Mark of Quality

Sunbeam THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

SUNBEAM CORPORATION, Dept. 84
Chicago 50, Illinois • Canada: Toronto 18

reloaded. Outside, the gray war pony quivered, but did not move its feet. Lost Bird was smiling, and the smile expressed more contempt than he could have shown in any other way.

"You shoot well," his hands said. "You do not shoot to hit. You hit me, nobody in your house will see the sun again. You know that. Now listen. I tell you all this again." He started over with the same prepared speech as before. "Many times we take your people ——"

Rachel startled Cash by speaking almost in his ear. "There isn't going to be any fight," she said. "Let me by. I understood what he said this time."

"Never mind them damned Indian lies! You're going to ——"

"He's telling the truth! I've known all about it for a long time! I'm going to end all this trouble now!"

"You'll not go out there, because I'll stop you," he said, but he was less sure of himself, thrown off by her revelation.

"Maybe you can stop me. But they'll be in here while you have your hands full with me. Now let me go."

He stared at her, bewildered by the flat, dead-sounding tone in which she threatened outlandish, unbelievable things. "Is everybody crazy but me?" he demanded. "By heaven, I know how to settle this!"

Out in the clear twilight, Lost Bird was patiently, slowly, going through his smooth, clear signs. His gruff Kiowa phrases came steadily to them through the door. Cash raised his carbine again and instantly fired. Lost Bird's head jerked violently with the impact of the bullet; he was dead as he fell. The pony shied, found itself free and stampeded.

Cash had fired to kill, from cover and without warning, at a range from which failure was impossible to him; while Lost Bird had sat horse before him, unarmed, fully exposed under the peace sign. Any justification would have to be found in the necessity Cash had believed governed his decision. He never thereafter spoke one word in his own defense or gave any sign of regret.

"Oh, Cash, Cash!" Rachel cried out. "They'll never draw back now! They'll fight 'til we're dead!"

"You can bet on it," Cassius said.

"They'll never let up, so long as ——"

He cut in harshly, "Then there's no use you going out, is there? Now get back to your loop!"

For a few moments stillness held outside. Then the "Wa-wa-wa-wah!" of a war cry sounded from the creek, immediately followed by an uncountable chorus. The creek bed seemed to be full of Kiowas, while yet no Indian but the dead Lost Bird could be seen. Two rifles slammed down there; then a ragged volley. The windowpanes burst outside the battle shutters, and fell tinkling.

"Close your slide!" Cash called to Georgia, who stood at the back of the room, at the north lookout. "Get down on the floor!"

Andy, at the end, complained, "I can't line up on nothing from here!"

"Stay there anyway." Cash turned away from his door loop and leaned against the plastered sod wall at rest. A buffalo-gun slug broke through a shutter and rattled, spent, across the floor. A little after that a bullet nicked a splinter out of the side of the door loop where Cash had stood, and lodged above the fireplace.

"They'll quit this in a minute," Cash said.

He was right. The Kiowas were firing at the house in an expression of anger; they had no plan to fit what had happened. The guns in the creek bed fell silent, and Cash looked out again.

"Two-three of 'em have gone to popping up and down," Cash said, puzzling everybody. "Guess they want to see what we'll do."

"What will we do?" Andy asked him.

"Nothing," Cash said, but kept his carbine ready. He watched an Indian leap straight up to expose half of his painted body, then drop from sight again. Another tried it in a different place. Then a single white-streaked warrior sprang out of the creek bed and stood in the open upon the bank. Cash fired and the Kiowa came down in a heap.

That was the end of that experiment. The Kiowas could not be heard withdrawing, but they could be expected to take council now. Ten minutes passed without event.

"This might be a good chance to eat," Cash said. "They're not liable to give us too many good ones, from here on in. Not for a while." He looked for the Kiowas to try a jump at them in about the last of the dusk. All he could say for certain was that no Kiowa was going to leave here yet, unless to bring more. They would never leave the body of Lost Bird lying out there in front where it was.

Georgia helped Rachel push furniture around and make a tent of blankets in front of the fireplace, so that no gleam would show outside the ports. They heated nothing but coffee. The boys had to stay on watch, and wanted only cold meat and bread, such as could be eaten with one hand.

Cassius' horse began to paw again, making a thunderous noise on the wooden floor. The horse was trying to fudge around toward the smell of water in the barrel by the door. Rachel got him a bucket, unbridled him, and fed him a loaf of bread; then put the bridle back on. The animal drowsed after that, well practiced in going unsatisfied.

After that, Rachel chewed her bread and meat methodically. It seemed dry, and sticky in the throat, all but impossible to wash down. But no feed, no distance, she was remembering: she made herself get through it all.

They damped out the coffee fire and folded the blankets, so that the chimney could help keep the place aired. Cash and Andy opened more loopholes, including two near the floor at the end of the front wall. These were intended to surprise hostiles who crawled along the foot of the wall under the other gun ports. Cassius talked over with them how they must fight. He and Andy would defend the battle shutters because, though he did not say so, these were an incomplete protection. No one must fire from the same loop twice in a row. They must put backs to the wall to load. When they moved about, they must duck under or step over the lines of fire radiating inward from every port. Each must pocket the cartridges he would need. A lot of their ammunition was out on the range with the wagon, but Cash judged their supply would last the night.

After that there was nothing to do but wait. The last of the twilight was failing very fast. Andy said, "Maybe they'll wait for the moon." Nobody answered.

TO BE CONTINUED

You know you're getting along in years if you can remember Sunday as a day of rest.

HOMER PHILLIPS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Woes of Willie Mays

(Continued from Page 31)

There's not too much doubt about what has happened to the Giants. Owner Horace Stoneham just ran a good franchise into the ground. There's even less doubt about what happened to Mays last year. Willie suffered badly from the departure of Leo Durocher as manager.

In the words of a long-time Giant, "Let's not kid ourselves, Leo knew how to handle him. Willie was Leo's pet, and Willie worshiped him. Willie's got to be pampered. When he makes a great catch, he wants to hear about it when he gets back to the bench. He needs the backslapping, and even the kidding about how he was only showboating to make it look tough. Last year, Bill Rigney was out to prove that Willie was just one of twenty-five men. You could see Willie looking at him out of the corner of his eye for a couple of kind words, but Rig never even had a smile for him. Well, Willie ain't one of twenty-five. If it helps him to tell him how good he is, why not tell him how good he is? That's what I always thought leadership meant."

Willie, whose sunny personality seldom stops shining, kept saying, "I know by now I got to expect slumps. I'll come out of it." He began to brood toward the end, however, when Rigney started boosting Jackie Brandt, the young outfielder—now in the Army—who had come to New York in a big deal with St. Louis. Every time Willie picked up a paper, he seemed to read how great a prospect Brandt was and how big a disappointment Willie Mays was. It hurt his pride in himself as a ballplayer. It also hurt because it made him think that maybe Rigney didn't like him. Above all things, Willie wants to be liked—so much so that nobody has ever seen him argue with an umpire. "What's the good of it?" he asks. "They ain't gonna change their decisions. All I'd be doing was making a bad fellow out of myself."

This is the man who in 1954 was just as big a sensation as Mickey Mantle was in 1956. Willie's awards that year—and he received seventy in all—included both the National League's Most Valuable Player trophy and the $10,000 Hickok Belt as athlete of the year. He has been invited to the White House to represent baseball in a conference on physical fitness. He has "written" his autobiography and been the subject of three popular songs. He has appeared on television so often that early last season A.F.T.R.A., the performers' union, made him take out a card. One memorable evening he appeared on both the Ed Sullivan show and its opposition, and that's covering a lot of ground even for Willie Mays. And he is, at just under $50,000, the highest-paid player in the history of the New York Giants.

"It has had less effect on Willie than it could possibly have had on any other living human being," says Jack Schwarz, the Giants' assistant farm director and the man who gave the word to buy him.

Mays is still so completely without guile that the sports writers sometimes find it necessary to protect him. When Sal Maglie was bought by Brooklyn last year, it was a big New York story. Maglie, in his golden days as a Giant, had not only beaten the Dodgers regularly but had done it to angry cries of "Bean ball." The Dodgers kept accusing him of throwing at their heads, and the Giants always answered with righteous innocence that he was only trying to brush the hitters back a little. When the writers went into the Giant locker room for quotes on the deal, they got the expected routine expressions of well-wishes for an old teammate—except from Willie. "Maglie's with the Dodgers?" he said. "Wow! Now we'll really be hitting the dirt!"

In the locker room, he is the center of a goatish brand of humor. His clothes are stolen or tied in knots. False messages, from presumably panting females, are scribbled out and left in his pigeonhole of the clubhouse mailbox. When the engraved invitation to participate in the White House conference arrived there, Willie glanced at it, figured it was just another gag and threw it away.

The clowning spills out onto the field. While Chicago is taking fielding practice, for instance, a couple of Giants will maneuver within earshot of Willie and express a loud, extravagant admiration for the throwing of the Cubs' strong-armed young Jim King. "That's an arm?" Willie screams, feigning indignation. "You call that an arm? I can throw a Ping Pong ball farther than that!"

That Mays should have become the club mascot was not too astonishing in the beginning, for he came up as a twenty-year-old kid to a team that included such old pros as Eddie Stanky, Sal Maglie and Larry Jansen. But that he should remain a combination mascot-star, among a bunch of kids who originally looked upon him with awe, is altogether incredible—and altogether Willie Mays.

If Willie seems so vastly unimpressed and so monumentally unchanged by it all, it is because his interest is focused entirely upon baseball. He is, for instance, notoriously bad on names. The classic illustration of his almost total indifference to everything not connected with the box score involves Charlie Einstein, the man who did the actual writing of Willie's book, Born to Play Ball. Shortly after they had finished, Einstein called Willie at the clubhouse and said, "This is Charlie."

"Charlie who?" Willie asked.

"Charlie Einstein."

The long, heavy silence made it perfectly obvious that Willie still had no idea who it was.

"Charlie Einstein," the astonished writer said. "You know, the guy you just did the book with."

"What book?" Willie asked.

Willie is quite willing to concede that this episode probably took place. "Look," he says, "I come to this park to play baseball, and once I'm here I try to think of nothing but baseball. The writers that travel with us, I know all their names; and the writers that come in now and then, I know most of their faces. But there's always guys coming and going and sitting and looking and asking questions. I try to be polite about it, but I don't pay too much attention to them."

That's a fairly long speech for Willie. And yet he has a beautifully succinct way of expressing how he feels about baseball. When he's asked—as he invariably is—what his biggest thrill has been, he doesn't mention the White House visit or any of his awards or any specific play. "My biggest thrill," he says, "is playing ball every day." And then he emphasizes, "I didn't say being a ballplayer. I said playing ball."

Willie Mays gets no great kick out of being a celebrity. He would prefer to do his work and be let alone. This impression comes through strongly when Willie talks about the catch he made of Vic Wertz's drive in deepest center field to save the opening game of the 1954 World Series against Cleveland. This was certainly one of the most-publicized feats in recent sports history, but Willie does not think it was his greatest catch, or even a particularly great one. The publicity came out of the setting—the World Series—and the fact that it was Willie Mays who had done it.

"A great catch," Mays explains, "is when you don't think you're going to get there. The thing was that I knew I had that one all along. All the time I was running I had the picture in my head of where I'd be when I caught it, and how I'd turn to make the throw to second to keep Doby from going all the way around."

It may seem odd that a man would resent excessive praise, and yet this is a natural reflection of the way Willie feels about baseball. If they falsely exalt his good catches, are they not cheapening his really great ones?

Willie is a man who respects his craft. When the Giants first called him up from Minneapolis in May, 1951, he insisted he wasn't ready. He had entered the Giants' farm system only the preceding June; he could not believe he had come so far in less than a year. Durocher finally had to get on the phone and order him to take the plane.

Bill White, the Giants' twenty-two-year-old Negro first baseman, came to live with the newlywed Mayses after joining the Giants early last year. White, whose draft number has since come up, is a bright, solid young man. He had put in two years as a premed student at Hiram College, in Ohio, before he turned pro. He was saying a while ago that he had reluctantly abandoned his studies because he found it impossible to pursue a medical career on a part-time basis. Willie heard him out in amazement. "What you want to be a doctor for?" he said. "You're a ballplayer."

The Giants in 1951 were well aware that they were calling up an innocent in Mays. They assigned Frank Forbes, a fight judge and Giant scout, to watch over him lest he get devoured in the Harlem jungles. When Willie later went into the Army, Forbes practically commuted between New York and Fort Eustis, Virginia. His two greatest problems, Forbes will admit, were keeping the women away from Willie, and keeping Willie away from the women.

Forbes introduced Mays to a small restaurant in Harlem called the Red Rooster, whose owner was the late George Woods, a Giant fan of unbelievable devotion. It was a place where Willie could sit around with friends and still remain in an essentially baseball background. The coming of Mays was the great event in George Woods' life, and yet it is an indication of the kind of relationship Willie inspires in even those who worship him that Woods' nickname for him was "The Baby."

Willie doesn't smoke, and he doesn't drink liquor, beer or even coffee. He has had two glasses of champagne in his life, one for each of the Giants' victory celebrations. He got unbelievably lightheaded both times. At the Red Rooster, he always orders a soft drink "with six cherries, a straw and a piece of lemon." And the bartender, Jimmy Hall, almost always says, "Those cherries are going to get you drunk, Willie."

Declares Hall, "Willie is the greatest, just the greatest. And this is a Brooklyn Dodger fan saying it. But Willie is a big, overgrown kid. That's all Willie is; just a big, generous, overgrown kid."

To say that Mays is generous is like saying that Dwight Eisenhower went to West Point. It's only the beginning of the story. Before he got married, Willie used to carry up to $1000 around in his pockets and hand money around almost upon request. Almost everybody at the Red Rooster—including the guy who sweeps up—has at least one of Willie's monogrammed sport shirts. Willie buys them in lots. To admire a Mays shirt is to get it hot off his back.

Miss Vivien Wright, who became manager upon Woods' death, was complaining last season that her watch didn't seem to be working. Immediately, Willie whipped off his own and insisted that she take it, although it was a specially engraved watch that Look magazine had awarded him for being picked on its all-star team.

Willie is always sending his boyhood pals items from his considerable wardrobe. And he has sent up to 50 per cent of his salary back to Birmingham to help support his ten younger half-brothers and sisters, even though they are practically strangers to him. Willie's mother and father were divorced not long after he was born. He was brought up by an aunt.

In 1952, when Mays left Roy Campanella's barnstorming tour to report to his draft board in Birmingham, Piper Davis—the man who had given him his start with the Birmingham Black Barons—asked him to take some money back to his wife. When Davis eventually got home, he discovered that Willie had given her far more than he had been entrusted with.

It would be wrong, though, to convey the impression that Willie is universally beloved. Just as his virtues are a boy's virtues, his faults are a boy's faults. For one thing, there is a feeling among Monte Irvin's friends that Willie could have made a much stronger effort to keep in touch with his old roomie after Monte was sent down to the minors in mid-1955. Irvin, who returned with the Chicago Cubs last year but now is back in the minors, used to be Willie's big brother when the Giants were on the road. He roomed with Willie, kept him out of trouble, acquainted him with the league.

There is even the feeling, perhaps unfair, that the members of Willie's generation in baseball owe a debt to those of the older generation who, like Irvin, were forced to leave their best playing years in the colored leagues. It is worth noting that Mays, who may well be the best colored ballplayer who ever lived, has never drawn Negroes to the park as Jackie Robinson did. And there may be more to it than the fact that Robinson was the first. If Jackie Robinson symbolized his people's advances, he also embodied, in his pride and sometimes in his belligerency, their aspirations.

Personality can be influenced by geography. Jackie was raised in Los Angeles, where he had some breathing room. Willie was raised in Alabama, where he had very little. Jackie brings passion to the issue of segregation: Willie brings patience.

"I'm from the South," Willie says. "I understand these things. It won't change overnight. The old generation can't ever change. You have to wait for the young generation. I think sports have helped a lot. I think sports will help a lot more."

Among his Giant teammates there was, at least until last year, a mild anti-Mays clique. Actually, this was really directed primarily at Leo Durocher, and not at Willie himself. It arose from the unashamed and sometimes outrageous way in which Durocher pampered him. Leo, in his own words, "loved Willie like a son."

To Durocher, Willie was more than a ballplayer, or even a son. He was a lucky charm. He was that rare athlete who, through good fortune or ability or just utter confidence, could pick up a team and carry it along with him.

Willie came in 1951 to a ball club which fell as far as thirteen and one-half games behind the Dodgers, then came on to win the title. When Willie went into the Army early in the 1952 season, the Giants were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two and one-half games in front. In ten days they were out of first place for good. The following year, without Willie, they dropped to fifth place, finishing thirty-five games behind Brooklyn. Then Willie came out of the Army in 1954, and the Giants won another pennant.

That season Durocher showed what Mays meant to him when Willie had to leave the club to attend his aunt's funeral. After two days—and two losses—Leo called Horace Stoneham and pleaded, "For heaven's sake, get Willie back here!"

Mays flew up to Milwaukee, where the Giants were playing a night game. But he was still getting into his uniform when Bobby Thomson won the game for the Braves by singling off Hoyt Wilhelm. Afterward Durocher divided his energy between bawling out Wilhelm for feeding Thomson a fat pitch and gently rubbing Willie's neck, as a gambler rubs his luck coin. *Willie's back*, he seemed to be saying. *Everything's going to be all right now.*

It was natural enough for the players to resent that kind of thing. Some of those who didn't resent it on their own behalf tended to resent it on behalf of the Giants' Don Mueller, who was battling Willie and the Dodgers' Duke Snider for the 1954 batting title. While Leo was cheering Willie on, he was all but ignoring Mueller—except for an occasional unflattering remark about his fielding.

A handful of players who lived in the same hotel as Don began to pick Willie apart over their morning coffee. Sure, Willie was a bouncing, bubbling boy when he was hitting, they'd say, but he'd break down and cry when he was in a slump. Sure, he threw out a lot of runners with that booming arm of his, but his throws would sometimes come in so high that the cutoff man was helpless to stop a runner from taking an extra base. Sure, he knocked in a lot of runs, but when a hit was needed to pull out a game, he was just another guy with a bat in his hand.

Going into the last day of the season, the averages were: Mueller, .3426; Snider, .3425; Mays, .3422. Willie got three for four (single, double, triple) off Robin Roberts, to win over Mueller (two for six) and Snider (none for four).

After the game, the Giants' locker room, which should have been jumping with excitement over the upcoming world series, was silent and almost depressed. One writer took a veteran pitcher aside and asked, "What's the matter with these guys? Has Cleveland got them frightened?"

It didn't have anything to do with Cleveland, the pitcher told him. Everybody was so quiet, he said, because everybody had been rooting for Mueller.

Last year Bill Rigney set out to restore morale from the first day of spring training by showing the rest of the squad that Mays was no longer above criticism. The first time a Mays throw came in too high for the cutoff man to handle, the new manager stopped play to censure Willie publicly. He took advantage of almost any opening to state emphatically, "I do not subscribe to the theory of 'So goes Mays, so go the Giants.'"

If this kind of treatment hurt Willie, it is unfortunate. It is ironic, too, for Durocher—despite his many virtues—is essentially a cruel man; Rigney is essentially a kind one.

As important as the passing of Durocher may have been, an even more significant event in Willie's life occurred in February, 1956, when Willie drove down to Elkton, Maryland, to marry Marghuerite Wendelle. The marriage took place over the objections of almost everybody he had come to lean upon. The bitterest and most persistent opposition was from Frank Forbes. The break between Willie and his old chaperon became so complete that the two men stopped speaking.

The press reported that Willie had married a twenty-seven-year-old, twice-divorced model who—from a previous marriage to night-club singer Bill Kenny, of the Ink Spots—had a nine-year-old daughter. The most newsworthy angle seemed to be that Willie had been stopped along the way to Elkton and fined fifteen dollars for speeding.

Willie Mays, who had grown accustomed to an indulgent smile from the outside world, suddenly felt its snarl. One reporter came to the newlyweds' home, looked them in the eye and asked if they had had to get married. A Negro publication was so rough that Willie refused to allow one of its writers past his door—and got himself called, of all things, anti-Negro.

The emphasis on speed had given the casual reader the impression that the marriage had been performed in haste. The emphasis on Mrs. Mays' age and on her marriage to Kenny suggested that Willie had been ensnared by an adventuress from the night-club set.

In point of fact, the new Mrs. Mays owned her own home and had her own income. Willie, who had been in mild income-tax difficulties, was practically broke. Like Willie, Mrs. Mays doesn't drink, and like Willie, she tends to be shy around strangers. For what it goes to prove, she had never even been a model.

His interest in her was first aroused, after they had been introduced at the Red Rooster, when she brushed off his request for a date. That was a new experience for Willie. When they finally did begin to go out, they went not to night clubs, but to drive-in theaters.

Mrs. Marghuerite Mays seems to be a very charming, very sweet woman. The feeling of those who finally got to meet her was that Willie had done very well for himself.

The Giants became reconciled to the marriage when they found that, upon his wife's advice, Willie was having his checks mailed directly to the bank. The bank was sending $200 a week to his family in Birmingham and $200 to Willie for living expenses, and setting the rest aside for him. In five years, according to the current plan, Willie will be able to invest in some kind of a business.

He already has some property that will provide an income in case anything should happen to cut short his career. Soon after their marriage, Willie and Marghuerite bought a place in Washington Heights, just outside Harlem, and had it remodeled to provide a nine-room apartment for themselves, plus eight other apartments to be rented out. They were not able to take actual possession until the last week of the season.

Willie's overriding interest is still baseball. He knows what his name stands for. "When I'm in a slump and they start getting on me," he says, his expressive lips drooping at the corners, "I'm kind of sorry who I am. They expect me to get a hit every time." Then his lips open up into that big, beaming smile of his, and he says, "But, boy, when I'm hitting and everything's going good—boy, then I'm sure glad I'm who I am!"

When it's going good for Mays, there's no better ballplayer in action today. He is the sort of competitor the sports writers like to describe as a "natural"—signifying an athlete who, through some special dispensation, springs from the earth fully equipped to do his job. A natural or not, Willie Mays works at his business. He is still the first man on the practice field and the last one off.

Willie, who graduated from Fairfield Industrial High School as a cleaning-and-pressing major, flunked his first draft-board aptitude test. However, as Leo Durocher is quick to point out, there are many kinds of intelligence. Leo puts it this way: "When Willie takes off his uniform, he may not be a mental genius, but with that uniform on, there's nobody smarter. He's alert, he's quick as a cat, he gets every sign right now. In strictly baseball terms, I rank him with Eddie Stanky, Al Dark and Pee Wee Reese as the smartest baseball men I've ever managed. Once around the league and I never had to tell him anything again."

It should be noted, though, that many people believe Leo didn't tell Willie anything only because he was afraid of overburdening him with incidental details. It can also be noted that although Bill Rigney frequently turned Willie loose on the base paths last season, he did not give him free rein. Rigney had two signs—one to tell Willie to go, the other to tell him he could go if he felt like it. "What would be the sense," Rigney asks, "of taking a chance that he'd steal when we were four runs behind?" It is doubtful whether anybody would worry that a Stanky, a Dark or a Reese would try to steal when his club was four runs down.

At any rate, Mays in 1956 became the first National League player in twenty-seven years to steal forty bases, being thrown out only ten times. He also was the first National Leaguer ever to combine as many as thirty stolen bases with as many as thirty home runs in the same season. Willie must be the only player in the history of the game who is both a top power hitter and a top base stealer.

Durocher comments, "There are only five things any ballplayer can do—hit, hit with power, field, run, throw. Willie Mays is the first player since Joe DiMaggio who can do them all to perfection. I've said it before and I'll say it again—if Willie Mays can hit .325 or better for five consecutive years, he is the best player any of us have ever looked at."

Fielding statistics, although often misleading, help in Willie's case to show what a remarkable arm he has. It is no great trick for a Richie Ashburn or a Walt Moryn to finish high in assists because runners are always trying to take an extra base on them. With Mays, on the other hand, they never take chances. Yet in his three post-Army years, Willie has led the league's outfielders in assists once—with twenty-three in 1955—and finished among the first five twice.

One way he picks up assists is by throwing behind the base runner, normally an unforgivable sin. Willie has the arm and the instinct to get away with it. The real answer, though, is found in the double-play column. Mays has easily led National League outfielders in that department for three straight seasons, with nine in 1954, eight in 1955 and six last year. To get those double plays, he had either to throw a base runner out after catching a long fly ball or make a catch so fantastic that the runner thought even Willie Mays couldn't get to it.

Willie has great speed in the outfield and an amazing gift for getting a jump on the ball. Also, as Bill McKechnie, the old Pirates-Cards-Braves-Reds manager has pointed out, Willie has an exceptional sense of balance. Most outfielders seem to come apart after a long run, and catch the ball with a last off-balance lunge. Willie not only holds his balance but seems to gather himself together for an extra spurt at the end.

Everybody is willing to concede that Mays is unsurpassed in fielding ability. However, there is a reluctance inside baseball to give him a top rating as a hitter, even though in 1954 and 1955—his first two full seasons of major-league ball—he led the league in batting percentage and home runs respectively. Both years he led in slugging percentage.

The reservations about Mays' hitting go back to his first years, when he got tremendous publicity despite a pre-Army batting average of only .265. His career marks now stands at .306, but the early feeling that his reputation had been jerry-built by the New York writers has never been completely dispelled.

Around the league there is a belief that Willie can be pitched to. Warren Spahn, Milwaukee's great left-hander, expresses it best when he says, "Willie, for all his greatness, makes more mistakes at bat than any good hitter in baseball."

At least one manager has his pitchers work Willie outside the strike zone. However, as a pitcher on that club remarks, "The trouble is, he gets ahold of an awful lot of bad pitches."

Mayo Smith, the Phils' manager, observes, "All power hitters—with the exception of Ted Williams—are bad-ball hitters, Mays only slightly more than the rest. You feel awful smart when you get him to pop up on a bad pitch, and you try to forget all the bad balls he hits out of the park."

Durocher has always maintained that the talk about Willie's "batting weaknesses" was nonsense. "All hitters," Durocher declares, "are streak hitters. When Willie is hitting, he just overpowers any weakness he might have. When he's in a slump, your little boy can get him out."

A Willie Mays home run generally comes leaping off the bat as a line drive and just keeps rising into the stands. Bill Rigney says his power is frightening. "He hit a triple against the Cubs that landed at the bottom of the fence in left center, about 470 feet away. And the ball hadn't even sounded well hit. I couldn't believe it. When he pulled into third, I said, 'Willie, you didn't get all of that, did you?' And he said, 'No, Skip, I didn't get all of it.'"

It is Rigney's belief that if Mays will forget about home runs and consistently punch the outside pitch into right field, he can hit .380. Under today's conditions, that's comparable to the .400 averages of the old days. "With Willie's power," Rigney says, "he'll get his thirty, forty home runs anyway."

By Willie's standards, the 1956 season was a poor one. Great ballplayers will almost always bounce back from a season like that with a particularly great one. This year, Mays will be put to that test. He can hardly wait. "This game," Willie says, "ain't no fun when you're not hitting." For Willie Mays, that means life is no fun when you're not hitting.

THE END

... ...

Materia Medica

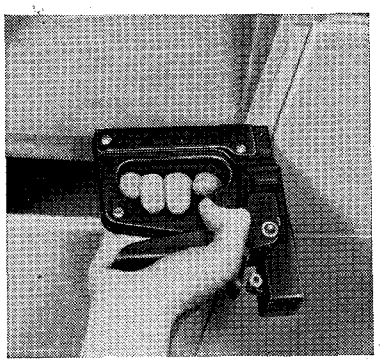
By Marian Gleason

When people watch me
take my pill,
Reactions are diverse.
There's one type who is
never ill,
One who was never worse,
And no type who is ever
still,
And none who's ever terse.

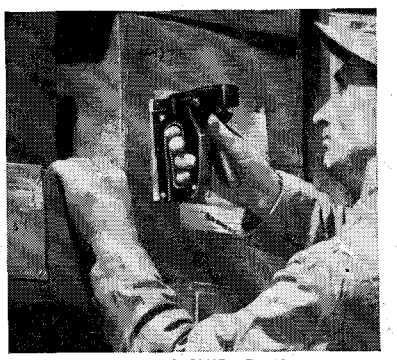
... ...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

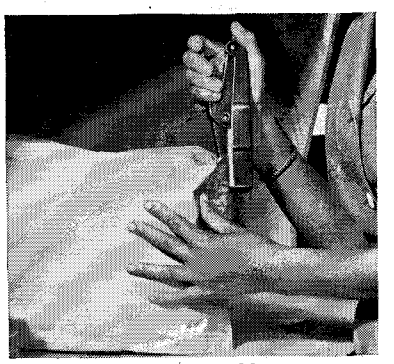
CLOSING SHIPPING CONTAINERS



INSTALLING CEILINGS

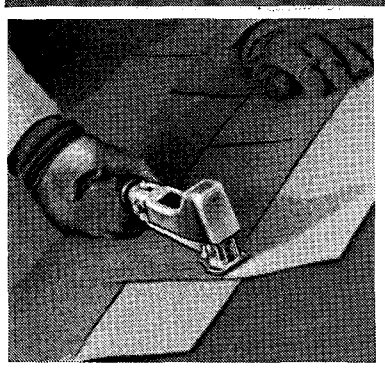


TAGGING SHIPMENTS



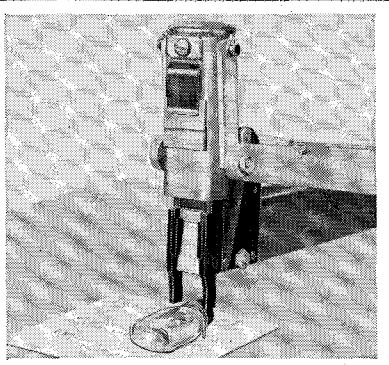
SEALING BAGS

Which of these 200 staples can save you money?

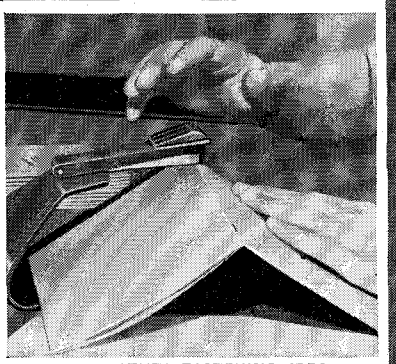


SHINGLING

UPHOLSTERING



CARDING DISPLAYS



MANY OTHER FASTENING JOBS

Big or little, short or long, thick or thin, there are staples here which can save you money.

They can cut your production costs, display costs, shipping costs, *many* costs if you choose your staples as carefully as your stapler.

Bostitch staplers and staples are made for each other.

Whether you want to join two sheets of steel or two sheets of paper, there are Bostitch staples of the right size, weight and temper for the job, and 800 types of Bostitch stapling machines to apply them quickly and efficiently.

The advice of a Bostitch Economy Man is all you need to match the stapler and staples and give you proper fastening.

Whatever your business and whatever your fastening methods, ask a Bostitch Economy Man to analyze them and look for ways to shave your costs. 375 Economy Men work out of 123 cities in the U. S. and Canada. They will tell you honestly, without obligation, whether or not stapling can help you.

Fasten it better and faster with

BOSTITCH®

STAPLERS AND STAPLES

Write for free broadside: "*Fasten it better and faster.*"

Bostitch, 404 Mechanic Street, Westerly, R. I.

☐ Send broadside. ☐ I would like to talk to a Bostitch Economy Man.

Name_____

Company_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Oddest War Ever Fought

(Continued from Page 33)

Here, along this border, Nasser—aided gleefully by the Kremlin—is staging a show of strength in his bid to be master of the Arab world.

It is hard for me to believe this as I report this war, for of all the quarters of the globe I have visited, this is the most desolate, the most backward, the most pitiful. It is scourged by periodical famine, it is racked by disease, it has an infant-mortality rate of 15 per cent. Only 1 per cent of its 112,000 square miles is cultivated.

The other day I asked a villager who carried my bags what he would like me to give him. He answered, "Master, a tin of pineapple."

For the tribesman it is mostly arid desert; so, automatically, for the leaders of Soviet Russia it is fertile ground. But though outside factions greedily foster unrest, there are few areas in the world where conditions have changed so little in 2000 years. Here the unwritten tribal law still obtains in the lonely villages. In one week I saw three men whose right hands had been cut off—still to many the only recognized way to punish the thief.

"And in some villages," added the interpreter modestly, "it is still regarded as reasonable to throw an adulteress from the highest building."

In the isolated mountain-locked settlements I have visited on patrol the tribal law still demands that a man accused, however flimsy the evidence, must undergo ordeal by fire. His tongue is burned with a red-hot iron, and only if it leaves no scar is he judged innocent.

Even British-led native troops carry civilian clothes into battle areas because they cannot pray in uniform, while tribal chiefs like the sharif need three separate armies to spy on one another. It's a war, too, in which almost everybody stops fighting between two and eight P.M. because all Yemenese and Adenese tribesmen are drug addicts, chewing a strange narcotic called *qat* at daily six-hour drug orgies. It keeps up the spirit, as I shall testify from experience.

Yet now the armored cars rattle along the blinding wadis, and overhead, like gulls, the jets dip and dive. Nasser, the Kremlin and oil are etching a local war on the international map.

Why? Better get this cleared up before we go backstage to the private life of a frontier tribesman and an off-duty narcotics binge.

After several warring tribes united to form the Yemen, the tribes on the other side of the border signed protection agreements with Britain. That didn't make them a colony—it's important to realize that Aden Protectorate is quite different from tiny Aden Crown Colony (area seventy-five square miles) at the extreme southwestern tip of Arabia. The tribal rulers of the protectorate are independent, but Britain looks after their defense—and obviously has a big stake in "protecting" Southern Arabia, as it is a perfect cushion to her colony and guards her oil interests. So what was a tribal war has become Yemen vs. Britain.

Nasser and Russia foment the trouble. Cairo Radio blares out vicious propaganda; Russia provides the cash and the arms—recently a Russian ship was reported delivering a cargo of automatic rifles for the tribesmen. The Yemen is the cat's-paw—the "holier-than-thou" country whose duty it is to "liberate" the tribal chiefs of Aden from the British.

Highfalutin theories are one thing, but as well, there is oil, which will probably one day be found in Aden. And remember, every Arab nowadays dreams not of a harem of twenty-five beautiful women but a garage of twenty-five beautiful limousines, which they firmly believe will arrive ten minutes after oil is discovered.

So, backed by Nasser and the Kremlin, Yemenis give dissident tribesmen guns and even send troops across the border in the hope of one day claiming Aden as their own. The tribesmen in actual fact hate the Yemenis—they don't want to be ruled by anybody—so they use the rifles to try to grab neighboring land which might one day be oil rich.

They attack the British, too, but not necessarily because they are anti-British, though they are becoming more so because of Cairo Radio. No, they fight the British because the age-old tribal laws decree that when you make an agreement with another tribe, you leave a hostage—usually a son—behind. So the dissident tribesmen leave their sons in the Yemen as the price of a free gun or a bribe, and if they don't keep up a sporting average of attacks against the British, off comes junior's head.

"So, you see, Mr. Barber," explained the sharif—a title meaning "noble"—"why I have not slept for many nights now. I know the tribesmen are being bribed away from me by the Yemenis."

That is doubtless why, as we talked, the sharif was guarded by three separate armed forces. We held our Conference in the reception room of his fortress—a long room painted shiny green halfway up, like a kitchen, with white above, lit by naked electric bulbs, with eighteen kitchen chairs, three kitchen clocks—all different times—a safe built into one wall, and a desk for the sharif knocked together out of old planking. On this stood two bright yellow "in" and "out" trays made from old oleo boxes.

While slaves—yes, there are still slaves around—served coffee and lemonade, a dozen tribesmen, unblinking and glum, perched on the chairs. Each carried an enormous dagger and a gun. But could the sharif trust them? Certainly not, so also present were troops from his private army of mercenaries, distinguished by blood-red turbans. They watched the tribesmen.

But can you trust a mercenary? Why should you? So there were four other guards from an outfit called Civilian Guards that are thinly spread over the whole country, a few to each ruler. They are always posted to areas new to them, and so have no interest in tribal wars. They watched the mercenaries. Might as well be sure—especially as these boys are even more ferocious than they look.

I found that out the first time I came under attack, at Dhala, another trouble spot, where I stayed at an Aden Levy camp tucked in a hollow with villages looking down from pyramids of parched yellow rock. The Levies are volunteers from all parts of the protectorate, and are led by British officers, whereas the Civilian Guards obey the tribal chiefs.

Now I must emphasize that this war is rarely fought at less than 800 yards' range, but even so, it's no joke being on the receiving end of a midnight ambush when 500 enemy tribesmen let off ten rounds each. It makes quite a din.

I thought all hell was loose. I jumped out of my four blankets and, wrapping one around me, went out into the bitterly cold desert night to a machine-gun post. The sky was alive with spurting flames, and, as usual, the camp of 120 native troops and three British officers was heavily outnumbered.

It's true we did have machine guns against fifty-year-old Turkish Sultana

it only looks delicate!

—but this slim beauty is as tough as they come. Plunge it in water and it comes up smiling—*and* ticking. You never have to take it off, never have to wind it, never have to worry about it—because it's waterproof,* self-winding, shock-resistant, with 17-jewel precision movement and a guaranteed unbreakable mainspring and balance staff. If Mother hasn't already clipped this ad, why don't you? $69.50

the Swan by CROTON® NIVADA GRENCHEN

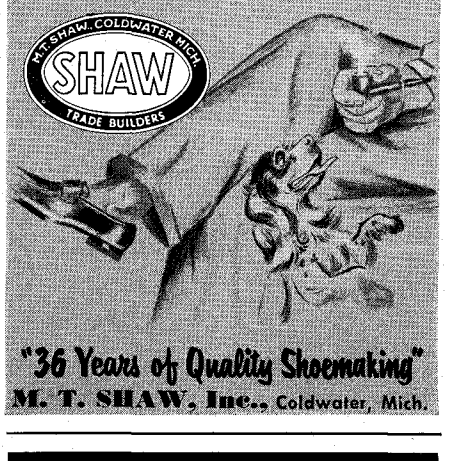
404 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

*PROVIDED THE CASE IS UNOPENED, CRYSTAL INTACT

shaw shoes for casual elegance

sensibly priced at $8.95—others to $11.95 SPIKE

Shaw takes mellow leathers and crafts them into distinctive, fine-fitting casuals of real elegance—at sensible prices all men can afford. See the *complete* Shaw line of casual, dress and work shoes today—all featuring famous Shaw comfort, fit and value. AT STORES EVERYWHERE.



"36 Years of Quality Shoemaking"

M. T. SHAW, Inc., Coldwater, Mich.

American Red Ball moves your family "treasures" SAFELY

—because it's a CERTIFIED MOVE!

Now move *all* your possessions the safest way . . . with American Red Ball, the nation's only van line to offer you a Certificate of Performance . . . the famous *written guarantee* of complete satisfaction! With this exclusive "plus service" feature, every item you move receives extra-careful handling—from pickup through delivery. Choose American Red Ball for a perfect move—it's Certified *in writing!*

Excellent storage facilities everywhere.

AMERICAN RED BALL

FOR A FREE WRITTEN ESTIMATE CONTACT YOUR LOCAL AMERICAN RED BALL AGENT—LISTED IN THE YELLOW PAGES OF YOUR DIRECTORY

AMERICAN RED BALL TRANSIT COMPANY, INC.

1000 Illinois Bldg., Dept. S-4, Indianapolis, Indiana

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rifles. It's true we had gun emplacements and radio communication. But I couldn't help wondering what would happen if these half-crazed, pepped-up savages—for that's what they become after their drug parties—should rush us. My bet is that a night assault by 500 of them would have caused quite a stir in camp.

After the attack, the British took a rare prisoner. He wore a loincloth in which was stuck a jeweled dagger. His torso was bare and dyed indigo, and his face was blackened with a thick paste, while he had a scarlet line dyed down the center parting of his hair, which was tinged with henna and bound up in a knot with a dirty rag. On his right arm he wore a silver bracelet and on his left a wristlet watch. Below the knee of his right leg he had wound a few strands of twisted cotton—it is supposed to give extra strength to a man's limbs. I would have been extremely embarrassed meeting him alone on a dark night.

At Dhala I paid my respects to the Emir Sha'aful bin Ali bin Shaif, a fragile little man with matchstick legs, a multicolored skirt and a pea-green blazer over a red pull-over, and with khaki socks held up by visible gents' garters. He, too, wore shoes. He, too, was guarded by three different forces as we drove toward his home in the center of Dhala, a conglomeration of mud and lava buildings soldered to the mountainside.

The emir lived in the biggest house, easily distinguished because all its glassless windows were thickly framed with white. As we approached it across the wadi, the house looked exactly like the face and eyes of a man made up for a minstrel show.

But I didn't really visit Dhala to see the emir or get shot at. I wanted to try some *qat* (pronounced cat), the narcotic that all tribesmen on both sides chew when they can afford it. *Qat* only grows at altitudes over 4000 feet and must be chewed fresh, and Dhala has the juiciest in all Aden Protectorate.

Over this whole region tribesmen stop fighting for their daily *qat* party and it's a far more elaborate affair than a diplomatic cocktail party. I was invited by a Dhala tribesman, loyal to his emir, of course, one Husein bin Ghaleb—hereinafter Husein. He collected me around eleven A.M., after a night of sporadic shooting.

He was neatly dressed in a vivid blue skirt, a dirty striped shirt without a collar, his shirttails hanging outside, and a belt in which were stuck two daggers. He had white-rubber tennis shoes, two fountain pens, two watches, and over his shoulder he had slung—rather as a Highlander does—a heavy shawl. He had a sprig of basil herb stuck in his turban.

We talked through an interpreter, who explained that Husein was high ranking and also quite rich because he grew *qat* on one of the many plantations I saw on the edge of the village, rather like the tea gardens of Ceylon, with the *qat* growing on small bushes.

"There will be no fighting today," promised Husein; "it has been arranged so that we can all enjoy ourselves."

Considering I was in the thick of a war, it was quite a day—and with quite a hang-over. When we reached Husein's house, half a dozen friends were waiting, and here I got my first shock. With the sun at its fiercest in a country where fountain pens literally dry up, Husein blithely announced, "We will now walk four miles very swiftly."

I gulped. Everybody put on all the extra clothes he could find. Wrapped around with heavy shawls, we might have been setting off skating on a frosty night. The sun ate into everything. Even the pariah dogs had sought thin bands of shade as we set off at a jog trot straight into the desert; then, puffing and streaming with sweat, returned at the same speed.

"I must explain," said Husein, "that you cannot enjoy *qat* unless you have a really big thirst. Now we will have lunch, with nothing to drink, and then we start."

Husein had apparently an almost daily *qat* party and so did all the other warlike tribesmen who could afford it—a most convenient way of limiting the hours of warfare.

"Well, you see," confided Husein, "fighting is all very well, but if we can arrange when we fight, then we all know how we stand." He added thoughtfully, "It's a great pity the British don't chew *qat*, too, instead of working so hard at being soldiers."

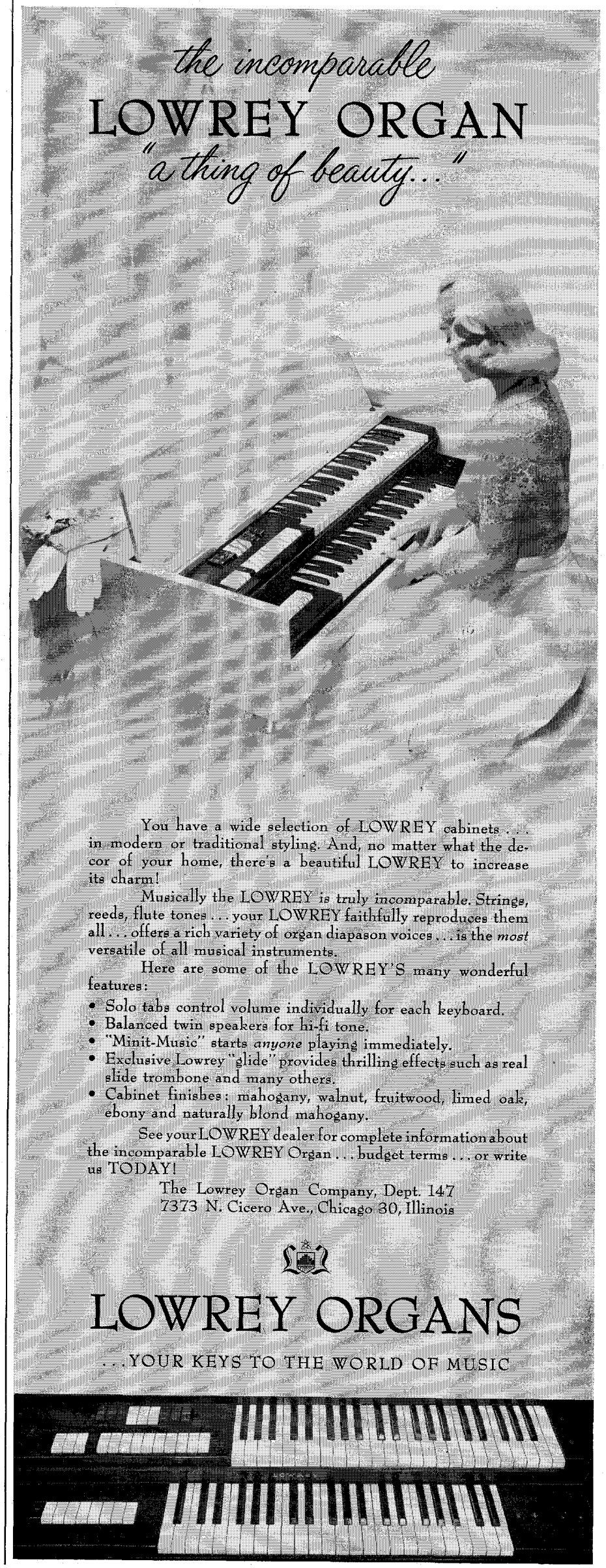
Just before we started, Husein and his friends went off to prayers. Happily for their *qat* parties, the prayer times have been conveniently altered so as not to interfere with the fun.

"We say both our noon and afternoon prayers before starting," explained Husein, "and sunset and evening prayers when the chewing ends about eight o'clock."

Then they go out fighting.

We chewed in Husein's bed-sitting room on the first floor of his house—the wives and kitchen being above. Sprigs of young leaves—each sprig about a foot long—were wrapped in grass to keep them fresh, and we all sat down, handed the twigs round, pulled off the leaves, which are dark and shiny, like small bay leaves, and chewed them.

"I'm glad my little talk did some good."


the incomparable
LOWREY ORGAN
"a thing of beauty..."
You have a wide selection of LOWREY cabinets . . . in modern or traditional styling. And, no matter what the decor of your home, there's a beautiful LOWREY to increase its charm!
Musically the LOWREY is truly incomparable. Strings, reeds, flute tones . . . your LOWREY faithfully reproduces them all . . . offers a rich variety of organ diapason voices . . . is the most versatile of all musical instruments.
Here are some of the LOWREY'S many wonderful features:
• Solo tabs control volume individually for each keyboard.
• Balanced twin speakers for hi-fi tone.
• "Minit-Music" starts anyone playing immediately.
• Exclusive Lowrey "glide" provides thrilling effects such as real slide trombone and many others.
• Cabinet finishes: mahogany, walnut, fruitwood, limed oak, ebony and naturally blond mahogany.
See your LOWREY dealer for complete information about the incomparable LOWREY Organ . . . budget terms . . . or write us TODAY!
The Lowrey Organ Company, Dept. 147
7373 N. Cicero Ave., Chicago 30, Illinois
LOWREY ORGANS
. . . YOUR KEYS TO THE WORLD OF MUSIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They didn't taste bad—a trifle bitter, but no more impossible than some cough lozenges I know. You don't swallow *qat;* you chew it until it turns into a paste, swallow the saliva, then spit the paste out anywhere—though in high-class houses into spittoons. In about two hours Husein's room looked like a goat shed—and smelled like one. The floor was strewn with stripped twigs and globs of green paste where people had missed the spittoon.

But the effect was astonishing—not alcoholic at all, just an overwhelming feeling of supreme confidence and ability. Soon the men looked bright-eyed; then the tongues started wagging, and Husein boasted, "Any time we like it, of course, we can beat the Yemenis." And no doubt the Yemenis, chewing madly a few miles from us, were equally boastful.

At first I felt a remarkable sense of clarity. Then I, too, became extremely talkative. In no time I was solving the whole Yemen-Aden war, and finally I delighted the tribesmen by changing clothes with one of them—a rather rash exercise that necessitated much DDT in camp the next day.

There is no doubt *qat* makes you feel like a superman, but there is also no doubt that it gives you the world's vilest hang-over. I left Husein at eight o'clock. I remember nothing until I awoke the following morning—still with my desert boots on.

"What a wonderful way to fight a war," sighed one youthful British officer, "and all we have is warm beer."

By now the *qat* habit has spread to wherever it's possible to deliver leaves that are still fresh. Even in Aden Colony, which is at too low an altitude for *qat* to grow, everybody chews it. Every single day of the year a planeload arrives from Ethiopia, where the habit originated, and which produces an enormous quantity. And the British Government can't do a thing about it. Nasser is one thing, war is one thing, and the British will hang on to Aden until the end, but they would be kicked out next week if they stopped the people from getting their *qat*.

Naturally the fact that most tribesmen—and all Yemenis—hold daily *qat* parties gives the British-led Aden Levies plenty of time when they know there will be no fighting, but these fine Arab troops are rigorously barred from *qat* chewing, except on leave. Thus the trick is how to get leave.

Since the Levies, despite their discipline and loyalty, have just as many screwy theories about life as the tribesmen, *qat* chewing—via leave taking—is the No. 1 preoccupation in all Levy camps. And as there is no hope of getting a single leaf in camp, you have to get out—but how?

The simplest way is to have as many children as possible, since it is absolutely obligatory—for religious as well as social reasons—to hold a party seven days after a child is born.

After Dhala, I flew to another lonely Levy camp at a township called Ataq, arriving just as six excited Levies were off to baby parties—and not on weekend passes, as you might imagine, but for eight whole days. Two days at home—the least important thing to them—plus three days for traveling each way; and with some *qat* chewing, I don't doubt, ten minutes after leaving camp. For the joy of leave has nothing to do with the folks back home. That is incidental to getting *qat*.

"Trouble is," said one British officer gloomily, "they're also supposed to hold another beano forty days after the birth, so they'll probably be off again two or three weeks after they return. It's a damned odd way to run a war."

Obviously the more children you have, the more *qat* you get, for if you have a baby a year—and why not?—then you have two guaranteed compassionate leaves a year. Then you must get the offspring married as soon as possible, for no Arab child gets married unless pop is home for the fiesta. Happily the Levy who loves his *qat* doesn't have too long to wait for the cycle to start, as children sometimes marry around the age of ten.

Even in camps right in the thick of the battle areas, the Levies have their own odd customs, as I found at Ataq, when I saw one soldier carefully collecting his hair after a routine camp trim.

"Oh, no"—the native interpreter was really shocked—"you must never throw hair away. It brings bad luck. The same thing is true with nail clippings."

Which is why I saw several soldiers burying their nail clippings on the edge of camp.

"It is very necessary," explained the interpreter. "The man who is careless with his nail clippings will have to pick them all up with his eyelashes on Resurrection Day."

The Levies won't even eat certain things, however good they may be. One day we bought a couple of highly expensive chickens in the local market. Quite a lot of meat was left, but not one messboy dared even pick a bone, for the Arab proverb says, and goes on saying, "To eat a chicken makes you chicken-hearted."

But at least the Levies keep their women trouble away from camp—which is more than tribesmen do. In this crazy war, woman trouble is quite something.

It sounds so simple, just to marry four times if you wish, and divorce merely by announcing the fact three times. But it isn't. Women are often the direct cause of tribesmen becoming anti-British, when they demand too much and the husband gets into Yemeni hands—the equivalent hereabouts of the moneylender.

In one village I met a tribesman whose two wives each insisted on having an entirely new dress each day. They wore their dresses one day and threw them away. Dresses don't cost much, and among the rich, women sometimes do this, but this poor guy wasn't quite so rich as his wives had been led to believe. The Yemenis paid to keep his wives happy.

At Ataq, the British grabbed a tribesman called Kathiri—indirectly, because his first wife played hell when he quite legally took a second one.

"He's accepted bribes from the Yemenis to plot against us," a court officer told me. "He just got out of his depth financially."

What happened was that poor old Kathiri, like so many married men, changed his affections after being married five years to only one wife. When he took a second—a plump young stripling of thirteen—Wife No. 1 was furious. Legally there was little she could do, but she was tough enough to insist that Wife No. 2 live in a different house—something that does happen here. Kathiri borrowed the money to build the house.

Then Wife No. 1 insisted that at the second wedding ceremony she receive gifts identical with those promised to Wife No. 2. Lovesick and henpecked, Kathiri just went over the border for the money, leaving a son as hostage. And the emir lost a good fighter to Yemen and love.

I was very surprised, once I left Aden Colony—where the women hide their faces—how often the women were unveiled as I traveled from village to village. At Dhala I saw women with vividly painted yellow faces and their eyebrows and nostrils painted scarlet. Some had a green line drawn down the nose, and all had eyes heavily made up with kohl, the Arabian equivalent of the eyebrow pencil. In another village—an extraordinary place where the houses looked like a Manhattan sky line—girls had the upper half of their faces painted yellow, the lower half green.

They made no attempt to hide their faces as our convoy of armored cars stopped near them. Maybe they were too busy, for the girls usually look after the goats, which in this part of the world are normally perched in thorn bushes. The girls lift them up each morning; it's the only chance the goats get to nibble anything other than odd bits of cardboard.

Nobody knows how this crazy war will end, if it ever does end. But one thing is certain: what for 2000 years has been a peashooter war, and is still the screwiest war on earth, is now moving swiftly into the political arena.

Aden Colony itself is the last British colonial possession near the center of the Arab world, and in the minds of most people, and certainly all Arabs, the protectorate is identified with it. It cannot hope to escape the Communist-inspired Nationalist ferment that is sweeping this oil-rich area.

Back in Aden, where perspiring young subalterns put on black ties and go dancing at the Crescent Hotel, and where you still leave visiting cards on silver trays, the Aden-Yemen frontier war may still be regarded as small stuff. But the truth is that even with jets and armored cars, the British are politically fighting a rear-guard action against the half-naked men who creep out after sundown, paid and armed by Nasser and the Kremlin to take pot shots at the British Raj—pot shots that are nightly getting nearer the bull's-eye. And that bull's-eye is well known; it is Nasser's avowed aim to get the last white man out of Arabia and the whole Middle East. THE END

NEXT WEEK

I Say Milwaukee Will Win the Pennant
Warren Spahn of the Braves Goes Out on a Limb

How Our Allies Tricked Us
Top-Level Inside Information on the Middle East Mess

You Can't Afford a Divorce
It Can Break Your Pocketbook as Well as Your Heart

Harry Belafonte
Folk Songs and Calypso Pay Off in Millions

And So I Got Married . . .
A Forty-Three-Year-Old Bachelor Takes the Plunge

Where Horses Live Like Kings
Breeding Winners in the Pennsylvania Bluegrass Country

The Senior Class Goes to Washington
Spring High Jinks When Student Sight-Seers Descend on the Capital

Relief for Strangled Cities
How One Town Annexed its Suburbs

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

7½ hp...all "whee" and no "whoa"

POWERFUL PRETTY AND FULL OF FUN...

"Sweetest-running Johnsons ever!"

If you want more run for your money, you want a '57 Johnson. For this year there are two new power classes in the line, with five Sea-Horses now at 18 or 35 hp. And these motors, like all Johnsons, deliver the goods under load.

But there's more than a power story behind these nine new Johnsons. At any horsepower classification, no motor made is more dependable. There's easier manual starting on all, 12-volt electric starting on some. There's traditional Johnson quiet and economy. And, as an additional safeguard, a new slip-clutch ends drive pin worries on every motor from the mighty 35 hp Golden Javelin down to the rugged Sea-Horse 3.

See these sweetest-running Johnsons ever — at your Johnson dealer's now.

FREE! 1957 Sea-Horse catalog, write: Johnson Motors, 118 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois. *Div. of Outboard Marine Corp. In Canada: manufactured by Johnson Motors, Peterborough, Ontario*

FOR '57—A WIDE WONDERFUL CHOICE!

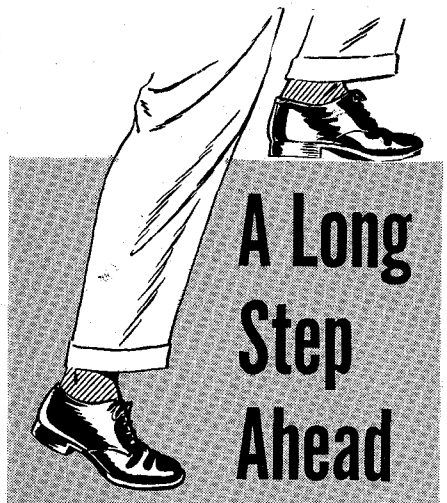
(from $155 to $625) Golden Javelin*, Sea-Horse 35*, Sea-Horse 35, Sea-Horse 18*, Sea-Horse 18, Sea-Horse 10, Sea-Horse 7½, Sea-Horse 5½, Sea-Horse 3.

**12-volt electric starting (new quick-charging 10-ampere generator with automatic voltage regulator available as accessory on first two models). Prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change. ©BC certified brake hp at 4000 rpm (18s and 35s at 4500)*

A million Sea-Horse owners will tell you *JOHNSON KNOWS BEST*

See your Johnson dealer now. He's listed under "Outboard Motors" in the Yellow Pages.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Long Step Ahead

Mallory has pioneered and introduced the modern precision battery, providing new accomplishment for battery use—new convenience, service for the user.

P.R. MALLORY & CO. Inc.
MALLORY
Mercury Batteries

add effectiveness to transistorized pocket radio sets, hearing aids, pocket recorders, photo-flash outfits, clocks, through

- Making Possible Miniaturization
- Far Longer Battery Life
- Steady Output of Power

Depend on Mallory to introduce constantly new aids to the comfortable life.

Another MALLORY First

P.R. MALLORY & CO. Inc.
MALLORY

INDIANAPOLIS 6, INDIANA

NOW! With Super-Powered Radioear 850

New Thousands can enjoy

HIDDEN HEARING!

You may be among the thousands who have suffered embarrassing years of awkward amplifiers, dangling cords, unsightly buttons.

BUT NOT ANY MORE! RADIOEAR 850 makes hidden hearing available even to many formerly "impossible" hearing losses.

SO POWERFUL—you may *NEVER* have to use its full volume!

SO CLEAR—it meets the sound-quality standards of the most expensive high-fidelity phonographs!

SO ECONOMICAL—you can expect up to twenty hours of *brilliant* hearing for as little as one penny!

FOR TELEPHONE USERS: WONDERFUL NEWS!

No more fussing with volume controls. A flip of a switch gives understandable telephone hearing!

Learn all about the ALL-NEW RADIOEAR 850. Mail this coupon for our free 6-page booklet No. 514.

radioear
CORPORATION
Pittsburgh 16, Pa.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

The Lady (Continued from Page 45)

the trail in the morning. But I am sure it is not necessary, señora. If anything has happened, we would have heard about it and Señor Haddon would have found out about it on the way."

The sheriff and his party left in the morning, but learned nothing except that Cousin Albert had never reached Porvenir. The story of the judge's delay, his unknown whereabouts and finally his complete disappearance became the chief topic in Moro and the rest of the territory as well. Mamma Grande heard of it at the ranch and sent Fidel for particulars. A succession of friends called at the house to ask for news and to pay their sympathy.

Tom Dold and Doctor Gammel were the faithful ones. Every day they were with Ellen at one time or another. Now that the initial bad news was broken, the Martinez brothers called regularly to report whenever they were in town.

They had learned that the judge and Willy had spent the first night with the Romeros and the second at the San Mateo pueblo. Next morning an Indian boy shepherd with a small flock of sheep and goats had seen the judge and Willy drive by some eight or ten miles west of the pueblo. The judge had waved to him, and apparently this boy was the last to have lain eyes on either one. It was as if they had been swallowed up by the earth itself.

Of all the mysteries that ever gripped the territory, this, I think, has remained the most unforgettable. There had been tragic disappearances in New Mexico before, but most of these concerned obscure people. This had happened to a United States judge on the official rounds of duty and to his eleven-year-old son.

It was hard on me, but Ellen was the one on whom everything centered. The suspense day after day and night after night must have been very great. Afternoons and evenings she had to receive callers and hear their questions, together with the recitation of all the wild stories and rumors going the rounds. One account was that the judge, Willy and the two horses had been shot and buried along with the burned and dismantled buggy in the sand hills, and that unless the winds someday might unearth them, their remains would never be found. Another was that Willy had been spared and taken to the lonely highlands of Old Mexico, where he was given to a remote Mexican family to raise, so that in time he would no longer remember his mother and father and New Mexican home. A third story was that Cousin Albert had fled with another woman and taken Willy forcibly along and that he had died of homesickness and sorrow, and been buried in California.

What turned out worse than the ugly rumors as time went on were the clues that aroused hope only to be proved false. Through it all Ellen bore up splendidly, her cheeks a little feverish, her eyes too brilliant perhaps. Sometimes I thought that she bore up too well, that she almost enjoyed the excitement, the attention, the stream of visitors, especially the constant consolation of Tom Dold and Doctor Gammel. She must feel some responsibility, I thought. And yet, here she was, affected certainly, but going on almost as before, still the lady, in the last extremity untouchable, answerable only to herself.

Then I learned that I was mistaken. The word came that the county authorities had given up the search. Amado Martinez himself broke the bad news one sunny afternoon. He had evidently braced himself for the task, and had asked Mr. Kidd, as a friend of Ellen's, to come along.

"We have done all we can, señora," the sheriff said. "The county would go broke paying men to keep searching the country. It is too big and we have found nothing. Now we must stop."

"That doesn't mean they won't be found sometime, Ellen," Mr. Kidd added kindly. "Why don't you go away for a while? To Denver or St. Louis or some new place where you can forget? Try not to think of Albert and Willy. I'm sure they would want it that way."

This time Ellen didn't go to the door with them when they left. She sat in her chair, very pale. Her face had a transparent quality sometimes seen in the cheeks of the dead, of flesh very transient and about to vanish.

"God forgive me," I heard her say in Spanish, "that I've never been able to cry."

I don't think she knew I was there, or cared. But now she turned and saw me. Something in her eyes seized on me. I thought afterward that what caught her was my kinship to Cousin Albert and Willy, that I was blood of their blood, the closest living thing to either of them she had left.

"Never let anyone stop you, Jud, from doing what you think you should do," she told me passionately. "Had I followed my senses, I would have gone with Albert, no matter how much he hated to hide behind my skirts. Then, if anything would have happened, I'd have been with him. If the Jeffcoats jumped him, I'd have been there to talk them out of it and fight back. If in the end they killed him, they would have had to kill me too."

At her words the old admiration, affection and loyalty for her flooded up in me, and more than once during the night when I remembered what she said, warm tears rose to my young eyes.

When the authorities gave up, that was when Ellen said she would start looking for Cousin Albert and Willy herself. Tom Dold and Doctor Gammel protested, and Mr. Kidd, when he heard about it, was much disturbed. With Mrs. Kidd he came to the house to advise and urge against it. Ellen heard them all quietly.

"No one will hurt a woman," she said. "Besides, I am taking Fidel and Teofilo along. And Jud," she added with a glance at me. "That is, if he is not afraid."

"Few of us were afraid they would dare touch the judge and Willy," Mr. Kidd reminded.

"Albert never carried a gun," Ellen answered. "I am going armed." Something in her eyes or the way she said it brought up the old nameless uncertainties in my mind.

We left for the ranch next morning. Mamma Grande heard the plan with her expressionless black eyes.

"If it will help you to go, you must go," she said to Ellen. "But why take another boy into that savage country? What can he do?"

"Jud is Willy's cousin," she reminded. "He missed the first trip. Now he can see where Willy went."

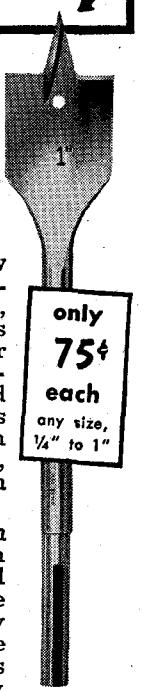
That's what Ellen said, but I felt she had another and deeper reason for taking me, one rather of fate and of meetness. Whatever happened to Cousin Albert, she was willing to have happen to her; and what happened to Willy, I was not above having happen to me.

We left the ranch in a brilliant sunrise which back in Missouri would have meant rain, but here betokened nothing but another Southwestern day. Ellen and

More cutting power for ¼", electric drills

IRWIN
Speedbor "88" wood bit

most revolutionary bit in years



Irwin's Exclusive Hollow Ground Point and spade-type cutters bore faster, deeper, cleaner with less power. Try the Speedbor "88" in your small ¼" electric drill or drill press and see. Get smooth, effortless cutting action up to 1" in hard or soft woods, plaster, plastics, plywood—even hardrock maple.

One-piece forging from solid bar of high carbon steel and hardened full length for longer life. Size markings on head for easy selection. Hang-A-Bit hole in head lets you hang bits on wire, nail or pin. Buy Speedbor "88" wood bits, with exclusive hollow ground point, in individual sizes or sets from your independent hardware dealer.

only 75¢ each any size, ¼" to 1"

886-R plastic roll set of 6, sizes ⅜" to 1", only $4.50

IRWIN
Wilmington, Ohio

the original solid center auger bit
•
screw drivers
screw driver bits

PAINTING IS EASY!
with the famous BURGESS ELECTRIC SPRAYER

Just plug in and Spray:
paint • varnish • enamel • shellac • mothproofers • garden sprays • water • insecticides

PAINT 3 to 7 TIMES FASTER!

For the fastest, smoothest painting or spraying job you ever saw, try the Burgess Sprayer. Completely self-contained . . . just plug into regular household outlet, pull the trigger, and paint furniture, floors, walls, screens, cabinets, fences. Fine for mothproofing and garden spraying, too. Sapphire nozzle, handy spray adjuster, new convenient hanging hook, 25 oz. graduated jar. Easier to clean than a brush.

only $12.95 AT YOUR FAVORITE DEALER

If not available locally send $12.95 for postpaid delivery. Money-back guarantee.

Send for Free Booklet, "How to Paint the Easy Way"
BURGESS VIBROCRAFTERS, INC.
DEPT. A-71 • GRAYSLAKE, ILLINOIS

Enthusiastic Sportsman Says:

"Back Aches Gone!"

"Futuro Sacro Brace gives me the support I need, yet lets me move freely," writes J.C.O. of Munhall, Pa.

For wonderful relief from sacroiliac strain, get Futuro Sacro Brace at your drug store. Or write: Jung Products, Cincinnati 2, O.

$4.95

FUTURO
SACRO BRACE

BEST DEAL FOR THE MAN AT THE WHEEL

HULL AUTO COMPASS

While passengers enjoy scenery, the driver has to watch directions—unless he has a Hull to show the way, constantly, accurately. Driving is a pleasure with Hull, world's most widely used auto compass. $4.95 and $6.50. At your dealer's or write for literature.

A Favorite Boating Accessory, too!

HULL MANUFACTURING CO., P. O. BOX 246 S4, WARREN, O.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I drove in her familiar yellow-top buggy, an object that would betray her identity wherever we went and as far as the moving object could be seen. Critter was in the shafts. Fidel and Teofilo followed in the light wagon, packed to the sheet with provisions, utensils and bedding, also several saddles. Spare horses and Willy's blue pony, Mono, were behind.

It was good to look around and see the wagon following us, and especially the presence of Fidel and Teo, the latter the ablest of sheepherders, a good cook and substitute leader.

Ellen said she meant to follow Cousin Albert's route as faithfully as she knew how. Late that afternoon we passed through Cienega Canyon and stayed with the Romeros. The four sisters greeted Ellen like a cousin—a rich, important and respected cousin toward whom they felt tremendously sympathetic. Ah, true enough, it was just three—or was it four?—weeks ago that the judge had stopped with them, and Guillermo.

Not until I heard them did I remember what Ellen had told me about them—how they all repeated what the other said. I was glad to get away in the morning, and I think Ellen was too.

"I hoped they'd remember something important Albert had said," Ellen told me. "Some word about home or that he had changed his plans. But they could tell us nothing. Nothing but *por Dios*, *por Dios*, *por Dios*, and *es verdad, es verdad, es verdad, es verdad.*"

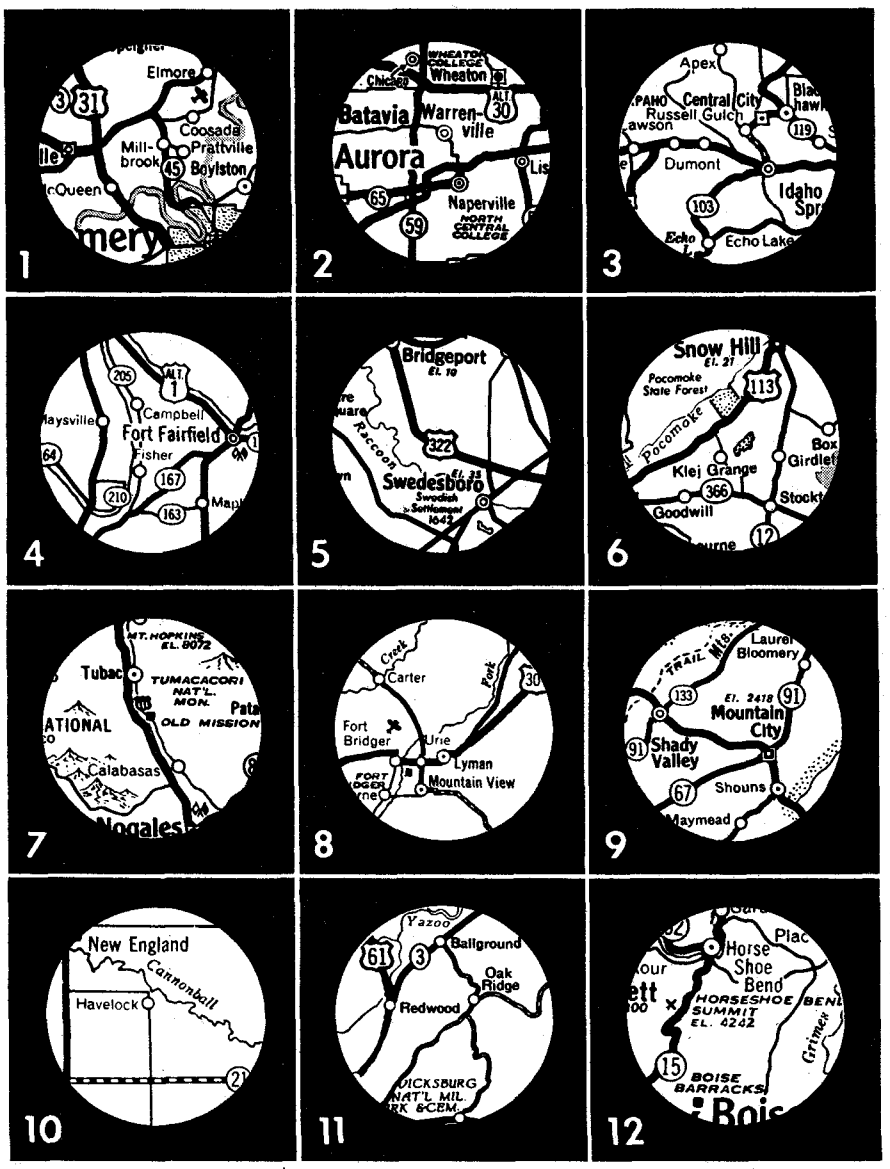
She mimicked them to perfection, but there was no fun in it today, only a frightening quality I could not quite name. It was in her eyes, too, as she looked to the right or the left. We had left the plains now for higher ground. Then we went down into a deep red-rock canyon where we found irrigated fields and adobe houses of San Mateo pueblo. Here Willy and Cousin Albert had spent their last known night.

The short stout pueblo governor, Carasco, a striking sight with iron-gray hair against a rich copper face and a bright red head band, welcomed us with dignity. Nothing could be hurried. Certain rites of respect and hospitality had to be carried out as if all were well. But that evening in his own house, watched by the black eyes of his wife and others, he talked to Ellen about Cousin Albert.

"Who knows what happened to my friend, the white judge and his son? There are devils that rise out of the ground. They float through the air and hover over their prey. Sometimes they even ride horses and lie in wait," he added significantly, watching her closely to see if she caught what he was saying.

"Yes, I understand, Carasco," Ellen said.

His beady eyes gazed on her with satisfaction. Then (*Continued on Page 115*)



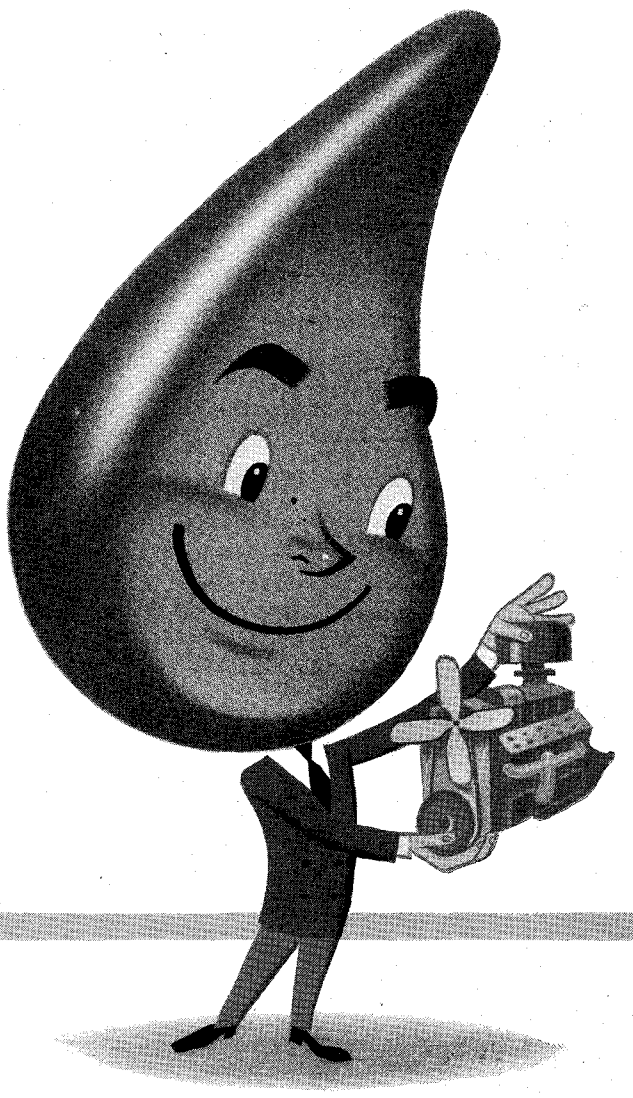
RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 116*)



Pete Penn is an

Engine's Friend

Your car's engine is in the best of hands with Pete Penn. It means you always have the finest lubricant in the crankcase . . . a brand of Pennsylvania Motor Oil.

Maintenance, due to wear of precision parts, is reduced when you use a motor oil made from Nature's finest crude. Engine performance stays at "new-car" peak for thousands more miles.

Refill with a brand of Pennsylvania Motor Oil next time you're in for an oil change. You'll get matchless lubrication for today's high-speed, high-compression engines, and you'll keep the power you bought.

INSIST ON A BRAND OF

PENNSYLVANIA Motor Oil

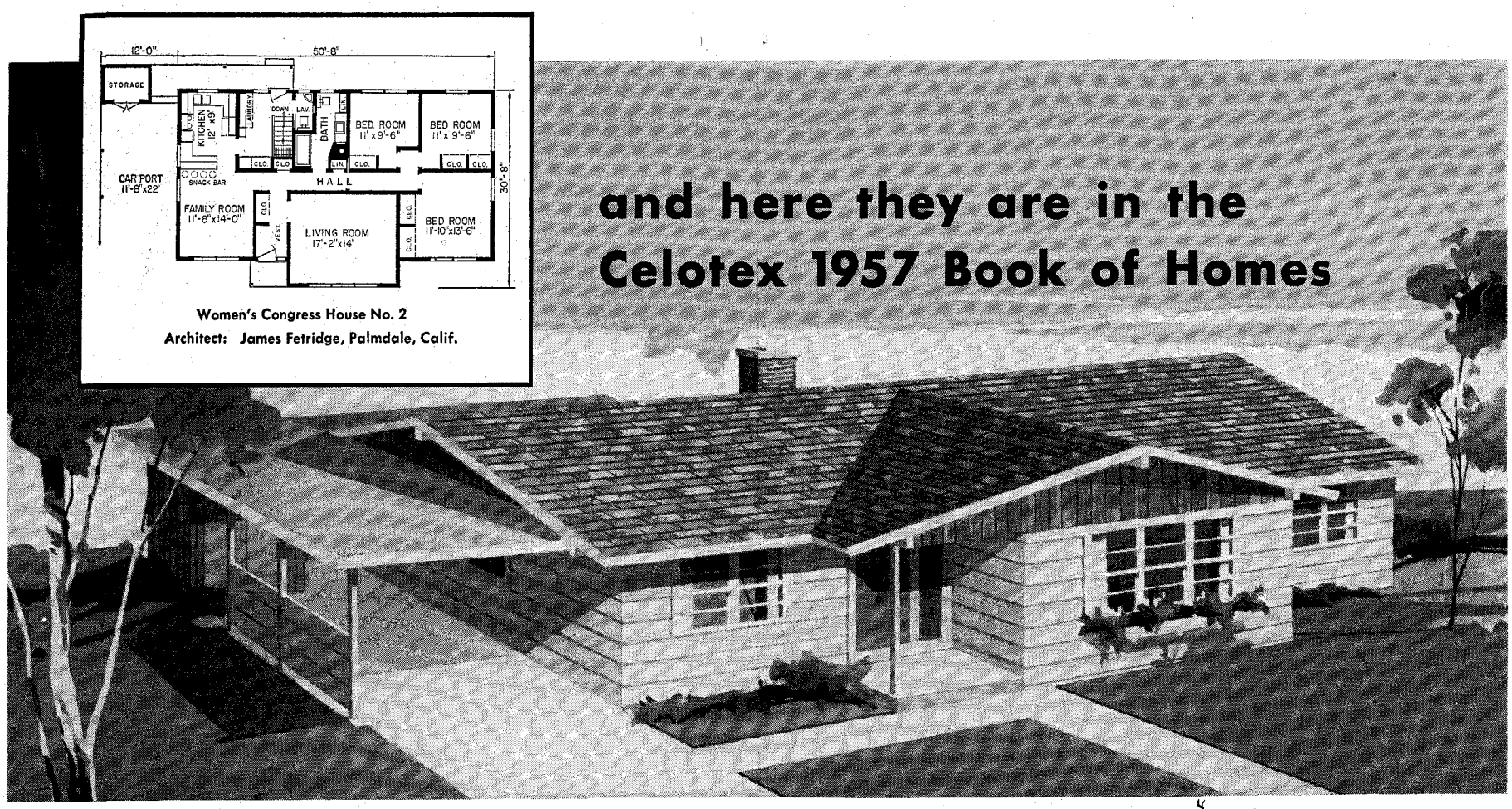
Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL — Made from the highest grade crude oil in the world

Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association, Oil City, Penna.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Women across the nation said:

"Give us the kind of homes we want"



Women's Congress House No. 2
Architect: James Fetridge, Palmdale, Calif.

Based on Recommendations by The U.S. Women's Congress on Housing, with the Cooperation of The National Retail Lumber Dealers Association, Prominent Architects and Builders

Your Celotex Dealer Can Help You Own a Home Like This Now

At long last, women across the nation have had their say about home design. And you'll see these beautiful, modern, women-inspired homes all over the land, once women know that these designs are available.

They came to Washington from every part of the country, these women representing you. They met at a Women's Congress on Housing, invited by Housing Administrator, Albert M. Cole. They brought ideas based on their knowledge of everyday family activities. Not gadgets and gimcracks, but the basic, long-wanted improvements in layout known to every woman who lives in and manages a home.

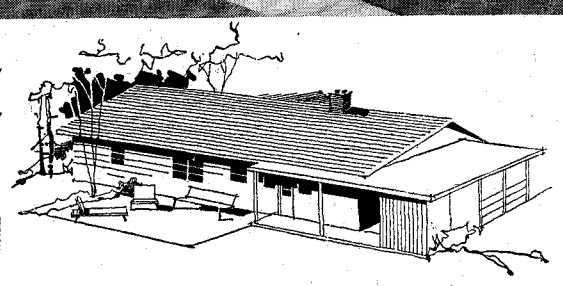
They spoke for you—the women of America—*and* your families. Their voices were heard. Now Celotex, long-time leader in building materials progress, is proud to take this step in bringing you the actual results of their ideas and inspiration—proud to share with Dealers, Architects and Builders, the privilege of announcing these beautiful, "feminine-touch" homes.

Send for 1957 Book Now!

The home illustrated is but one of several you will want to see and study. All are pictured and described in this exciting new Celotex "1957 Book of Homes." One more thrilling than the next. Don't miss seeing it, if you are planning to build or buy an ideal home now, or in the future.

And see your Celotex Dealer!

He is the man who will work hand-in-hand with you and your budget. Show you how, with famous Celotex Building Products, to squeeze the most out of your building dollar. Let him work with your Builder to make one of these beautiful homes *yours* this very year. And for an individually designed home, he will be glad to help you select an architect.

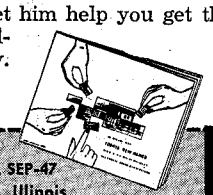


Homemakers want these practical features!

- **Most families need three bedrooms**
- **Ample closet and storage space**
- **A room for family activities**
- **Rear entrance with convenient half-bath**
- **Rooms that offer "quiet"**
- **Separate or semi-separate dining space**
- **Eating space in kitchen or family area**
- **Easy-to-see-out-of windows**
- **Medium-pitched roofs preferred by most**
- **Complete insulation—a "must" for year 'round comfort, for heating and air-conditioning economy.**

Send Coupon for New "1957 Book of Homes!"

This colorful, beautiful 32-page book gives pictures and floor plans for 19 charming homes of moderate cost—plus data for estimating cost of construction in your locality. Mail coupon below for this book now. Then see your Celotex Dealer and let him help you get the most for your money in a thrilling new home for your family. Mail coupon with 25¢ in coin.



THE CELOTEX CORPORATION, Dept. SEP-47
120 South LaSalle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois

Please send me the new "1957 Celotex Book of Homes" giving designs for 19 beautiful homes of moderate cost—including House No. 2 shown above. I enclose 25¢ in coin.

Name .....

Address .....

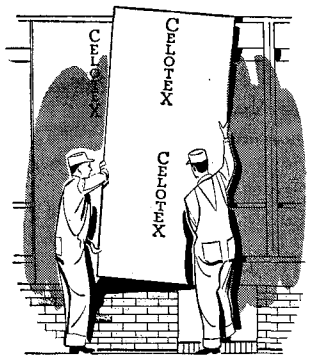
City ..... Zone ..... State .....

Insist on genuine **CELOTEX** REG. U.S. PAT.OFF. **BUILDING PRODUCTS**

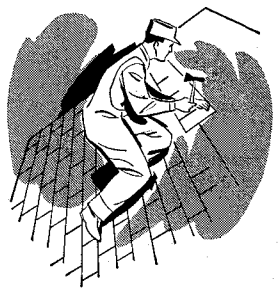
THE CELOTEX CORPORATION • 120 S. LA SALLE ST. • CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

See your Celotex Dealer Now for World-Famous Celotex Building Materials



CELOTEX INSULATING SHEATHING—Builds stronger walls, insulates, and is moisture-proofed. Guaranteed for the life of the building.



CELOTEX ASPHALT ROOFING—To bring to your home Triple-Sealed protection of lasting durability, *plus* Color-Harmonized beauty.

CELOTEX MINERAL WOOL INSULATION—An investment in comfortable, healthful living . . . for a home that is warmer in winter, cooler in summer.

CELO-ROK® GYPSUM PRODUCTS—Wallboard, plasters, lath for better walls, partitions and ceilings in new construction or home remodeling.

Insist on genuine

CELOTEX

REG. U. S. PAT.OFF.

Building Products

THE CELOTEX CORPORATION

120 S. LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS

(*Continued from Page 113*) he went on, "They say the judge and his son stay with us at San Mateo and are never seen again except by an Indian boy of the pueblo. It makes it look bad for the Indian. But the Indians are not devils without reason, señora. Neither the San Mateos nor the Navajos. And if they want to be devils, it would hardly be to their friend, Alberto, but to those who run their cattle over Indian lands, who take the Indian's grass and treat him like dirt when he asks them to go back to their own country."

His short, thick figure mounted on a black horse, he rode out beside the buggy next morning, Some three or four miles west of the pueblo, he pointed out where the Indian sheepherder boy had seen Cousin Albert's black buggy pass. We were out of the pines now, in a broad semiarid country of low cedars.

"This is the place, Fidel," Ellen said. "From here on."

I knew what Ellen meant. I could feel it myself, a forsaken quality that reminded me of the ranch cemetery on the wind-swept plains. But there was more here than human graves abandoned to the barren waste. Something else could be dimly felt, a wildness far back in time and the human heart, so that the friendly Pueblo Indian waving from his horse where we had left him seemed like the last outpost of civilization behind us.

Presently Ellen stopped Critter and motioned Fidel to drive abreast. They conferred, and from here on, either Fidel or Teo walked ahead of the buggy. The broken hills were so dry they could support only scattered cedars, but twice we came to wide draws, where flats of green grass and, once, grazing cattle testified to the presence of water. The cattle testified also to something else. We were now in the country of the Jeffcoats. The hair at the back of my neck stirred. But whatever Ellen and the two Mexicans thought was not confided to me.

Toward late afternoon we came to the malpais. We saw it a long way off, a long black ridge of great broken blocks of lava running across the face of the land. On one side, the winds had created a region of sand and sand dunes several miles deep and running as far as the eye could see. Nothing but salt bushes and blue sage grew here. We camped in a draw where a slender rivulet of water ran clear as crystal from the ugly black rock. That night, so far as I could tell, Ellen slept calmly in her sugan. Whenever I roused, which was often, I saw that one of the Mexicans remained awake, either sitting by the fire, staring into it in a manner of the sheepherder, or standing off in the shadows, listening.

The men confided little to me. They spoke guardedly even to Ellen, but that we stayed there for several days told volumes. Where the long arm of malpais finally ended and the trail ran around it was the place where Fidel and Teo spent the most time, going over it minutely, examining every yard of trailside.

Each day at the malpais I thought Ellen's face grew more weary and baffled. Not even the two nights we stayed at the Banburys' were able to soften it, neither the friendliness of the wolfhounds nor the English hospitality. This was the first time, I think, that she even admitted to herself the possibility that Cousin Albert and Willy might never be found.

It was strange to come back to Moro without Cousin Albert and Willy, without a trace of them, to know no more about them than before. The town seemed an empty shell without them. When we came to La Placita, Ellen stood for a moment at the door as if she couldn't bear entering the dead house. Then she gave a little movement as if she must somehow go through with it and went in.

What gave me the strangest feeling was passing the courthouse. Now already a new man, Judge Saxton, had been appointed from Washington to his office and was at this moment in Porvenir, sitting at the spring term of Baca County court where Cousin Albert was to have sat.

The worst was to think of Cousin Albert and Willy gone, perhaps done away with, their bodies hidden in some unmarked grave, and then to see Snell Beasley going about his business more alive, untouched and prosperous than ever. His political power, they said, had risen with Cousin Albert out of the way. Judge Saxton, we knew, was Beasley's friend and had been appointed through his influence. I watched Beasley pass the house on his way to his office in the morning, short, thick, vigorous, and I wondered at the animal source of such powerful vitality, as I had once wondered in the cedars on seeing a bear that had killed a sheep.

Even Tom Dold, I thought, seemed impressed by Beasley's growing importance. He told Ellen that her brother-in-law had taken a younger man into his office—George Steffy, a lawyer from Baca County. Apparently it gave Beasley more time for outside activities. More than once I saw him drive out in a new rubber-tired, topless buggy—the kind we called a runabout. He seemed to be cogitating, scheming as he drove, a heavy figure that caused the springs to sag on the driver's side.

But I think Ellen was as unprepared as I was for the news Tom brought her from Beasley one evening at dinner. Carefully, I noticed, he wove Snell Beasley's name into the table talk, until Ellen flushed.

"Tom, let's not talk about Snell Beasley."

Tom looked grave. "This time I was asked to speak for him, Ellen, and argue the case in his behalf."

"Argue what case?"

"If you'd be willing to sell Critter."

Ellen went white. "I wouldn't dream of parting with Critter, Tom. And if I did, hardly would I put him at the mercy of that brute."

"I was interested," Tom said gravely, "in the possible mending of relations between you two. It might also change things between you and your sister."

I could see that Ellen was angry. "I am not interested in any change of relations between Snell Beasley and me, Tom. Between Ana and me, yes. But I don't see that giving him Critter would do it."

Through the rest of the dinner I saw that Ellen looked at him with intense questioning eyes. What she thought, she did not tell me, but I suspect she kept learning, as I had, the bitter truth that Cousin Albert was indeed gone, that now another power reigned, and even Tom was ready to bow before it. The king was dead, long live the king.

But if Beasley was king now, at least he couldn't have Critter. We still had the fastest horse in the territory, or so I thought. I wasn't so sure when I heard that Beasley had bought a racing horse in Texas and was bringing him home to use in the shafts of his runabout.

I asked Manuel about it the day the horse was led down the alley to the stable next door, followed by a small crowd. Manuel regarded me with black, unreadable eyes.

"Yes, I saw him. Pretty fine-looking horse. Hardly six years old. Looks fast, Arabian blood. Day after tomorrow, Goyo says, they take him down and exercise him on the track."

The Moro track was an open piece of dry, sandy land on the other side of the railroad. There was a half-mile circular course and a straightaway on one side for quarter racing. I went there on Saturday afternoon and was surprised to see men and boys already on hand. Some of the prominent men of town arrived in their own rigs to watch. Beasley's new horse was already there, and my heart sank as I saw him. He was a Thoroughbred, a little longer and rangier than Critter, a chestnut and more handsome, with an almost blond mane and tail. Moreover, he was younger than Critter, just coming into his power. His speed was impressive and there was a professional look about him in the sulky.

There was a great deal of talk in Moro about the new horse that month. Beasley's challenge to any horse in the territory was freely quoted in talk and print. But if Ellen saw or heard of it, she ignored it. The only time she referred to it was when, nettled by her silence to the challenge, I blurted out that people thought she was afraid of running Critter. I knew then, by the instant brilliance of her eyes, that I had struck fire.

"You haven't been down to the track, have you, Jud?" I kept silent. She gazed at me with that Spanish look of feminine hurt. Then she went on, "Jud, when a member of Mamma Grande's people

"I think that's the filly from Southern California."

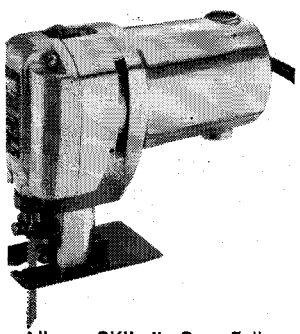
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

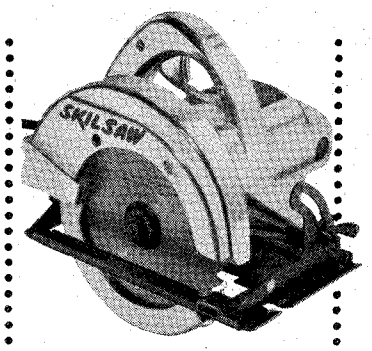
SKILSAW
GREATEST SAW VALUE EVER!

NEW
ENTIRELY NEW

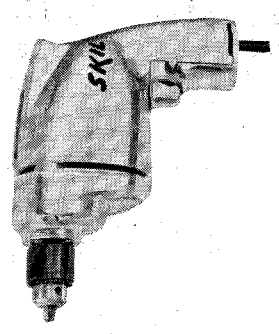
A sparkling new 6½" saw. Special introductory price—**$49.95.** Regularly $54.95. You *save* $5.00. Makes every cut required—even 2" lumber at 45°. Power-packed motor—over 1 horsepower! Exclusive "Vari-Torque" slip clutch. Compact. Versatile. Model 536—best buy for the money.



All new SKIL Jig Saw. Full ½" stroke: maximum cut 2" lumber. Powerful motor. Lightweight, compact—weighs only 3¾ lbs. Easy-to-use. Model 511—**$54.50.**



New, ball-bearing professional-type 6½" saw. For the craftsman who wants the best. Helical gears. Exclusive "Vari-Torque" slip clutch. Model 552—**$64.95.**

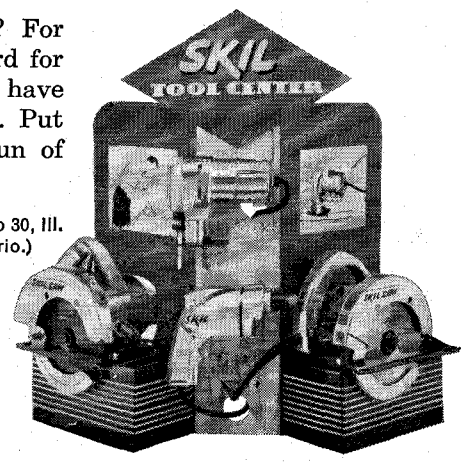


A new standard in ¼" drills. Most powerful drill made for the money. Now, a *full* 2.5 amperes. Cool-running! Geared chuck. Helical gears. Model 549—**$28.95.**

PROFESSIONAL QUALITY AT POPULAR PRICES

Why buy less when you can have the best? For over 30 years, SKIL has been the standard for professional craftsmen. Now, you too can have this same high quality at attractive prices. Put a SKIL in your workshop. Enjoy the fun of building with the finest power tools made.

Made only by SKIL Corporation, 5033 Elston Ave., Chicago 30, Ill.
(In Canada: 3601 Dundas Street West, Toronto 9, Ontario.)



SKIL
PORTABLE TOOLS

See These Exciting New Tools At Your Local Hardware, Building Supply Or Lumber Yard.

died, they believed in mourning. A black cloth was put up at the door to tell people that those in the house were in sorrow, so no one going by would laugh too loud or carry on unseemly. The native people respected it. The Anglos, when they came, had other customs. I am part Anglo; I'm of the new generation. I hate mourning. But that doesn't mean I race horses or even talk about racing them. I hoped that since Willy and Albert were your cousins, you'd feel the same way, that you wouldn't go near the track. People may see you and say that I sent you to spy on Snell's new horse. We know this is untrue, but they don't. The truth is that even if Albert and Willy were still here, I wouldn't race Critter. Critter isn't a racehorse. He's my buggy horse and friend. He's devoted to me and I'm devoted to him. Long before Albert and Willy left us, people urged me to put him on the track. But I never have and I never will. I think this should be made more emphatic. The next time Tom comes to the house, I'll ask him to inform Snell and whoever else is necessary."

From the way Lawyer Beasley went by the next time I saw him, I suspected that Tom had told him. He had a look on his face that could only be described on him as curdled amusement. He seemed to balance his heavy form with a certain triumph, as if he felt she was afraid and that everyone else knew it, too, which gave him the title by point of rules.

But I didn't know Snell Beasley very well then, nor the extremes of cunning to which his ambition went, that he never would be satisfied with victory by forfeiture, that his amusement and sense of triumph came rather from something else he was working out in his mind.

It was true that Ellen had put on no mourning. On the other hand, she had certainly given no parties since Cousin Albert had left. Mostly she busied herself with the ranch, was out with Mamma Grande half the time.

Inevitably, when she was in town, she drove out for a ride in the afternoon. Often she took me along, and I could feel the good it did her when we got away from the lonely house, and still more when we reached the end of town. Here were scenes with which Cousin Albert or Willy had not been actively associated and from which they did not keep leaping into her mind. Also, I think it helped her just to go, to keep moving, to have the wheels turning and Critter bearing her to some new environment.

This afternoon she was not at the house when I came home. I went out to the stable. Critter's box stall was empty. Manuel told me she had left two hours before, that she had said something about driving north to the Santiago Montoyas. As we talked, we saw Goyo take the Beasley horse down the alley from the stable next door.

"Now where is he going in the runabout at this time of day?" Manuel said, moving to the door and looking after. "It's too late for his master to go anywhere."

Something in what he said or the way he said it aroused me, and I followed. As I went down the alley I fancied I felt an air of expectancy in Old Town. More people than usual were out in the plaza, most of them moving down toward Audiencia Street. They glanced at me curiously, I thought, as I came after, some with amusement, some with bright anticipation in their dark eyes. I found that the race horse and runabout had stopped in front of Beasley's office, a little group gathered around them. As I approached, Beasley himself came out. I couldn't hear his careful orders to Goyo, who started driving the race horse away. Beasley looked around, pleased, at the crowd. Tom Dold and Frank Gomez, the county treasurer, were across the street in front of the courthouse.

"If she won't race me on the track, we'll race that fast horse of hers on her own ground!" he called.

I learned afterward that Beasley himself had seen Ellen drive north on New Town Road. But at the time all I was aware of was the crowd moving down Audiencia Street. I followed, giving no sign of recognition to Tom Dold, and I noticed that he gave none to me.

A few people already waited on New Town Road when we got there, and the number increased as the news got abroad. A spirited air pervaded most of the spectators, Anglos and Mexicans alike. But uneasiness, I thought, could be felt among the sheep people, and this was my own feeling.

Far up the road I could see Goyo driving slowly north. Not a sign of another horse or rig as far as my eyes could see. *Maybe she won't come*, I said to myself hopefully, surprised at my unwillingness to have the match finally come off—I who had urged her earlier to arrange it. Finally far up the road toward the Montoyas I thought I saw a bit of dust rising.

Before I could be sure, Lino Garcia came along with his old crowbait and water cart loaded with barrels and boys. They stopped and Pas Ramirez sent a Garcia boy back among the empty barrels to make room for me on the seat. Then we drove north on the road to see what we could see. The dust now included a dot and my eyes strained on the speck, hoping it might be only a light wagon or saddle horse of some rancher.

Pas Ramirez was the first to identify it positively. "It's her—*la doña*," he said, adding the latter out of respect to me.

I couldn't be sure, but as we went on and the speck came toward us, my eyes could finally make out the yellow-top buggy. I knew the horse must be Critter, probably trotting a little faster on the way home, and alone in the seat would be Ellen, unsuspecting what lay ahead. As she approached, we saw Goyo, still traveling toward her, look over his shoulder several times, as if measuring a mile or a mile and a quarter back to Old Town. He drew the racer to a walk as the yellow-top buggy came close.

Hardly had the two rigs passed when Goyo swung the chestnut around. It seemed that Beasley had given him wise and wily instructions, for he waited until the buggy must have been a hundred yards in front. I could imagine Critter's ears pricking at the sound of hoofs overtaking him, and Ellen tightening the reins to hold him, which I knew well she could never do. All we definitely saw was Goyo pulling out to the left to go around, and then the two horses side by side and neither one passing, by which we knew they had started to run.

"Mira! Here they come!" Pas Ramirez yelled, standing up, and we all stood up.

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 113

1. Ala.	2. Ill.	3. Col.
4. Me.	5. N.J.	6. Md.
7. Ariz.	8. Wyo.	9. Tenn.
10. N.D.	11. Miss.	12. Ida.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Looking at the horses from in front, we had no idea how fast they were already coming. Only in the nick of time did Lino recognize our danger. Never, in my opinion, would either of the two horses have stopped for us. Lino got his cart off the road just as they went by.

I had a glimpse of Critter, the bit between his teeth, that stubborn forward look to his head and neck, and of Ellen looking helpless and exasperated in the buggy, sawing vainly on the lines to hold him, while half a length behind him the race horse tore on, eyes glazing, his mane and tail streaming and Goyo half raised in the runabout with his whip in his hand.

Once they were by, all we could see were the two rigs leaving us through a cloud of dust. Although Lino whipped his crowbait and sent him galloping behind them, none of us could tell for sure which was ahead, only that they were still on opposite sides of the road as they reached Old Town. By the time we got there, they were far beyond. I had a glimpse of Tom Dold and the county treasurer smiling, and of Beasley turning away darkly toward his office, while the Mexicans chattered in great animation and the sheepmen looked solidly pleased.

We learned afterward that never for a moment had Goyo been able to get around the yellow-top buggy, that at the outskirts of town Ellen was almost a length ahead, and that when they reached where the crowd stood the thickest, Critter was still going like such a torrent she didn't dare think of turning up Audiencia Street, but kept him on New Town Road, and he was halfway to the railroad tracks before she could stop him. When I reached the buggy, Ellen, white and shaken, was driving Critter slowly back, his coat laid with sweat from neck and shoulders halfway to his rump.

"You devil!" she was saying angrily to him when she stopped to let me in.

"He was wonderful," I told her.

"He's a stubborn, vain, unprincipled brute!" she answered. "I could kill him with good grace!"

We saw a black knot of people up around Audiencia Street, waiting for her to drive back, but, to my disappointment, she turned up Alameda Street to the plaza to avoid them. I protested.

"They saw Critter come in ahead, and that's enough," she insisted. "They shouldn't have seen that much. There was no occasion for a race at this time and no decency in it. They should know it."

Despite Ellen's anger over the race, it did her good, I think. Her victory over Beasley softened, if faintly, some of her bitterness against him. She felt more resigned. By the time fall came around, it seemed that some of the agitation over Cousin Albert's and Willy's tragic disappearance had begun to blow over. Then word arrived that a sheepherder had seen a cowboy from the Bar B ranch in Baca County riding Dan, one of Cousin Albert's horses. Salomon Baca, owner of the sheep, had taken his herder to town to swear out an affidavit. A few nights later the herder's flock was scattered and trampled by horses and the herder himself killed. A warrant had been issued for the cowboy, and Beasley had been engaged to defend him.

Now things were all stirred up again. Hardly had all this happened when word came that a body had been discovered. That evening Amado Martinez called at the house and was closeted with Ellen. They wouldn't let me in the room. When the sheriff left, he patted my shoulder. Ellen had come out more composed than I expected.

"I have news for you, Jud. They've found your father," she said.

It's always been a puzzling mystery to me the way things happen, the pattern in which they appear. We expect one thing, foresee a certain conclusion, but something unforeseen often comes about. Instead of it being either Cousin Albert or Willy, it was the body of my father, whose disappearance by this time had been almost forgotten, except by me, and I had stoutly believed him still alive.

When Ellen told me, my face must have gone white, for she led me to one of the couches and put her arm around me. She told me quietly all the sheriff had said to her. The body had been found in a high canyon in the Greenhorn Mountains, where it had lain covered by snow most of the year. Apparently he had been taken there alive, murdered and the money stolen. They were bringing the body back to Moro now.

"Don't worry. Your father will have burial in the Protestant cemetery. I'll see Reverend Crandall myself in the morning."

All the while the minister read the burial service over the tightly closed pine coffin, Ellen's mind, I think, was on the bodies of Cousin Albert and Willy, still unfound.

There were those who said that Ellen Sessions had refused to wear mourning for her husband and son, but had put it on for the father of her cousin by marriage. This was unadulterated nonsense. My father's death and burial had only brought home to her the shocking realities of Willy's and Cousin Albert's disappearance. Now she felt she had no other way than to accept them as dead and all it implied. She wore no mourning at my father's funeral. The day afterward she took

YOU'RE JUDGED BY your handshake

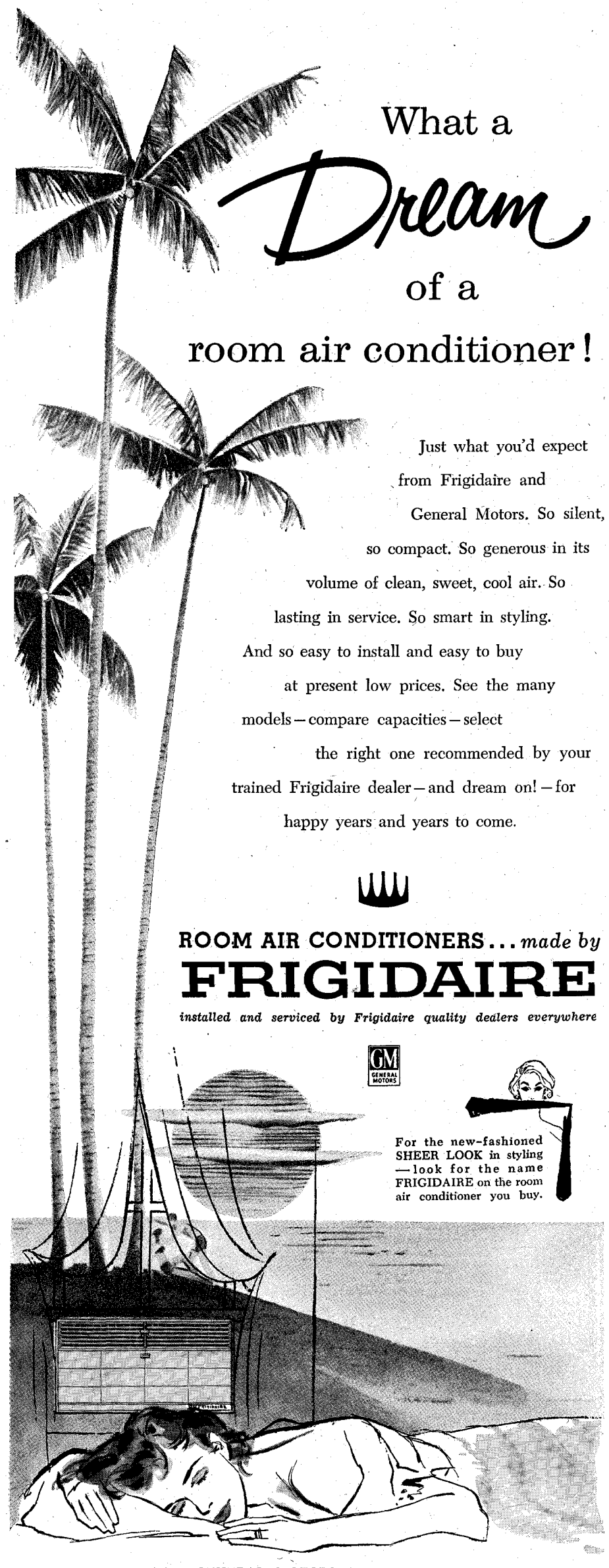
YOU'RE JUDGED BY your printing

Is your handshake listless or vigorous? Casual or friendly? The first impression your handshake makes sometimes affects a person's judgment of you for a long time. And what's true of handshakes is true of printed sales helps. They often reflect the *character* of your company.

A company makes a good first impression on its prospects when it sends out superior printed pieces on high quality paper. When your printing discloses respect for your prospects, they will respect you in return. High quality printed pieces win friends. They stay on the job. They often pass from person to person, selling as they go. And they stimulate priceless word-of-mouth publicity. **Team up with a GOOD printer.** Your printed pieces will look their best if you consult a good printer at the very start of a job. When you call him in early, he can save you time, effort and money. He knows how to deliver printed pieces that attract favorable attention to your business, enhance your reputation and increase your sales. And he'll probably specify Warren's High Standard Printing Papers for your jobs. He knows Warren's produces top quality printing results. *S. D. Warren Company, 89 Broad Street, Boston 1, Massachusetts.*

Warren's HIGH STANDARD printing papers make a good impression

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


What a
Dream
of a
room air conditioner!
Just what you'd expect from Frigidaire and General Motors. So silent, so compact. So generous in its volume of clean, sweet, cool air. So lasting in service. So smart in styling. And so easy to install and easy to buy at present low prices. See the many models—compare capacities—select the right one recommended by your trained Frigidaire dealer—and dream on!—for happy years and years to come.
ROOM AIR CONDITIONERS... made by
FRIGIDAIRE
installed and serviced by Frigidaire quality dealers everywhere
GM GENERAL MOTORS
For the new-fashioned SHEER LOOK in styling—look for the name FRIGIDAIRE on the room air conditioner you buy.
FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DAYTON 1, OHIO

the train to Denver to buy materials, and when she came back, called the dressmakers in.

She looked older, thinner and, if anything, more beautiful in black the morning she asked me to stay home from school. Her face, I thought, was like marble.

"I want to call on Mr. Beasley," she told me. She had never called him that before. "I haven't discussed the matter with Tom or anyone, but I feel I would like to have a witness. You're the only son I have now, Jud, and I wish you would go along." Just the way she looked at me, I felt a dependence on me. It made me feel more of a man.

To my surprise, Manuel was waiting with Critter and the buggy outside. We could have easily walked the short distance to the plaza, then crossed it to Audiencia Street and down half a block to Burro Alley and the dusty brick building across the street from the courthouse.

More than once had Ellen instructed Willy and me how, when we were with her, to leap out first and then help her down from the buggy. I tried to do that now, especially since there were men in front of the courthouse watching us. I'm sure I didn't know what I was doing, but Ellen gravely accepted my help. Then, without knocking, she went into the office and I followed.

My first impression was the strong stale scent of tobacco and tobacco ashes and the stronger reek of cuspidors. I saw George Steffy look up in blank surprise and a little fright, I thought, from his desk piled with books and papers, while behind him, through the parted doors which did not open on hinges as other doors I knew, but were drawn apart, I had a glimpse of a deeper and more dangerous region. This Ellen at once entered, not stopping at Mr. Steffy's desk to inquire, as I supposed she would.

There was nothing for me to do except come after. I found we were in a large room with shelves. There were chairs and a green bag on the floor, and in the corner the largest desk I ever saw, a great flat top, piled still more with documents and books than George Steffy's, and behind the desk the thick form and powerful face of Willy's Uncle Snell. His face wasn't lifted. It was only the eyes that peered up, almost squinted, as if to say, "Who is this?"—the fierce large eye and the smaller drooping one which I had heard referred to as "his little bitty eye." I don't know which one frightened me more.

Ellen seated herself on the edge of a chair with a rawhide seat which looked dirty to me, and regarded him for a few moments.

"I've come to you in peace, Snell, to ask a favor."

She said it humbly, almost abased, but I saw it didn't appease her brother-in-law.

She went on, "I want to ask if you will speak to your clients for me. I mean the cattlemen in Baca County. I beg of them to tell me something. Oh, I don't want to know who was involved in this terrible thing or any detail of what happened. All I ask of them is to let me know where the bodies of Willy and Albert lie, so I can bring them to Moro, have them decently buried and the Christian service read over them."

It seemed a small and deserving request to me, but I noticed that no answering pity or sympathy came into his eyes.

"And you feel my cattlemen clients should be able to tell you that?" he asked.

"I do," Ellen answered.

"Perhaps you feel that I myself might be able to tell you?"

"God forbid," Ellen said, so low I could scarcely hear her.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just God forbid," she repeated.

To my astonishment, an expression of righteous indignation gripped him at her reply. The lower part of his face twitched as if with fury, and I had the feeling that deeper forces were inexplicably stirring and rising from unknown pits inside of him.

"You say you come in peace, and then insult and vilify me by your aspersions," he accused her. "First, let me point out that there is not the slightest proof that your boy and husband are dead, as you assume, let alone murdered and hidden in the wilderness, as you insinuate. Secondly, you assume that the perpetrators of such a gross and hideous crime are my own clients, who could tell you where the bodies are, if they wished, which makes me either a dupe, ignorant of the true nature of my clients, or a confederate, equally guilty with them of murder. Thirdly, you set up this imaginary set of circumstances and accusations and forget that if these grossly improbable things were true, it would still be you and your husband who by persecution of other human beings set in motion acts against God and man that brought the final culmination to pass."

If he had stopped there, I think he might have had something, but his hate and feeling of triumph carried him on. His little bitty eye twinkled like a star.

"Finally, you seem to have overlooked or won't admit the report I have heard from a number of sources, and which, from association and relationship with you, I must respect, that Albert has long been growing weary of your efforts to dominate and influence his judicial acts, so that finally he had no other course than to knowingly and willfully abandon you to your fate."

Ellen's cheeks were flat white. "That's a lie, Snell, and you know it."

He sat looking at her with satisfaction that was positively evil.

"'The truth is great, and shall prevail,'" he quoted. "'The mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small.' For a long time you have been riding high. You have done what you liked and been above the law. You have influenced and manipulated the law in the cases of others, causing in the end the ruin of your brother, your husband and son. You have even tried to interfere with the personal life of your sister and her household. But now reality has caught up to you, and you will have to face justice and reformed conditions. No longer are you able to dictate to the bench."

Ellen rose to her feet. "Are you going to get me the information I asked, Snell, so Albert's and Willy's bodies can be brought home and decently buried?"

He gazed at her with baneful delight. "I have told you that I know nothing; that my clients know nothing. Now I will add that, on the contrary, did my clients know something and had they given me the information in the priestly confidence that exists between an honorable lawyer and his client, I could and would tell you nothing, and the court would sustain me. No, not if the bodies of Albert and Willy were buried as you say, their remains to be dug up by coyotes and other scavengers of the wild and never to be found or seen by humankind again."

He was a devil—the very devil himself, I thought. For a little while, Ellen stood shocked and trembling. Then she took my arm and we left. Critter and the buggy were waiting. I helped her in. We drove off. She said no word on the way home, not until she reached the door of the house.

"I hoped it could be done without further bloodshed, Jud, but now I see he must be dealt with as the dog he is."

TO BE CONCLUDED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wonderful Wooden Sandwich

(Continued from Page 49)

assembled a small rented store on West 14th Street in New York, a supply of war-surplus plywood and a contract to sell a new casein glue. The first office boy was a temporary worker named Sol Walter Antoville, who was called Tony. He was merely collecting a stake for his next term in law school.

On the whole, the scene appeared properly set for another of Lawrence's non-profit excursions into business. One of his brothers reported that "Larry has gone into some crazy kind of wood business," a critical remark that might have been expected from any of the older brothers because they were, respectively, on their way to a State Supreme Court seat, a successful career in mechanical invention and the Attorney Generalship of New York State.

But if the stage setting of Lawrence's latest try was familiar to the Ottingers, the plot was not. Underdog Lawrence had found something that warranted his faith, and by the time he died in 1954 he had reared a public monument taller than that of all three brothers combined. He had tapped his own genius to become the outstanding name in the industry. The original $500, which was more mother love than loan, had turned into $100,000,000 in assets and more than that in annual sales, which have since passed the $200,000,000 mark. The first office boy never returned to his lawbooks. He is president Tony Antoville.

Lawrence Ottinger was literally fascinated by plywood. He even gave up billiards and for the rest of his life spent most of his evenings studying about forest products.

But it was glue, rather than plywood, that started the little company with the impudently big name on its long upward course. "It took us years to get rid of that first plywood," Antoville remembers, "but the casein glue was an excellent new product and very important to us in our earliest years." For many years U.S.P. remained strictly a selling organization. Lawrence was a fervent avoider of property ownership. He had lost an old-fashioned lumberyard. He had gone bust with a parquet-flooring mill. And he had achieved a spectacular dud with a process for injecting dye into living trees. The coloring worked beautifully, and Lawrence turned a forest of Louisiana gum trees into walnut-colored gum, only to find that his method of producing pseudo-walnut cost a good deal more than a few brush strokes of stain on a finished wall or table surface. An ironic twist to this coloring venture occurred years later when U.S.P. accidentally reaped a handsome profit on colored wood. A flood at the company's Louisville plant had ruined most of the stock, but had somehow turned an inventory of English harewood plywood into an exotic pink. Vice president James Dunne, supervising the flood salvage, had the harewood set aside and dried. Architects and designers flocked to buy it.

U.S.P. now lists three dozen plants, but Lawrence had to be trapped into acquiring the first one. Under pressure from bankers to take over a depressed property, he had dodged the issue by making what he thought was an unacceptable offer. It was accepted. As long as he lived, however, he was extremely careful about acquiring physical properties. Lawrence had a scratch-pad habit of listing in two columns the advantages and disadvantages of any proposal. Unless the advantage column was clearly the weightier, he invariably dropped the subject. He was, moreover, quick to let go of operations that lost their promise. A venture in Mexico was dropped before it got under way, and when a plant in Panama turned troublesome he not only closed it down but left all the machinery right where it was. It may now be a vine-covered pile of rust.

Nevertheless he believed in plywood so thoroughly that he advertised, promoted and sold it with fervor at a time when it took some courage just to defend it. There were occasions when cooler colleagues had to keep him from overdoing it, notably when he became convinced that bicycles and bathtubs should be made of plywood. He correctly visualized the plywood future, and he knew something about the product. By a quirk he had been made a plywood inspector for the Air Service of the Signal Corps during World War I, had subsequently been schooled in the United States Forest Products Laboratory in Madison, Wisconsin, and had then become chief inspector of all aircraft plywood. He was well aware that improved adhesives were vital to plywood and would ultimately enable it to be used as a marine and exterior material.

Ottinger also became interested in the utilization of good hardwood plywoods for the fine-paneling field. For he knew that plywood use in the decorative fields was not too far from the veneering practice of many famous cabinetmakers. According to Tony Antoville, U.S.P. today does 60 per cent of its business outside of standard Douglas-fir grades. This is chiefly in hardwood plywoods, in which the company stocks architectural grades ranging from African *Avodire* to Oriental teak. Production of flush doors—a surprising number of these sprout legs and become coffee tables—manufactured wood products, special laminates and general lumber accounts for the balance. But Lawrence, in addition to plugging decorative hardwoods, also gave fir plywood a strong postwar boost by simply saying yes to a designer, when everyone around him said no.

The designer, Donald Deskey, had become annoyed with smooth furniture and

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

The man who "always does his duty" is probably the one who decides what it is.

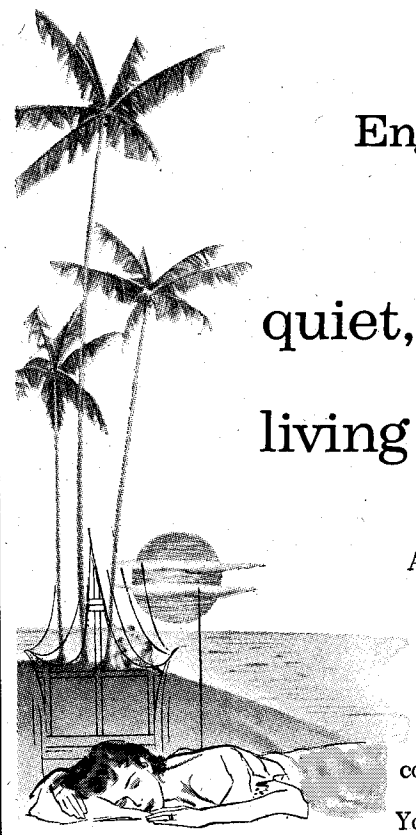
All a woman needs to become frequently exasperated is a husband.

Nothing about an adolescent makes him so obnoxious as middle age.

When a woman puts her husband on a pedestal, she at least knows where he is.

The one place where pedestrians live longer these days is on the sidewalk.

The best way for a woman to knock a chip off her husband's shoulder is by using her head.



Enjoy this *Dream*

plus

quiet, clean, healthful living in every room!

Awaken to this dream of home-wide comfort now! Frigidaire makes the right, compact, hide-away system that thriftily spreads the magic of year-round air conditioning throughout your entire home. You dial the temperature you want—live in a cleaner, healthier, atmosphere. Appetites improve. Many allergies are relieved. Outside noise is quieted. The whole house stays wonderfully cleaner. It's a new world of comfort and convenience for everyone in every room. The cost? You needn't wonder or guess. Your Frigidaire dealer can tell you in ONE HOUR OR LESS—and without obligation—exactly what we mean when we say, "Frigidaire offers today's thriftiest buy in quality Comfort Conditioning for your entire home."

FULL-HOME CONDITIONERS... *made by*

FRIGIDAIRE

installed and serviced by Frigidaire quality dealers everywhere

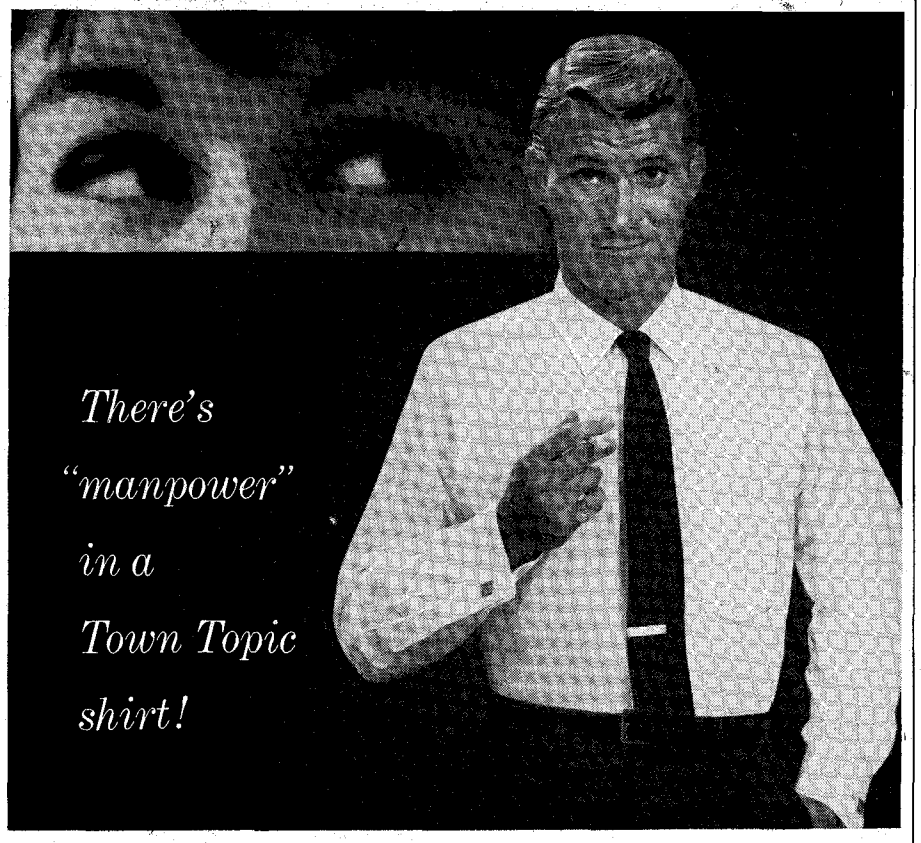
GM GENERAL MOTORS

In full-home, year-round conditioning, the SHEER LOOK means built-in, blend-in, efficiency and beauty, whether concealed or seen.

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DAYTON 1, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The term "SCOTCH" and the plaid design are registered trademarks of Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., St. Paul 6, Minn. Export Sales Office: 99 Park Ave., New York 16, N.Y. In Canada: P.O. Box 757, London, Ontario. © 1957, 3M Co.



Look at the look in the lady's eye! It's for a special man – made even more special by the Town Topic shirt he's wearing. There's a shirtful of manpower in its casually perfect tailoring . . . pleated sleeves . . . neatly set collar (regular or soft-slotted) . . . rich, Sanforized broadcloth. It's so easy to wear – so easy to remember. And like the look in the lady's eye, a Town Topic shirt lasts a long, long time! $2.98 up.

Town Topic

FOR OVER 80 YEARS – THE TALK OF THE TOWN FOR QUALITY

S. LIEBOVITZ & SON, 350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY 1

decorative wood surfaces which were susceptible to ruin by scratches while still new and useful. Since he had no control over scratches yet to come, Deskey hit upon the idea of concealing new scratches by losing them in the way that it would be easy to lose another Chinaman in China, by getting them lost in a sea of sameness. He took a plywood sample and deliberately scratched its surface with little grooves varying slightly in depth and breadth, and all running the full length of the piece. This abundance of scratches not only minimized any additional marring, but presented a shinglelike texture on the wood surface. Lawrence had a number of his associates view the new idea. When they registered unanimous objection, he said, "We'll make it."

U.S.P. called the product, which has since become enormously successful, Weldtex. It is made by nicking a plywood planer knife until the knife edge resembles the claws of a thousand cats toeing a line. The knife then imposes on the wood surface hundreds of cut-in scratches, or striations. With its flat surface broken up in tiny ridges, the unruly grain figure of fir is obscured. U.S.P. has since tinkered with the grain pattern of fir in additional ways. For example, by chewing the wood surface with giant wire brushes or by pelting it with fine shot at high velocity, the softer parts of the pattern are recessed and the harder contours brought out. The three-dimensional result is much like the chiseling that waves put into driftwood, pleasantly suggestive of the seashore.

Plywoods have become a permanent and basic part of the forest-products industry. A modern housebuilder, for example, almost automatically gets out a slide rule to decide whether to use plywood boards for exterior-wall sheathing—the in-between part of the wall. Will he be better off nailing up dozens of sheathing boards, or will he save labor cost by nailing up a few plywood panels at least four by eight feet in size? At the other end of the grade scale, a plywood engineer-designer-salesman may be working directly with the architects of an office building to plan a lobby in Korina long partitions. U.S.P. once delivered six miles of movable African Korina partitions for a Ford office building in Dearborn.

By taking its place as a staple lumber product, plywood is an integral part of the whole forest scene, which is one of increasing change. The concept of trees as a crop to be harvested over long cycles has now been widely accepted, and a natural result has been a growing integration of mill operations with assured sources of timber. This is an expensive undertaking, and the costs must be borne by fuller utilization of each log and by efficient automatic mills.

U.S.P. believes it has most nearly approached this concept in its cluster of plants at Anderson, California, not far from Mount Shasta and Mount Lassen, our only active volcano, which lies about forty miles due east. The present cut for the Anderson plants is from the Lassen foothills. The timber is ponderosa pine, which is hauled by truck roughly forty miles from the logging camps to Anderson.

Although at one time his only pastoral pursuit was driving a fast horse through Central Park, Lawrence Ottinger later acquired an intense interest in the timber tracts his company acquired, and he slogged through forests thousands of miles from Manhattan pavements. It was, of course, only one manifestation of his complete devotion to the plywood business, a passion that showed up in many ways. When he talked plywood he often grasped his listener by the shoulder or even got hold of an ear or cheek so that no pertinent words had a chance of getting lost.

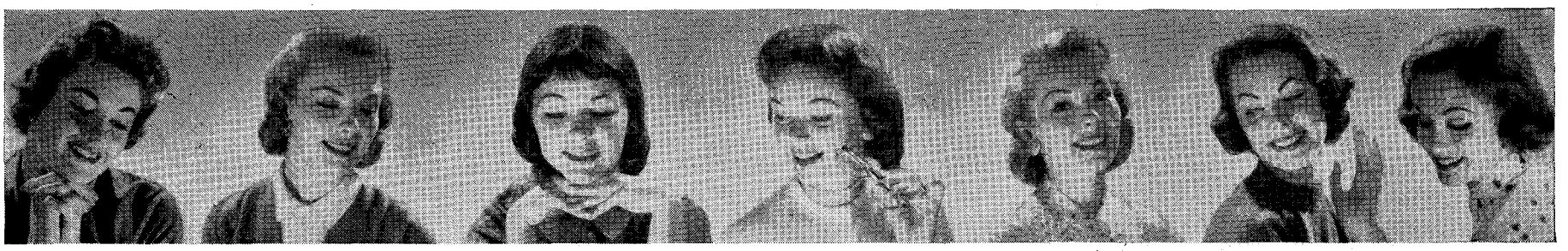
Ottinger just couldn't let plywood alone. When the time arrived for him to withdraw to the company chairmanship and hand on the presidency to Tony Antoville, Lawrence had a talk with Tony. He explained, apologetically, that he would probably butt into the president's affairs once in a while—"You know how I am, Tony." And Tony said, "Yes, I know how you are!"

Despite his distaste for property responsibilities, Lawrence would have enjoyed the present-day Anderson operations, where logs are dealt like cards from one plant to another, then reshuffled until they are consumed in the most efficient and profitable manner. The installation includes a plywood plant, an orthodox sawmill, a box factory and a new (*Continued on Page 122*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

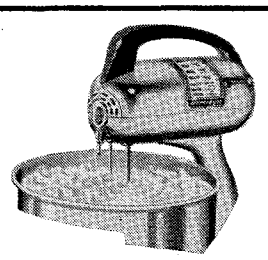
"Really, you shouldn't have."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

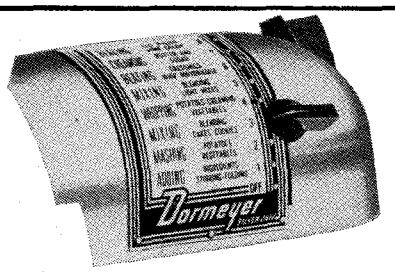


You can **SEE** the Difference in a **DORMEYER** !

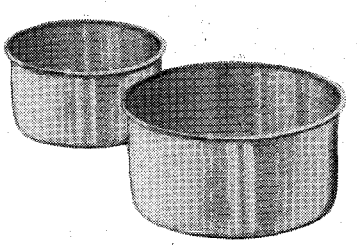
SEE these Special Features in the **DORMEYER** Chrome Silver-Chef



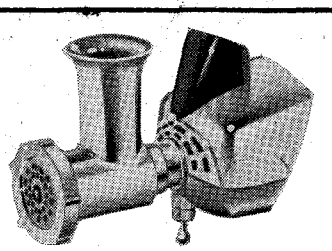
All-Chrome mixer beats to perfection. Egg whites beat higher, cream whips faster. Head snaps free for portable mixing, has automatic beater release.



10 speeds. Pick the speed you need from this recipe tested guide. The chrome-plate beaters won't slow down even in thickest batters.



Stainless steel bowls. 2 big mixing bowls come in polished stainless steel. Handsome enough to use as salad bowls, or for food storage.



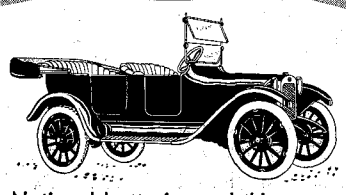
Food grinder included! This useful $15.00 meat and vegetable grinder comes with your Silver-Chef at *no extra cost!*

DORMEYER Matched Appliances

DORMEYER CORPORATION
CHICAGO 10, ILLINOIS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

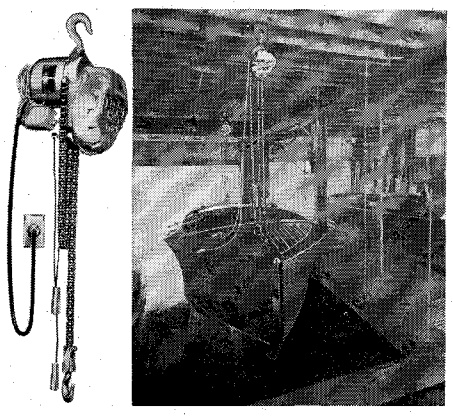
WHO
MADE THIS EARLY MODEL
AND WHEN?



National batteries and this car started on the road to fame about the same time. Both have become increasingly popular. This is the 1915 Dodge Touring car.

Find Your Nearest Dealer In The Yellow Pages

GOULD-NATIONAL Batteries, Inc.
Saint Paul 1, Minnesota
Gould-National Batteries of Canada, Ltd., Toronto



LIFT YOUR BOAT THE EASY WAY

Get your boat in and out of the water fast. No back-breaking work. The 'Budgit' Electric Hoist does the job with little more effort on your part than a gentle tug on the control cord. Whether your craft weighs a few hundred pounds or 2 tons, the powerful 'Budgit' can handle it safely in a few minutes. Also great for removing and replacing motors.

The 'Budgit' Electric Hoist is easy to install. Just hang up, plug in, and it is ready for economical service. Boat owners, boat builders, boat renters, yacht clubs — all find the 'Budgit' saves time, energy and money. It is a tough hoist that gives long service with complete safety. Get all the facts about AC, DC and 12-volt battery-operated models. Capacities: ⅛ to 2 tons. Priced from $149.

Write us for Bulletins 402 and 404.

57A-3 'Budgit'® ELECTRIC HOISTS

MANNING, MAXWELL & MOORE, INC.
SHAW-BOX CRANE & HOIST DIVISION
352 W. Broadway, Muskegon, Michigan

Builders of "SHAW-BOX" and 'LOAD LIFTER' Cranes, 'BUDGIT' and 'LOAD LIFTER' Hoists and other lifting specialties. Other Divisions produce 'ASHCROFT' Gauges, 'HANCOCK' Valves, 'CONSOLIDATED' Safety and Relief Valves, 'AMERICAN' and 'AMERICAN-MICROSEN' Industrial Instruments, and Aircraft Products.

In Canada: Manning, Maxwell & Moore of Canada, Ltd. Avenue Road, Galt, Ontario.

(*Continued from Page 120*) operation which will bear later explanation.

In a centralized operation such as this, the sawmill no longer goes into the woods. The logs are hauled out to it. Trucks operating at passenger-car speeds deliver loads so valuable that they are worth hauling as much as 100 miles from timber stand to mill. But this method of lumbering also requires that every possible return be squeezed out of every log. Thus, at Anderson, the log is disposed of according to its worth. The plywood mill gets the best. But after the peeler blade has unreeled even a perfect log, there is a core left, which is then shunted to another plant. The sawmill may inherit a log either before or after another plant has had it, for processing into customary lumber. The box factory may also trade back and forth with the other units, entering the joint effort to use every part of every log except the bark.

One thing that all U.S.P. mills must do is deliver wood chips and small pieces to an almost fully automatic plant which produces a product called Novoply. Novoply, made under Swiss patents, is a type of particle board which is of growing interest to the modern forest industry. Particle boards are panels pressed out of wood chips and resins. Novoply goes beyond that. Its surface layers are composed of shavings cut to specified size, and its core is made of chips. Drenched in urea resin before they pass into the press, these chips appear to be just a fluffy panful of wood bits five inches deep.

On emergence from the hot presses, however, Novoply is only three quarters of an inch thick. It is a solid panel with a speckled wood-shaving pattern, quite insensitive to all of wood's natural defects—warp, shrink, swell, rot. Gene Brewer, a native of Washington's Olympic Peninsula and head of U.S.P.'s West Coast operations, regards Novoply as the wood that nature should have made, but couldn't. But perhaps its greatest significance—and this applies to all particle boards—is that it increases the mill utilization of the log from about 50 per cent to 70 per cent.

Novoply and particle boards are a step in the direction long demanded by conservationists—less waste in the forest-products industry. There are other such steps. Lumbering operators, including U.S.P., are, for example, looking into the possibilities of using wood pulp for paper as an outlet for the leftovers. Just beyond Mount Shasta a big mill makes firewood logs out of pressed sawdust. At Anderson, thanks to Novoply, there is no burning of waste, hitherto a common lumber-mill practice. U.S.P. actually buys wood chips from other companies. It is this kind of thrifty use of the little pieces that forest-products people believe competition will ultimately require of everyone.

The essence of the field of pressed woods is that wood is really being reformed. A tree trunk is, microscopically, an amazingly porous structure. It is a mass of fiber tubes which serve as corridors from leaf to root, with so many tube walls that it is said the inner surfaces of a cubic inch of wood, if spread out, would cover an acre. At any rate there are enough of these tubes to drink or lose sufficient moisture to make a log warp like a snake. Manufacturers, in producing the chopped, shredded or blown-up wood products, are simply curing wood of its drinking habits, flattening and stabilizing it. Someday they may even be able to use the natural glue, lignin, which cements together the inner tubes of tree trunks.

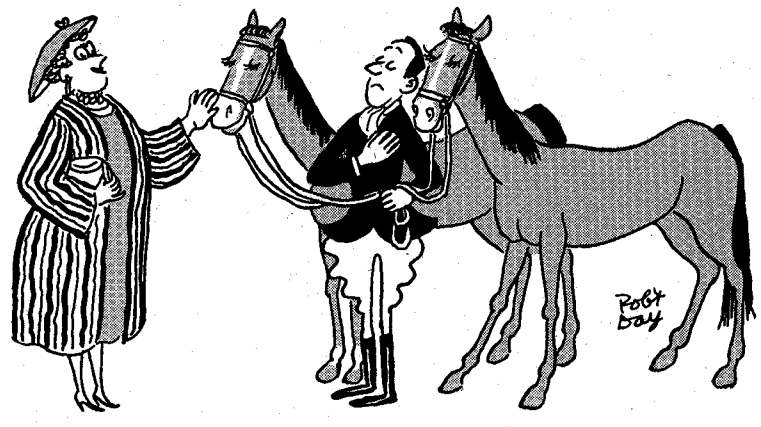
The laminate world is a big kitchen operated by chefs who can make an infinitely greater variety of sandwiches than Dagwood Bumstead. Plywood and wood laminates must not only compete with metals, mineral compositions in panel form and plastics but must also be able to combine with them to make additional laminate varieties. Thus when large new buildings are being planned, the architects can almost order panels by prescription.

The plywood companies, of course, anticipate some of these prescriptions and compound them for stock. U.S.P. molds church pews in lengths up to ten feet. It has a five-layer sandwich with a porcelain-enamel outer surface and an aluminum or other metal backing which is used as a chalkboard. It has a green writing surface which will also hold magnetized chalk-and-eraser holders. If the surface texture of the same five-ply combination is changed to a glossy porcelain, the laminate becomes a panel for curtain walls, store fronts, and so on. A more robust panel for big building walls has a paper honeycomb core instead of wood, and metal surfaces on both sides which can serve as outer and inner wall without further treatment.

About the only things that have not yet been tried in laminates are flattened lily pads and leftover buckwheat cakes. And in every variety the adhesive is the unsung cornerstone of the prescription. Lawrence Ottinger could never have become a plyed piper of his industry with the animal glues that existed before World War I. Now U.S.P. can blithely offer service guarantees because of the quality of adhesives. Marine-grade fir plywood, for example, is claimed to be proof against delamination for all eternity, and it is pointed out that the adhesive will outlast the wood plies. There is really no reason why it shouldn't, since the adhesive is a plastic like the indestructible Bakelite. In Novoply, the adhesive is a relatively impervious plastic, a cousin of the melamine often used in plastic dinnerware.

The reliability of adhesives keeps the technicians busy digging up new laminates, new adhesives and more large-scale applications for them. Only recently U.S.P. rejected a whole profession in answering a letter from a friendly stranger. The stranger had knocked a tooth out of his dentures and had glued it back in place with U.S.P.'s waterproof resorcinol glue. He said it worked fine and he would be glad to recommend it to any other loose-toothed unfortunates. The company hastily thanked him and said they were glad, but maybe all parties had better just let it go, since U.S.P. had no designs on the professions outside of paneling office and hospital walls with softwoods, hardwoods, metals, vinyl or any other surface.

In case there are more surprises ahead in the wood-products field—and Tony Antoville is convinced there are—the company has recently completed a new research center at Brewster, New York. The main work here will be applied research in laminates but researchers will also devote some time to casting around in random horizontal directions. The new center is named for Lawrence Ottinger and it will further pursue a belief that the founder held. He thought money grew on trees—and he was right. THE END



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Wealthy Widow Smartset made her young riding companion, Joey, swear to care for her two saddle horses after she died. In her will, she left him the horses and also $14,000 to pay for their upkeep. She later sold the horses, but did not change her will. When she died, Joey asked for his $14,000, but was sharply rebuffed. So he sued her executor.

"That money," the executor argued, "was inseparably tied up with those horses. It was provided in the will simply to take care of them, not Joey. Hence, no horses, no money."

"The money should be regarded as a gift independent of the horses," Joey replied. "Perhaps the reason that Mrs. Smartset didn't alter her will, after selling the horses, was that she wanted me to have the money anyway. Her will told me what to do with the money, but it didn't require me to spend it on the horses or else."

If you were the judge, would you give horseless Joey the $14,000?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Joey got the $14,000. The court said that as Mrs. Smartset failed to indicate any change in her wishes if she left no horses, the court could not make such a change for her.

Based upon a 1950 New York decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COOL AIR BY THE CARLOAD

Tailor-made for all five General Motors cars!

CADILLAC
BUICK
OLDSMOBILE
PONTIAC
CHEVROLET

cool air by the carload

HARRISON
CAR AIR CONDITIONING

Watch WIDE WIDE WORLD Sundays on NBC-TV

Try this long cool one . . . if you're thirsting to beat the heat! Relax in the cool, refreshing atmosphere of a Harrison-air-conditioned car. As you drive, even on the season's top scorcher, a touch of your finger lowers the temperature for cool, cool comfort. Blistering heat is locked outside . . . along with dirt, noise and high humidity. And you direct pure, fresh, draft-free air to every corner of your car. The longest journey or shortest jaunt becomes as bracing as a dip in the pool. What's more, the Harrison system has over three times the capacity of the average room air-conditioner . . . cools you off *quick!* Ask for tailor-made Harrison Air Conditioning . . . it's up front, out of sight, out of the way. And it's available, either factory or dealer-installed, in the new Cadillac, Buick, Oldsmobile, Pontiac and Chevrolet.

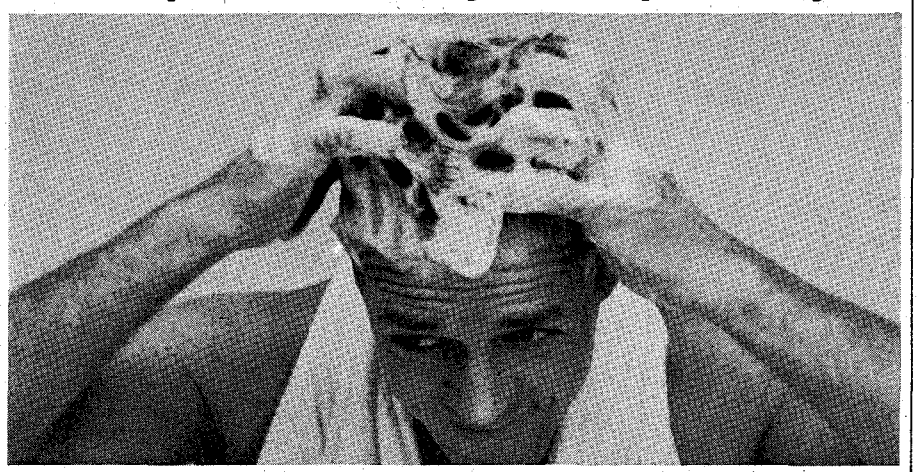
• *Compressor by Frigidaire*

HARRISON RADIATOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION • LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now... end dandruff problems

this pleasant easy shampoo way!



Helene Curtis ENDEN*—the first proven medical treatment in shampoo form!

No prescription needed... 99% effective!

Quickly ends itching, flaking, excess oiliness—without messy salves, ointments or separate lotions—Here at last is an amazingly effective treatment and a rich-sudsing shampoo all in one. You have never used anything as simple, as pleasant and as easy. ENDEN gets results even after other methods have failed. While you shampoo, it penetrates to the trouble spots. Between shampoos, it actually inhibits bacteria growth. Use ENDEN regularly and your dandruff problems will be over.

Proved 99% effective in 2-year doctor-supervised clinical tests—Dermatologists and skin specialists have proved ENDEN's basic ingredients. Clinical tests showed 99% of patients enjoyed positive benefits. While ENDEN's medications have been medically approved for years, science was unable to combine them in a pleasant shampoo until now.

A wonderful shampoo for the whole family—ENDEN is especially good for teen-age dandruff. Even children can use ENDEN safely, for it is a superior shampoo as well as a treatment that prevents dandruff problems from starting. ENDEN helps make hair look "alive" and healthy—leaves it shining. And you'll discover ENDEN makes your scalp feel so fresh—far cleaner than with your favorite ordinary shampoo. To end dandruff problems and prevent their return, switch to ENDEN.

use* ENDEN *instead of your regular shampoo—
ends itching scalp
and dandruff problems
and prevents their return!

COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Guaranteed to end dandruff problems

Developed after years of laboratory tests by Helene Curtis, foremost authority on hair care.

big jar only $1.50 *no tax* at drug and cosmetic counters

*Trade mark

The Glamorous Governor of New Jersey

(Continued from Page 25)

was incapacitated by an ailing back. Some political reporters say that both felt incapacitated because there seemed to be no chance to win. Alexander and Howell heartily recommended Meyner, and Meyner was happy to accept. Two men who were present at the political meeting in Princeton where he was selected told me that Mayor Kenny left early, saying carelessly, if not indifferently, "I'll go along with whatever you boys decide."

"The truth is," Governor Meyner told me recently, "that I got the nomination because nobody else wanted it. I realized I had very little chance to win, but I knew it was the only chance I would ever have. I jumped at it."

There followed eight months of tireless campaigning—the kind of campaigning on which Estes Kefauver is supposed to have a personal copyright. Meyner shook thousands of hands on thousands of street corners, crossed and recrossed Jersey in a battered motorcar, and, pulling himself up by his own bootstraps from comparative political obscurity, won the Democratic primary by a few thousand votes. In November he defeated the Republican candidate for governor by a margin of 150,000 votes. But of that, more later.

To understand Meyner as a political phenomenon and a personality, it is important to examine his beginnings. He was born July 3, 1908, in Easton, Pennsylvania, right across the Delaware River from Phillipsburg, New Jersey, where he was graduated from high school and subsequently practiced law. Of German origin on both sides, he was the son of Gustave H. and Sophia (Baumle) Meyner; his father, a skilled workman, was a loom fixer in the silk industry. Newspapers sometimes describe the governor as the child of immigrant parents. Actually this is barely half true. His mother is a native of Switzerland who was brought here at the tender age of three.

Easton, Phillipsburg and Paterson, New Jersey, where the governor did most of his growing up, were all industrial communities where there were heavy percentages of foreign-born and second-generation Americans. Grandfather Meyner, also a loom fixer by trade, came to this country from Leipzig. In those early days of long hours and low pay, he was a pioneer labor-union organizer and a self-educated economic thinker. He was blacklisted in mill after mill. The governor's father—perhaps because he had personal knowledge of the penalties of independence—was a kindly, steady, unassertive man, yet on one occasion he was blacklisted, simply because he bore the Meyner name.

The Meyners were thrifty and self-reliant, but, like many families dependent on textiles for a living, they frequently felt the pinch of want. When they moved, Mrs. Meyner told me, "we went where the work was." The mother had her own trade; she was a ribbon weaver and went back in the mills when times were hard. The children—there were two sons and a daughter—regularly contributed to family expenses when they came to grammar-school age. In Paterson, Robert bought a paper route for forty dollars, earned twenty dollars a week from it for two years, and sold it at auction for $100. After entering high school he became a grocery clerk, worked in the rolling mills and served an apprenticeship as a silk weaver. In his senior year he was on the debating team and became class valedictorian; at the same time he served an eight-hour shift at the looms.

Meyner maintained this same fiercely industrious tempo while attending Lafayette College, in Easton; his wages ranged from forty to sixty dollars a week. He earned the top figure the hard way. For a brief period, while he continued to carry a full-time course of studies, he worked a regular eight-hour factory shift and handled an extra four-hour shift as well. In addition he managed at Lafayette—he walked three miles every day to and from school—to engage in extracurricular activities. He did bit parts in plays, debated, and, incredible as it may seem, even found a little time to play tennis.

Since Meyner lived off-campus with his family, few of his classmates were aware of the crowded pattern of his life; he didn't see fit to broadcast the facts, preferring not to be known as a hardship case. As a senior, when he became editor

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"W-why all the f-f-fuss over a l-l-lousy n-n-nickel?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the college newspaper, he dropped his outside jobs for the school year and breezed through to graduation.

There are associates today who marvel at the governor's ability to labor long hours and to budget his time; he learned early and in a robust environment. From Lafayette he went on to Columbia University Law School, where he finished his course in two and a half years by attending summer sessions. After morning classes he acted as rental agent for an apartment house; he studied in the afternoon while awaiting prospective tenants. From seven P.M. until one A.M. he was employed in a parking garage checking automobiles in and out. He was graduated in 1933 and became associated with a legal firm in Jersey City. Three years later he returned to Phillipsburg and Warren County where he took over the practice of Herbert Palmer, an attorney who was even then the father of a little girl destined to become a celebrity in her own right. Her name in Broadway's bright lights is Jayne Mansfield.

Meyner went into the Navy in 1942 as a lieutenant (j.g.) and came out in October, 1945, as a lieutenant commander. His career was not particularly glamorous. For two years he served at shore stations, often acting as defense counsel for enlisted men in courts-martial. Then he went to sea and commanded gun crews on transports in American and European waters. He still continues his activities in the Naval Reserve.

The law and politics were Meyner's paramount interests from boyhood on. In both he became in his own home town a combination of idealist and rough-and-tumble fighter. As a college junior, before he was old enough to vote, he organized a Smith-for-President club on the campus; later he was an ardent supporter of F.D.R. and the New Deal. Warren County, where the vote was almost evenly split between urban Democrats and rural Republicans, was an excellent training ground; politics was a year-round sport in which only the hardy engaged. To flex his muscles Meyner first took on the leaders of his own party, and in the 1941 primaries lost a nomination to the state senate by a margin of only forty-one votes.

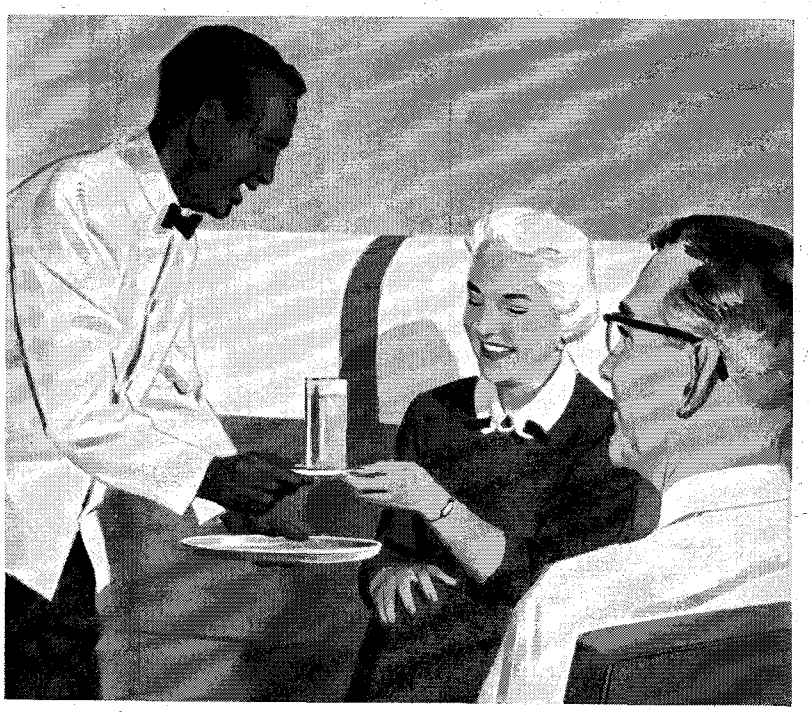
Then, as now, the governor was an excellent extemporaneous speaker. As a lawyer this made him an effective jury pleader, and, as a politician, a crowd pleaser at rallies. Also, a perennial bachelor, his evenings were his own and he was always available. Anyone who went anywhere was bound, sometime, to hear Meyner speak. When he came back from the Navy he ran for Congress. He expected to be beaten by the entrenched Republican in a gerrymandered district, and he was. The incumbent was J. Parnell Thomas, who later was sent to prison for official misdeeds. Meyner was to win a close one and lose a close one at the polls before being handed the brave flag of another forlorn hope.

Meyner in 1947 tangled for the first time with Wayne Dumont, Jr., a black-haired, rosy-cheeked Republican who was to become something of a perennial adversary. He defeated Dumont for the state senate in 1947 and lost to Dumont four years later. Both lived at one time in Paterson, both attended Lafayette College—Dumont five years after Meyner—both served as law clerks under the same attorney, both practiced law in Phillipsburg. They meet with outward courtesy, but there is little love lost between them. Dumont in the legislature has been an outspoken opponent of Meyner's policies. Last year he was president of the Jersey senate and served as acting governor when Meyner was outside the state.

M antime, Meyner built up in Phillipsburg an extensive and profitable law practice which—in the vivid words of an associate—handled everything from "carnal abuse to corporate reorganization." It was during this period, to quote the same informant, that Meyner "earned the first real money he ever made in his life." He was active in civic groups, served as president of the Chamber of Commerce and became a director of the Phillipsburg First National Bank. He continued to live with his widowed mother in the family's modest white frame house on Lincoln Avenue. He was personable, gregarious, a loyal, functioning Democrat who, nevertheless, made many friends among independent Republicans. Following out this same pattern, he was to make Republican friends on a state-wide basis when he became governor.

Getting to be governor turned out, after all, not to be so difficult as it had seemed in the first place. A Republican investigation of Republican Bergen County, just across George Washington Bridge, disclosed that gangsters broomed out of New York City—including such well-known hoodlums as Joe Adonis and the murdered, unlamented Willie Moretti—were operating a bookmaking empire there under political protection. This may have been the beginning of voter disaffection. Unimaginative Republican state leaders backed Paul L. Troast, wealthy Clifton contractor, for the governorship and he won the Republican primary. Midway of the campaign it was disclosed that Troast, a few years before, had written Governor Dewey, of New York, asking that the

Only a PULLMAN ticket brings you all these Travel Extras!



COMFORT AND SAFETY! Whether you choose the restful seclusion of your own private Pullman quarters, or the friendly companionship of the club car, you enjoy smooth-riding comfort and safety. No weather worries or highway jitters. Individually-controlled heat and air conditioning let you choose your own traveling "climate." And just the touch of a button brings you Pullman's many prompt, courteous *extra* services.

SLEEP! Every travel day is a joy after you've had a good night's rest! Not off-and-on cat-napping that leaves you tired and out-of-sorts . . . but deep, energy-renewing sleep between snow-white sheets, in a king-size Pullman bed! No stop-overs to catch up on sleep. Turn in when you please. Only Pullman gives you real night-long rest, *without wasting a minute of precious travel time!*

PRIVACY! No other form of travel assures the complete privacy of a Pullman room. Your own quiet, spacious quarters are reserved especially for you . . . all the way! You stretch out in a real bed and sleep at night. Every thoughtful convenience is provided . . . including private toilet facilities!

FINE FOOD! Meals are no problem. Just a few steps away is a spotless railway dining car. Fine food of your choice, freshly cooked to your taste by master chefs, expertly served *when you want it*. No time-wasting stops for meals or searching for an eating place. You can even dine in your own room if you wish!

Your local Ticket Agent will help you these five ways:

1. *Provide information on routes, schedules, Pullman accommodations and fares.* **2.** *Make your Pullman reservations, going and returning.* **3.** *Furnish your rail and Pullman tickets.* **4.** *Assist you in planning stop-overs and side trips.* **5.** *He will even have a convenient "rent-a-car" reserved and waiting for you at your destination, if desired.*

YOU'RE SAFE AND SURE
WHEN YOU TRAVEL BY **Pullman**

. . . the travel service of comfort, privacy and sleep!

© 1957, THE PULLMAN COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prison sentence of Joey Fay, notorious labor racketeer and extortionist, be commuted. That did it. Meyner, the "clean-shirt" Democrat, won in a breeze—an air-conditioned, antiseptic breeze.

Meyner's victory may have been lucky, but since that time he has left very little to luck. Before and after his election he had research teams looking into the administrative side of Jersey's government. The state had a brand-new constitution—fathered by a Republican elder statesman, the late Walter E. Edge—which gave the governor enormous powers—including, even, appointment of the judiciary and county prosecutors. But something was going wrong. People entitled to unemployment compensation were having to wait three weeks, five weeks, sometimes twelve weeks, before their checks came through. This made no sense to Meyner, who, as a workingman's son in pre-welfare days, knew all about short rations and the importance of quick money when it was needed. Why did government procedures take so long?

Meyner discussed his problems with Sylvester Smith, the attorney under whom he had served his law clerkship; Smith had become general counsel for the Prudential Insurance Company. Meyner stated his case baldly; he believed the state's paper work was being done by antiquated methods, and he wanted to borrow from business—and for free—experts who would study the whole situation and, working with existing agencies, give technical advice. Smith passed Meyner on to Charles B. Laing, vice-president of Prudential, and the project was approved. Subsequently other corporations joined hands with Prudential.

The concept of joint investigative teams staffed by state employees and men from private industry is, I believe, unique. It has been criticized, but in New Jersey it was extremely effective in modernizing administrative methods. The licensing and registration of motor vehicles, for instance, is the state's largest business operation. Shifting from McKinley-era hand clerical work to business machines was a major enterprise. It meant, for one thing, training courses in business-machine operation for many civil-service employees. Yet the complete change-over was made in a year's time—a remarkable record, considering the scope of the project.

Out of Prudential's survey of the Division of Employment Security came, as a melodramatic by-product, Jersey's most bizarre public scandal. E. Carroll Gerathy, of Prudential, had been an employee of McKesson and Robbins when that great drug house was plundered by rigged bookkeeping; in going over Employment Security's records, he told Meyner at a hasty midnight conference, he had found a strangely similar pattern. Director of the agency was popular, generous, trusted, former Republican governor, Harold G. Hoffman; he had held the job for sixteen years.

The next afternoon Meyner unhappily suspended Hoffman, and a storm of criticism broke around his head. Friends of Hoffman in both parties blasted him for blackening the name of a veteran public servant without making public the charges against him; one newspaper derided Meyner as "investigation-happy." That was in March of 1954. In June of the same year Hoffman died of a heart attack. One sad legacy was a letter to his daughter in which he confessed the theft of some $300,000 in state funds. Since 1938, he wrote her, he had been juggling public accounts in his custody to conceal earlier defalcations. Hoffman apparently died a poor man. What became of the money has, to this day, never been satisfactorily explained.

"Governor Meyner has made a rather striking record for himself during three years in office," an objective observer who lives in nearby Princeton said not long ago. "He has fulfilled his promise to bring able men into the state service. He has modernized its business methods. He has kept a sharp eye on bureaucratic slovenliness and waste. In the matter of state aid for school construction and hospital reform he must share credit with the legislature that wrote the enabling bills and appropriated the money—twenty-five million dollars for hospitals alone."

The governor had a reputation as a country boy and as a lone-wolf operator when elected. On his first day of office he arrived at the State House early; he thought he could read and personally answer his mail before the day's appointments began. The sheer bulk of official correspondence soon disabused him on that score. He learned fast in other ways. The caliber of the cabinet with which he surrounded himself has done much to bulwark his claim that he puts good government above politics. It may very well be true, as his supporters say, that "good government is good politics."

His Highway Commissioner is Dwight R. G. Palmer, former chairman of the board of the General Cable Corporation. His Attorney General is Grover C. Richman, former United States Attorney for New Jersey. Archie Alexander served as State Treasurer until he resigned last summer to campaign for Adlai Stevenson. Dr. Joseph E. McLean, former Princeton professor, heads the Department of Conservation and Economic Development. John W. Tramburg was public-welfare director of the state of Wisconsin when Meyner induced him to move to Trenton as Commissioner of Institutions and Agencies. Carl Holderman was state president of the C.I.O. before becoming Commissioner of Labor and Industry. Charles Howell, former congressman narrowly beaten for the United States Senate by Clifford Case a couple of years ago, is Commissioner of Banking and Insurance.

Meyner fell heir to a critical state-hospital situation and a crisis in the field of mental health. New Jersey as a state was early a pioneer in social-welfare projects, but more recently, according to experts, its program had suffered from hardening of the arteries. Meyner personally sought the answers by interviewing the best men in medical and scientific fields in nearby Philadelphia and New York and organizing a group of unpaid but well-informed advisers. When conservative members of institutional staffs dragged their feet, the governor insisted that tranquilizing drugs be given a trial with the state's insane. The post of Commissioner of Institutions and Agencies stayed vacant for a full twelve months while he searched for a man he thought adequate to fill the job. John Tramburg was the man. Jersey's hospitals and prisons have made forward strides. Last year, for the first time, there were more patients discharged from state mental institutions than patients admitted.

Old Folks at Home

By James Abell Wright

Order attends us in these
elder days,
No fractured peace, no
variegated din,
No room tornado-struck, no
toy-strewn maze;
The silence now is neat as
any pin.

In tidy drawers is general
chaos stacked
In cubicles of calm is sealed
each cry,
And echoes—dusty now—
are primly packed
And bound in golden threads
of time gone by.

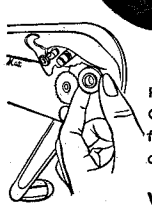
Surrounded with this
geometric hush,
We rock among the
whispers, waiting for
The shouting and the tumult
and the rush
Of children—and their
children at the door.

Rival®
Can-O-Mat®
MOST BEAUTIFUL CAN OPENER MADE

Peek into any smart kitchen. Your neighbor's, the dream house down the block, the modern apartment up the hall. Chances are you'll find a Can-O-Mat. For Can-O-Mat "belongs" in smart living.

Can-O-Mat is the world's first truly sanitary can opener. Cutter and magnet are removable for easier cleaning. Single action . . . opens any size or shape can. Folds flat against wall when not in use.

Can-O-Mats come in sparkling chrome with gay colors. Also in all-chrome and new "Copper Touch"®. Priced from $3.98. Get yours now!



WONDERFUL GIFTS . . . for others or yourself

ICE-O-MATIC® Electric Ice-Crusher
Crushes Ice fine or coarse in seconds!

Rival FOOD SLICERS
Priced to every budget.

Rival KITCHENEER®
Combination Meat Grinder and Salad Maker.

At your dealer's or department store or write

RIVAL MFG. CO., Kansas City, Missouri Rival Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How does a Democratic governor put over a program when Republicans control the legislature? One way, to use a trite and true phrase, is to "go to the people." Meyner, with evangelistic zeal, has done just that. Daytime and nighttime—as a bachelor there was no hearthstone to claim him—he has been available for speaking dates, and citizen participation in government is his favorite theme. His broad, hunched shoulders, his clear, resonant voice—like that of a good baritone singer—his directness, add up to what a New York Times reporter called "sheer physical impact."

"The duties of citizenship," the governor has said, "are difficult, drab and distasteful, but there is no escape if we mean to practice democracy and make it work. The battle for Americanism is never completely won. Each generation must win and win again that men may still be free."

This would be lukewarm stuff in many areas, but it is hot as a griddlecake in Jersey, where voters for many years—whatever the party in power—submitted stolidly to machine control. Actually Meyner's election probably was in itself evidence of an awakening. Every Sunday evening the governor conducts a program over a Newark television station and a network of radio stations. State problems are dramatized and discussed by him and members of his cabinet in a free-and-easy fashion; viewers and listeners are invited to write letters to register their opinions. They do, and the letters are read. A few weeks ago there was an all-women program presided over gracefully by the governor's new wife.

The governor's course in applied public relations does not end there. He holds at least two press conferences a week for daily newspapers and sometimes calls conferences every day, or even twice a day, when the legislature is in session. There are separate press conferences for editors of weekly newspapers, arranged at their convenience. With this kind of intensive coverage there is slight chance that Meyner policies will receive anything less than ample dissemination. When Republicans complained that the press knew more about state policies than they did, Meyner invited them to the conferences. Ray Bateman, executive director of the Republican state committee, now regularly attends.

"No conscientious administration can hope to be on the popular side of all issues on all occasions," Meyner told the congress of the American Municipal Association last year. He tries to make his side the popular side, and often succeeds.

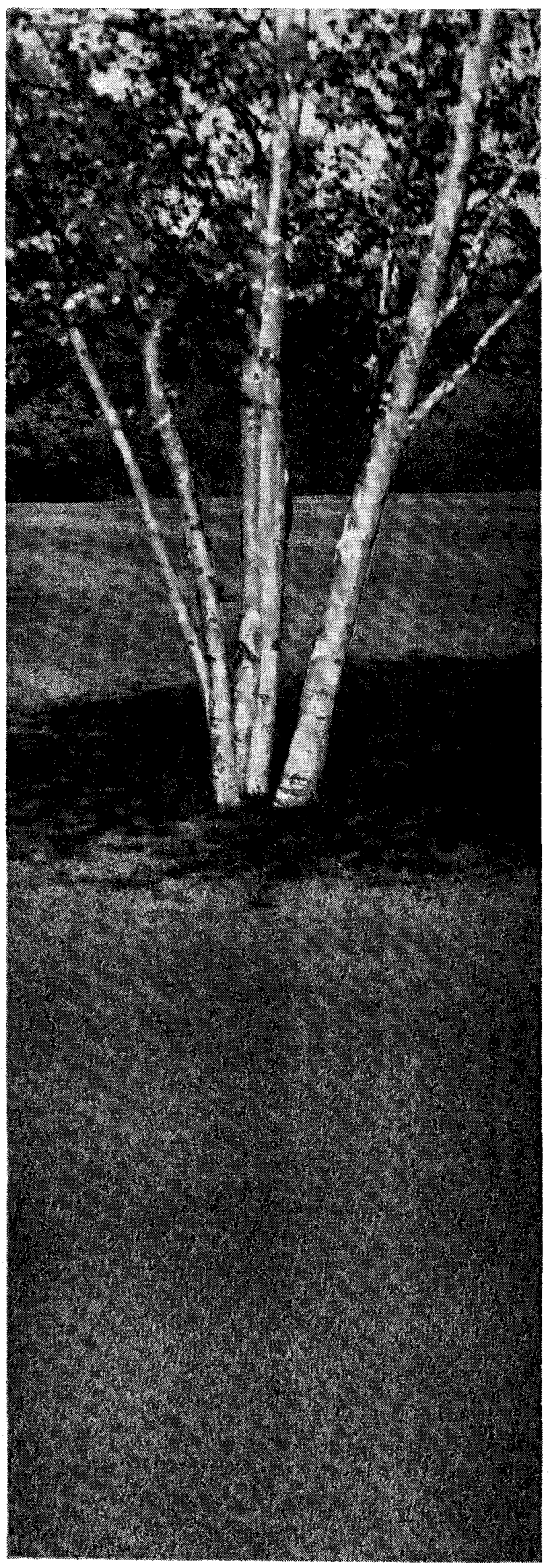
The governor's capacity for work is what it always was—tremendous. This sometimes wears down his aides, for he is demanding. And his desire for quick decisions and direct action sometimes makes him careless of the amenities; he is impatient with slow minds and any kind of double-talk except his own. Some months ago he demonstrated his bent for direct action in a rather spirited way.

He was returning alone to Trenton after an evening speech. As he turned his car—he has two state cars, one chauffeur-driven, and another which carries no official identification—off the freeway a speeding motorist bumped him and stove in his car's right side. The motorist did not stop. His dander up, Meyner gave chase with his horn blowing full blast. For ten or fifteen minutes the two automobiles twisted and turned at top speed through Trenton's dark back streets. Then the hit-and-run culprit collided with a parked truck. Meyner's horn blowing brought a policeman. "I just didn't want the guy to get away with it," said the governor.

The man in the State House can be cautious and deliberate too. His unexpected election allowed him to come to Trenton without commitments. He had seen the opposition party wrecked by ruckuses and scandals, and he was determined that there should be none in his own administration. Appointments even to minor posts were made with greatest care and only after confidential reports from personally trusted lieutenants. If a particular office-seeker recommended by a party leader did not make the grade, the party leader was asked by Robert J. Burkhardt, the unofficial political genius of Meyner's administration, to submit another name. This irritated some of the petty satraps. Meyner's relations with the so-called "Big Four" produced many big fights, but, at the moment, conditions are unruffled. The Big Four consists of these Democratic leaders: ex-Mayor Kenny, of Hudson County; David C. Wilentz, of Middlesex; Thorn Lord, of Mercer; and Mayor George Brunner, of Camden.

Bob Burkhardt is a professional in politics. He was an assistant to the chairman of the Democratic National Committee when he was recruited by Archie Alexander to assist Meyner. For a time he was the governor's executive secretary. Now he is the executive director of the Democratic State Committee, but he and the governor are no farther apart than a telephone. Ralph Coghlan, a one-time editorial-page editor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, undoubtedly contributed philosophy and phrases to some of the governor's reports. Meyner was pretty good on his own.

The governor has been blessed in some of the controversies forced upon him by

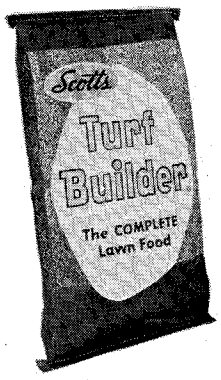


LAWN CARE bulletins bring you short cuts to better lawns. Send a postcard for free subscription, mail delivered. O M SCOTT & SONS, *Plum Street, Marysville, Ohio*

ADV © 1957 O M SCOTT & SONS

Triumph of a lovelier lawn now within reach of everyone

BEAUTIFUL TURF like this is easily achieved in the new concept of feeding. Backed by the 29 year success and heritage of TURF BUILDER, O M Scott & Sons research scientists have developed the perfect lawn food — *New* TURF BUILDER — ready to bring rich rewards to your lawn.



- *sparkling color — complete feeding provides the glow of good health without danger of burn*
- *steady growth—controlled feeding without the surge that requires extra mowing*
- *strong roots — energy-packed feeding. Scientific formulation assures balanced vigor.*

New TURF BUILDER gives your lawn all these benefits in a nice crisp granular material that is clean, odor-free and less than half the usual weight.

It's so *easy* to use. No watering-in, no dirt, no fuss and bother. Just good clean health for lawns.

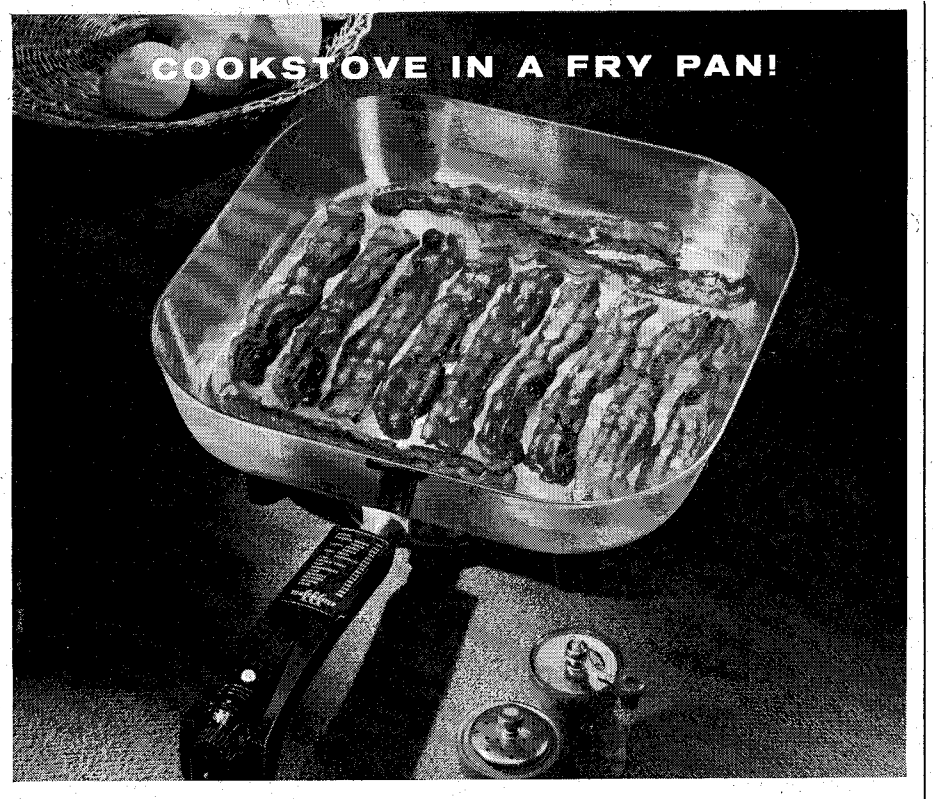
Sounds Expensive?

It isn't. You feed a square foot for less than a *tenth of a cent.* Large bag *$4.50*, feeds *5000 sq ft.* The Scotts dealer near you has it in the best formula for your region. In the West and South, sold as SCOTTS LAWN FOOD. Make your lawn brighter with this new complete lawn food.

Scotts®

Grass Seed and LAWN CARE Products for all America

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



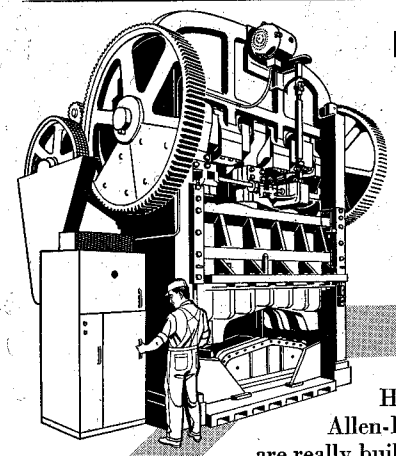
New Toastmaster Automatic Fry Pan

It grills! It roasts! It bakes! It stews!

- No watching—heat selected never varies. Automatically controlled.
- Every dish deliciously right, every time.
- Cook right at the table—serve piping hot from the pan.
- Square shape gives 20% more food capacity than round pan.
- Immerse in dishwater for easy cleaning, as with any pot or pan.
- Signal light tells when pan is ready.
- High, sloping side walls make foods easier to handle and serve.
- Cooking chart on handle—17 tested settings. Temperatures, 160° to 420°

Two sizes, 11″ $19.95; 12″ $24.95 Domed aluminum covers—$3.25; $4.25

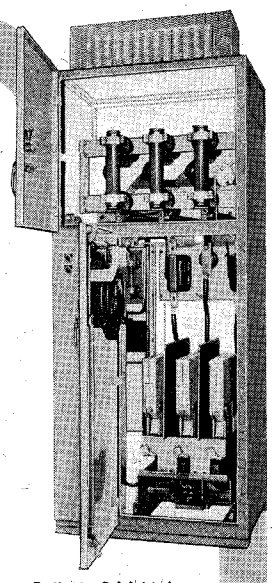
"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of McGraw-Edison Company, Elgin, Ill. and Oakville, Ont. ©1957



HIGH VOLTAGE MOTOR STARTERS

(Max. 5000 Volts)

...with the new air break contactor



Here's a new line of Allen-Bradley starters that are really built to "take it." Please pardon such exuberance—we are merely repeating remarks—made more than once—by engineers qualified to "speak" on the subject.

The heart of these starters is a new high voltage, air break contactor which uses Allen-Bradley's simple solenoid construction—universally recognized for long life and trouble free service. It has only *one* moving part—there are no pins, pivots or "flexible" jumpers to cause trouble. And the double break, silver alloy contacts are always in perfect operating condition.

Publication 6080 contains complete information. Please write for it!

Allen-Bradley Co., 138 W. Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee 4, Wis.
In Canada—Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

Bulletin 966 high voltage across-the-line starter.

A-B Quality

ALLEN-BRADLEY
QUALITY
MOTOR CONTROL

the ineptness of his adversaries. Last summer, Republicans of the senate judiciary committee refused to confirm John O. Bigelow, a highly respected retired judge, as a member of the board of governors of Rutgers University, a state institution. The reason cited was that, as a lawyer, he had represented a Newark teacher who invoked the Fifth Amendment while testifying before the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities. It quickly developed that Judge Bigelow without fee had represented the controversial client at the specific request of the Essex Bar Association, and the fat was in the fire.

Meyner let loose with an hour-long polemic, and emergency meetings of bar associations popped up like meetings of the Sons of Liberty in pre-Revolutionary Boston. "To visit the sins of the client upon the attorney," thundered Cloyd Laporte, president of the New York State Bar Association, "is to attempt a species of terrorism against the bar itself with the result that accused persons may be railroaded to punishment without benefit of fair trial." Embattled Wayne Dumont, Jr., president of the Senate, soon found his colleagues slipping away from him. Albert W. McKay, majority leader, called the incident "the biggest mistake ever made by our party in this house." When the smoke blew over, Judge Bigelow was quietly confirmed.

The governor is too realistic—with shrewd Sam Bodine directing opposition strategy and ambitious, energetic Malcolm S. Forbes as the probable Republican nominee—to expect such easy victories in the coming campaign. The present running battle at Trenton is concerned with large sums of money Meyner wants for roads in order to match Federal grants under the Eisenhower highway program, but the details are too complicated and esoteric for discussion here; the governor hopes that pressures from the public will swing the legislature around to support of his program.

His opponents will undoubtedly attack Meyner as a "New Deal spendthrift governor." How much of a New Dealer he is and how much a spendthrift are open to question. Like Governor Ribicoff, of Connecticut, who also needs votes from a majority party to win, Meyner frequently finds occasion to say nice things about Republicans as people, and he has—among both small and big businessmen—a good many Republican supporters. It is true that New Jersey's annual expenditures have risen to more than $320,000,000, but most state budgets have climbed in the last few years as services have been increased. Jersey has no sales tax or personal-income tax and, in comparison with many other states, the individual citizen's burden can hardly be adjudged oppressive.

The governor is not a worrying type. He has known both success and setbacks and he does not easily despair. His very real inner fortitude probably has its origins, a college classmate believes, in the fact that he owes nothing to anybody, that he has been self-supporting and self-reliant since childhood. His self-reliance can at times manifest itself as sheer obstinacy, but that is part of his strength too.

What are Meyner's possibilities as a presidential candidate in 1960? This is a subject upon which his associates prefer to be silent—like superstitious ballplayers when a pitcher may or may not be in the process of sweating out a no-hit game. Jersey's election this fall is certain to be close. Meyner's supporters are encouraged by the statistics of a trusted

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

private poll which reported recently that 68 per cent of the state's voters believe he has done a good job in the State House. This puts him, even after President Eisenhower's overwhelming victory, only ten points behind his standing of last May.

An inquiry into Meyner's private life is not particularly rewarding, since, up to now, he has hardly given himself time to have one. Relationships with his family have always been close. His older brother, Gustave, served as best man at his wedding and is an engineer who lives in Pittsburgh. His sister, Olive, is the wife of Capt. William Wagner, a master mariner. His tiny, sprightly mother spent the last two summers with him at Island Beach, on the ocean near Toms River, where the governor rents a modest camp from the state. (Typical motherly remark overheard there, "Robert, your toenails are too long.") In winter she continues to live, doing all her own work, in Phillipsburg. Not even when an obviously demented citizen wrote that he intended to blow up her house could she be persuaded to move.

Marriage has ended one lively section of Meyner's correspondence, letters from unknown ladies with matrimony in mind. His favorite came from the little nation of Lebanon. Enclosed was a ravishing picture of the writer and a statement of her age, weight and measurements. She said she would like to fly to Canada for a romantic twenty-four hour meeting. If Meyner was disappointed, she would go home quietly. The governor declined the proposal. He told a psychiatrists' convention a few days later he thought it unwise to attempt to "relieve Middle East tensions."

Meyner has many casual friends, few intimate ones. He is an evening two-highball drinker, likes steak dinners, and goes to the theater in New York occasionally. The newspapers were atwitter when he squired Margaret Truman a few times, but that's ancient history now. Socially he is somewhat on the jocose side, tends to laugh overlong at his own jokes, makes puns on his name—pronounced "Minor"—and on whatever else comes to mind. His relaxations include swimming and tennis, and, because he belongs to a club which has indoor courts, tennis is for him a year-round enterprise.

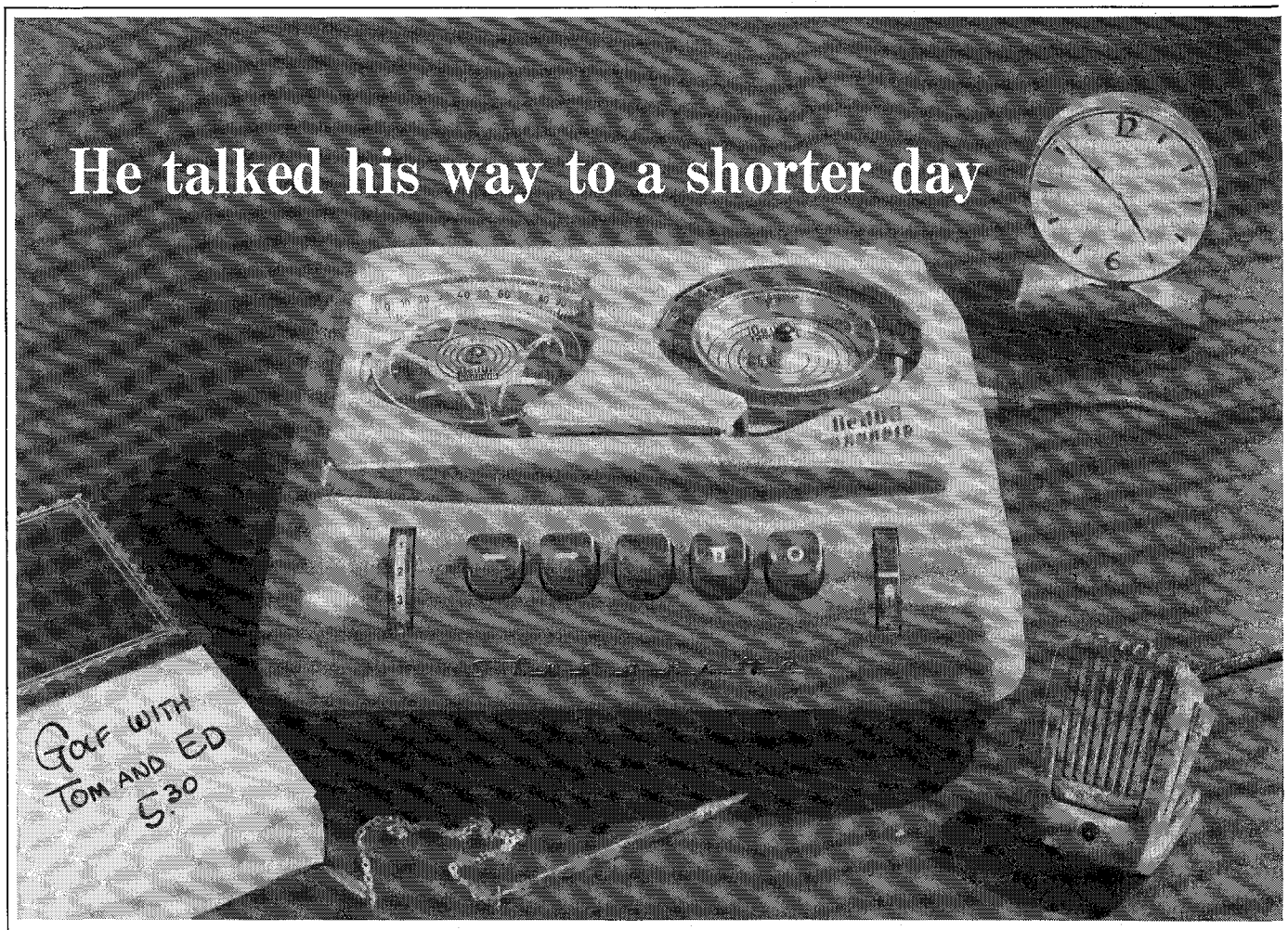
At forty-eight, Meyner is a remarkably handsome man, but not quite so handsome as he seems in his photographs. He has a rich crop of only slightly graying wavy hair and an appealing, practiced smile. As a matter of fact, only hooded eyes and a flattened, off-center nose rescue him from near-prettiness. That nose, according to his mother, was a great trial to him in childhood. The original injury occurred when frolicsome uncles, who could have been better occupied at something else, were tossing him back and forth like a beanbag in the Meyner living room. One uncle missed. After that, young Robert was such a frequent sufferer from nosebleed that he was not allowed to participate in contact sports.

The governor's new wife is tall, intelligent, Oriental-eyed, twenty-eight, and a career girl. She is also a very nice girl. Her father, William E. Stevenson, is president of Oberlin College, in Ohio. Before that he was an Olympic track star at Princeton, a prosperous corporation lawyer in New York, and, during the war, a Red Cross executive in England, North Africa and Italy. The daughter is a distant cousin of Adlai E. Stevenson, but, oddly enough, on her mother's side. Helen Stevenson was graduated from Brearley School in New York and Colorado College, then spent almost two years with the Red Cross in war-torn Korea. Later she worked under the institutional name of "Mary Gordon" as a travel adviser for Trans World Airlines. When she and Meyner met last year, she was functioning as an ardent assistant in the Adlai Stevenson headquarters in New York.

The meeting took place at Oberlin. Miss Stevenson was home for a weekend; Meyner, invited there as a keynote speaker for a students' mock political convention, was a house guest for two days. Meyner renewed the acquaintanceship when both were back East, and a few casual dinners progressed into a courtship. When they met at the Democratic National Convention, Helen still had not made up her mind, and the Jersey delegation, which ultimately went to Adlai, was still uncommitted. After the convention, reporters pursued the couple to Oberlin. The telephone rang one morning when Meyner, at the Stevenson home, was busily surrounding a breakfast of ham and three eggs. It was a newsman, asking the usual question. An exasperated Mrs. Stevenson, known to most people as "Bumpy," answered thus: "If love takes a man's appetite away, he's not in love."

To put a happy end to the narrative, Helen and Bob were married on January nineteenth, spent their honeymoon in Barbados, and are now at home at Morven, a beautiful and remarkable colonial house in Princeton which was purchased and presented to the state by Walter Edge to serve as something Jersey had never had before—a governor's mansion. Happy mansion, happy couple.

THE END



...own the DeJUR GRUNDIG Stenorette

Electronic Dictating–Transcribing Miracle .. $179.50*

Now, for less than half the price of other major dictating machines you can own the first really new dictating machine in 18 years! Despite its amazingly low price, the world-famous Stenorette does everything the highest-priced units do—and more! Ideal for conference, and for trips—Use Stenorette in a *moving car, plane or train.* Only 11 pounds, 10 ounces.

Revolutionary magnetic tape recording. Imagine! You'll dictate for 30 minutes onto one magnetic tape—the finest medium for recording the human voice. Erase automatically by recording right over words to be corrected... *without ever touching the machine.* Tapes can be re-used indefinitely... so your Stenorette and several reels of tape can be your *final cost for years of carefree, push-button dictation.*

Your Secretary can transcribe from your machine. One Stenorette can serve for *both dictating and transcribing.* Accessories are designed for convenience and comfort of secretaries. Foolproof "Index Dial" and log pad makes transcription easiest of all. Shout—whisper—hold "mike" close or at arm's length..."playback" is always clear and natural thanks to Automatic Voice Control.

Try a Stenorette Yourself. Tomorrow, see your nearest DeJUR Sales/Service Office... or send for free, illustrated booklet. Gives you full details.

you're always sure with DeJUR *progress in* SIGHT SOUND SCIENCE

LONG ISLAND CITY • CHICAGO • BEVERLY HILLS • DEJUR OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO
DEJUR INTERNATIONALE GMBH W. GERMANY

*Transcribing accessories extra, plus Federal Excise Tax.

--MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET--

DeJUR-Amsco Corporation, Dept. S4, 45-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island City 1, N. Y.

Please rush me your brochure on how to achieve greater office efficiency with the new Stenorette dictating-transcribing machine.

NAME_____

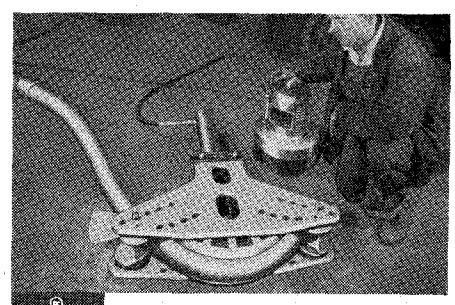
FIRM_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

☐ Please include name of nearest STENORETTE dealer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BLACKHAWK®

BENDING! easier with BLACKHAWK® hydraulics

This aluminum pipe bender makes 90° bends *in just one pass* . . . gives factory-quality bends faster, easier than ever before. Thousands of electricians find *many more* advanced features in these newest, most modern pipe and conduit benders on the market. Another reason why it's good business to look to Blackhawk's expanding hydraulic tool line for progressive, new work-saving ideas.

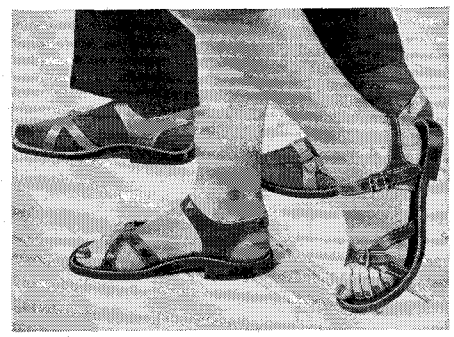
Look to BLACKHAWK®

The one source for the complete line of Automotive Jacks — Mechanical and Hydraulic; Industrial Hydraulic Jacks — 1½ thru 100 tons; "Porto-Power" Remote Control Jacks and Rescue Kits; Pipe and Conduit Benders; Knock-Out Punches. *See your nearby Blackhawk distributors in Automotive, Industrial, Construction and Electrical fields.*

BLACKHAWK MFG. CO.
Dept. P-6147, Milwaukee 46, Wisconsin

World's most complete line of
HYDRAULIC
PIPE BENDERS

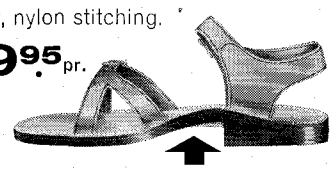
NEW! ...really different!



Dr. Scholl's Archlift Sandals
with Built-in Comfort!

Enjoy the 'barefoot freedom' of a sandal, yet more restful support than the finest shoe could give! The exclusive built-up arch and cupped heel cradle your every step . . . make walking a real pleasure . . . prevent that 'letdown' feeling of ordinary sandals. Ideal casual footwear for **home, street** or **recreation.** Finest quality saddle leather, nylon stitching.

$9.95 pr.



WOMEN'S: Tan, White, Red, Black.
MEN'S: Tan, Brown or Black.
MOLDED SOLE
BUILT-UP ARCH
CUPPED HEEL
Also for Children, from $6.95.

At all Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Shops, leading Shoe & Dept. Stores. If not available locally, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept.61S, Chicago, Ill.

A Bloom for Mother-in-Law

(Continued from Page 42)

8000 Dutch bulb growers harvest 3,000-000,000 marketable bulbs from 22,000 intensively cultivated acres, plus as many more smaller bulbs for next year's seed stock. The exported bulbs bring to Holland about 140,000,000 guilders annually, or approximately $36,000,000. Only Dutch hams exceed Dutch bulbs as a source of revenue for the industrious Hollanders.

Which explains why the Dutch take their bulb growing so seriously, and why they employ the Professor and a staff of forty-five assistants full time to find ways of changing the blooming habits of tulips, daffodils, hyacinths, Dutch iris, and now some other up-and-coming bulbs such as crocuses, dahlias and gladioli. This horticultural sleight of hand is supported partly by the Netherlands Government, partly by the Dutch Bulb Growers Association.

Doctor van Slogteren's bulb remodeling began four decades back as a crash program, when an infestation of eel worms threatened to wipe out the industry. In desperation the Dutch Government yanked the young Professor, then a reserve officer planning to go to the East Indies as a botanist, out of the army and ordered him to wage war on eel worms instead. He started in the bulb fields with one boy as his assistant. After many experiments, he came up with a simple treatment that was suicide for the eel worms. This was a bath for the bulbs soon after they were dug, hot enough to kill the worms and other insects, but not hot enough to damage the bulbs.

In fact, the Professor noted that the bulbs dunked in hot water bloomed better than ever. His curiosity aroused, young van Slogteren did some probing into the private lives of tulips and daffodils. In a small laboratory at Lisse that he cajoled the government and the bulb growers into financing, he soon made discoveries that radically changed the prevailing ideas of even the experts about bulbs.

One of his finds was that the dormant period, right after they were lifted from the soil, when bulbs were supposed to be as dead as possums, was actually the most active time in a bulb's life cycle. Living off its stored-up energy, it was developing the bud that would burst into flower, come spring.

This discovery started van Slogteren on his lifelong project of making bulbs behave according to man's calendar instead of nature's. Simultaneously, he waged war on bugs, viruses and other bulb pests, and gradually built the laboratory at Lisse into a huge health clinic for bulbs.

To appreciate the significance of the Professor's accomplishments, a little bulb history is in order. Though the Dutch and bulbs are as commonly associated as ham and eggs, neither tulips nor daffodils nor hyacinths nor even Dutch iris is native to Holland.

The first tulips arrived in Holland in 1584 from Turkey, where they grew wild in the uplands near the headwaters of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. In fact, the name "tulip" comes from the Turkish word *tülbend*, meaning turban, because the original tulip blossoms resembled an upside-down turban.

The arrival of the tulips in Holland kicked off a frenzy of speculation which the Dutch refer to as their tulipomania. The ordinarily sensible Hollanders went on a speculative orgy even wilder than the gold and oil and uranium booms of recent years. Single bulbs of exceptional tulip varieties were sold at fantastic prices. There is a record of one swap of a bulb for a gilded coach and six horses; another of one bulb traded for six acres of land.

When the wild bulb bubble finally burst in 1637, resulting in chaos and riots, the government had to move in to settle the rhubarbs about who robbed whom. After a financial hang-over, the Dutch settled down to build a stable industry the hard way, and the main reason nobody can beat them at bulb growing is that they have been hard at it, father to son to grandson, for three centuries.

The other bulbs are not native to Holland either. Hyacinths came from the Mediterranean area. They were squat, unattractive flowers until the Dutch breeders upgraded them into long-stemmed, large-cluster varieties. Dutch iris is a misnomer, because Dutch plant scouts found them in the Spanish Pyrenees.

The Dutch hate to admit it, but English gardeners first domesticated the wild daffodils of Greece and Asia Minor. The British first called them "daffydowndillies," then "daffydillies," which was too much for the sober Dutchmen, who knew all the time that Daffodils belonged to the narcissus family, horticulturally speaking.

The practical Dutch, who now grow more daffydowndillies than the English who patiently hybridized hundreds of varieties, side-step the name controversy by calling any type with a big trumpet a daffodil, and any with a cup for a center a narcissus. This annoys the British horticultural purists no end; they still stand by eleven scientific classifications for narcissus and daffodils, but it's the Dutch who grow and sell the bulbs by the millions.

This may not make much difference to a flower gardener, interested mainly in blossoms and lots of them, but it complicated the Professor's project, because nearly every bulb whose habits he was trying to change was a jumble of hybrid traits. Every well-known daffodil, for example, has at least a dozen ancestors. To make Dutch bulbs behave in a hundred lands, he had to cope with these traits.

Despite these built-in hurdles, Doctor van Slogteren has the bulb situation well in hand. By experimenting, he found that subjecting most bulbs to baking, which is a mild heat treatment comparable to a hot summer day, would speed up the growth of the bud inside, after which a chilling turned the burgeoning bud dormant again. Continued refrigeration delayed flowering for months. Then, by bringing the bulb out of the cold room and holding it in a dark room at normal temperature for six weeks, followed by a month of light and warmth, he could produce blossoms whenever he wanted.

This experimental hypnotizing of the bulbs turned out to be a ten-strike. After stubbornly resisting the Professor's ideas at first, the big shippers began building "bulb barns" in which they could do with millions of bulbs what the Professor had done with hundreds. By holding bulbs in their cold rooms for as long as eighteen months, they could ship them to South Africa and Australia just in time for planting for the Southern Hemisphere's reversed springtime.

Meantime, Doctor van Slogteren designed thirty special climate laboratories at Lisse, in which he could simulate year-round weather of Sweden or Florida or any other spot on the globe. Though these climate labs were a bit on the expensive side for the thrifty Dutch growers, they soon paid off. Sales of Dutch bulbs in the United States have doubled and redoubled since 1949. In fact, Americans have become the top customers of the Dutch bulb growers, buying one fourth of the annual harvest. Great Britain, formerly the No. 1 market, now takes a fifth of Holland's bulbs. The Germans, who starved the Dutch into eating bulbs to exist in the dark war years, now are the third largest buyers of bulbs, with Sweden fourth. The list of more than 100 countries to which the Dutch send their treated bulbs includes Iceland, Ethiopia, Fiji, Hong Kong and Guatemala, to mention only a few.

Along with the problem of making their bulbs behave in distant lands, the Dutch growers ran into some other hurdles. One was the United States plant quarantine laws, which for a time barred Dutch bulbs from American markets. The Dutch finally sent their jolly, bewhiskered Professor to Washington, D.C., to explain why Dutch bulbs were as clean as Dutch kitchens.

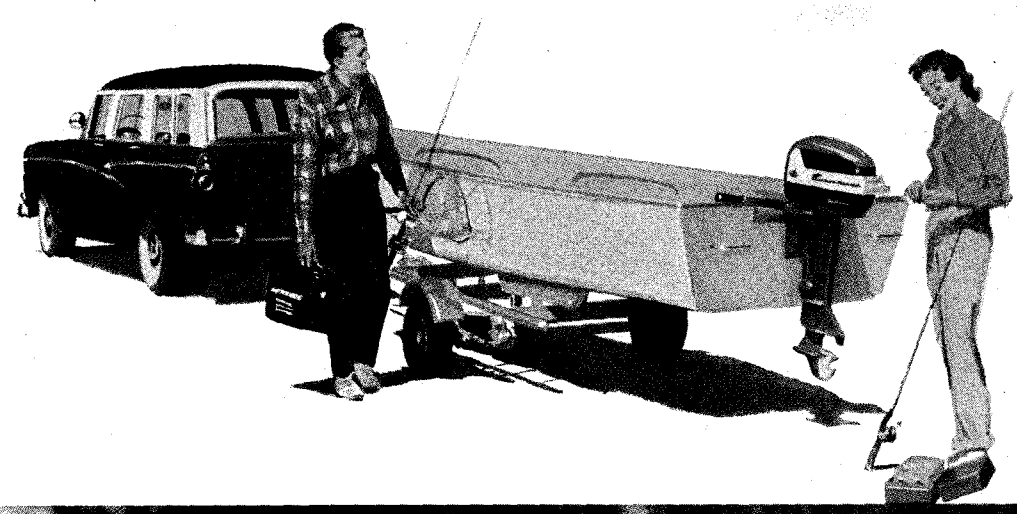
Now the United States Department of Agriculture dispatches a team of plant inspectors to Holland during the harvesting and shipping period to double-check bulbs consigned to American distributors. The Yank inspectors, knives in hand, work in the packing houses along with the Dutch inspectors, cutting open bulbs from any lot that looks suspicious to them. A single infected bulb means that the (*Continued on Page 132*)

"Well, I see you've been eating in bed again."

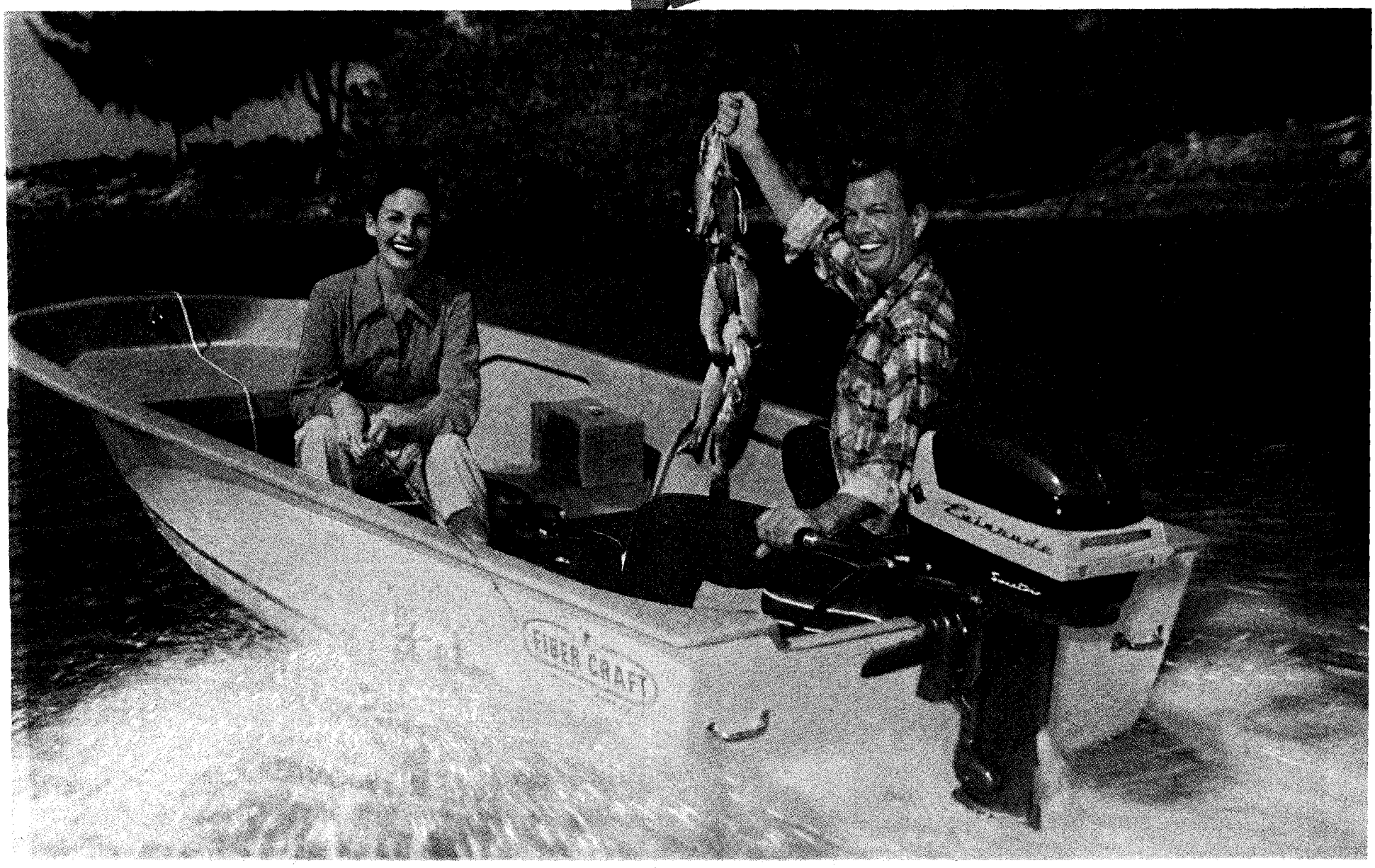
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smart fishermen



have all the luck!



Talk about the girl . . . the string of fish . . . the motor . . . it fits 'em all! Especially it fits the new '57 Evinrudes. Talk about *quiet* smooth-running power from slowest trolling to full throttle—these new Evinrudes have really got it! Talk about easy starting, easy handling, good looks, sure reliability—you can't beat 'em!

New high compression engines in the "18's" and "35's" offer unsurpassed load handling power. Power for comfortable cruisers and smart family runabouts. Power for new water skiing thrills—for fast, clean take-off and high riding tows. New starting ease too, with manual or 12-volt electric starting. New fuel economy. New high output generator (optional).

One look at these '57 Evinrudes and you'll see why more families are going boating—why more of them buy Evinrudes. See the nine new models—3 to 35 horsepower — at your Evinrude dealer. Ask for a "Revelation Ride." For free, full-color catalog of the complete Evinrude line, write EVINRUDE MOTORS, 4436 North 27th Street, Milwaukee 16, Wisconsin.

Find Your Nearest Dealer in the 'Yellow Pages'

A Division of Outboard Marine Corporation
In Canada: Mfd. by Evinrude Motors, Peterborough

Evinrude

quiet outboard motors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Springfield RIDING LAWN MOWER
Lawn mowing is fun with this hill-climbing, clean-cutting, easy-handling Springfield model. Big 3½ hp engine! Big 24" rotary blade! Big league performance with its four forward speeds and reverse . . . 4 wheel stability . . . separate clutch for blade . . . knee-action front wheels . . . short turning radius. The price? $100 less than you would guess . . . and watch your family beg to ride it! See your dealer for extra use attachments, too.

A Gardener's Best Friend is his

Springfield

Powered Lawn and Garden Equipment

Springfield ROTARY TILLER
It's good-bye garden drudgery when you put your Springfield rotary tiller on the job.
Imagine! One power tool plows, pulverizes, weeds . . . and both narrow and wide rows, too. Big 3 hp engine! Exclusive tine discs that are guaranteed for life against breakage . . . Removable individually without wrenches . . . self-sharpening and non-fouling with weeds.
No wonder tilling is tops and the top tiller is the Springfield model. Your dealer has it and its attachments.

Write for free literature . . . PRODUCTS OF QUICK MANUFACTURING INC., 3241 EAST MAIN ST., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

(*Continued from Page 130*) whole lot is quarantined. This arrangement expedites delivery of bulbs once they arrive at American ports. The Dutch bulb industry pays the expense of this inspection, which is one of the few examples of international co-operation that cost the United States taxpayer nothing.

All the bulbs shipped to American markets come from the sandy soils behind the dunes that stretch from Haarlem on the north to Noordwijk aan Zee near The Hague, on the south. In this compact area, the bulbs come out of the ground as clean as scrubbed potatoes. In the soils of the other growing area farther north, the clay sticks to the bulbs. So these are consigned to countries less finicky than the United States about the danger of plant pests.

Another perplexing problem for the Dutch is how to avoid surfeiting the world with bulbs. Each of the 8000 growers would like to increase his acreage, because bulbs are Holland's bonanza crop. To hold the harvest down to the amount the 200 exporters can sell without glutting the markets and depressing prices, the government limits each grower to a quota. Meantime, it also collects 1 per cent of the wholesale price for a fund to build up the industry. Doctor van Slogteren gets about one fourth of this fund for his laboratory work. The rest goes to the Central Bloembollen Committee, headed by Walter Roozen, whose family has been growing bulbs for three centuries, to tell the world about Dutch bulbs.

Every spring at blossomtime, hordes of visitors flock to Holland from all over Europe to feast their eyes on the vast carpets of daffodils and tulips. This, too, was a problem for the Dutch, who welcomed the guilders the visitors spent. But the bulb growers considered the annual tulip trek a nuisance because the tourists clogged the narrow roads and trampled the fields. Also, for best results, the blossoms had to be removed almost as soon as they opened. This brought loud protests from the sight-seers. (The billions of blossoms must be picked so that the strength of the plants goes down into the bulbs and not up into useless seeds. The flowers are hauled off by the bargeload on the canals.)

The canny Dutch solved the problem by planting three huge gardens where, for a small consideration, the tourists can view the outstanding tulips, daffodils, hyacinths and Dutch iris at their best, in natural settings. One of these is the *Keukenhof*, or "kitchen garden," so named because it was once the family garden of a historic old estate of royalty. A group of seventy of Holland's largest growers leased the neglected garden, located near Lisse, and each year they plant 10,000,000 bulbs of their best varieties beneath the trees and along the walks that wind through the seventy-five-acre park. Another is the Bulb Museum, at Limmen, where they have gathered the original wild varieties from which modern tulips and hyacinths have been developed. The Dutch regard this garden as an ace in the hole, in case a highly bred strain deteriorates; from Limmen's hardy natives they can give it a shot of floral blood, if need be. The third great garden, known as The Growers' Window, surrounds the new 1,000,000-guilder Bulb Exchange at Hillegom.

The bulb growers sell most of their crop at Dutch auctions, held in Hillegom, Lisse and Haarlem. Dutch auctions work in reverse, from the top down. Every basket of bulbs to be sold is displayed in a warehouse for inspection before the buyers take their seats in the auction hall. Each batch of bulbs has its identifying number. As a batch is offered for sale, the hand of a huge clock, whose numbers are prices, begins moving down the scale. When it reaches a price which a buyer is willing to pay, he presses a button in front of his seat and the hand stops. In a remarkably short time, the auctioneer sells hundreds of batches of bulbs without a word being spoken or a hand raised.

Some growers raise crops of bulbs on contract for the big shippers. Some sell by direct bargaining or through commission agents. But every farmer knows that he can unload his bulbs at the silent Dutch auctions to the first buyer to push a button, if need be. The buyer might even be a rival grower in a speculative mood.

Since the great tulip crash of 1637, the Dutch haven't gone on another bulb bender, but every grower lives in hope of hitting the jack pot with a bulb like King Alfred, a daffodil that has earned millions of guilders for Holland over the years. Or like Golden Harvest, which has stolen the spotlight from King Alf. Golden Harvest was the lucky strike of Bran Warnaar, a grower and shipper who hybridizes as a hobby.

Warnaar spotted the first huge blossom of Golden Harvest in 1909. Knowing he had the gift of a lifetime, he hoarded th increase in bulbs until 1925, when riva growers talked him into selling abou 1000 bulbs at $200 per bulb. Thus War naar made a killing, but provided him self with some competition. Today Golden Harvest brings only eight cent per bulb wholesale. But even at tha price, the progeny of that one bulb bring more than $600,000 a year into Holland

By way of contrast, and revealing hov chancy is the hybridizing gamble, War naar decided during the German occupa tion, when he had nothing else to do, t make a lot of crosses of promising tuli varieties. From this hybridizing he ha vested about 10,000 seeds which grev into flowering bulbs seven years late Out of the 10,000 chances, he garnere only two improved tulips he considere worth saving. Whether or not either c these will turn into a big-money bul remains to be seen.

A big-money bulb, in the Dutch grow er's thinking, is one that brings $100,00 a year or more to Holland. One like Fan tasy, a popular parrot tulip, for example which earns around $170,000 annually The new red tulip, Holland's Glory looks like a big-money bulb. So does For tune, a long-stemmed giant daffodil tha is a current favorite.

Which raises another question that i always good for an argument amon Dutch bulb growers, "What's in a name? A lot of early varieties bore Dutch name which even Hollanders found hard to re member. Others were named for king and queens and characters famous at th time, but no longer in the headlines. Mo growers and shippers have concluded th doesn't pay.

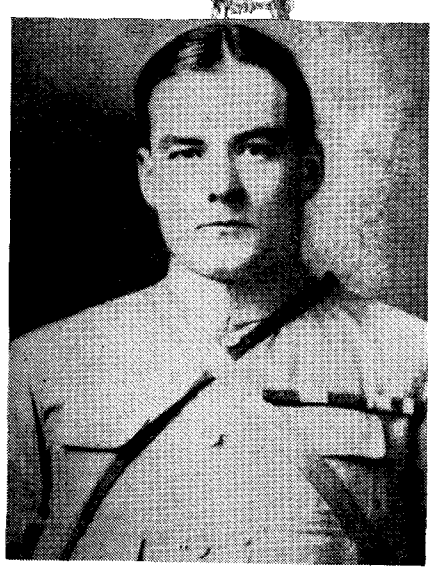
"People pass out of the limelight, but good bulb lives for generations," de clares Walter Roozen, who is the chan pion of simple descriptive names, prefe ably in English, because the English speaking peoples buy more than half Holland's bulbs. THE EN

Television, in addition to taking the place of radio, is now taking the place of housework.

DAN VALENTINE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Baron wanted him shot



"You," said the suavely arrogant young baron in the blue and silver *Generalstab* uniform, "are a British spy. And," pointing his hand like a pistol, "you know what that means."

What it meant was that the most daring correspondent of his day, counting on America's 1914 neutrality, had wandered too far behind German lines. And made a new acquaintance who was now politely insisting on having him shot. But 24 hours later, Richard Harding Davis nonchalantly rode back to Brussels in a German general's limousine.

By that time, Davis had become an old hand at getting out of tight spots. It was, after all, his sixth war. And as early as his third, he had been commended for cool courage and offered a commission. His admirer: Colonel Roosevelt of the Rough Riders.

Novelist, playwright, reporter, world-traveller, Richard Harding Davis was the idol of his generation. And his clear-headed adventurousness, his love of fair play, would have made him one today. For America's strength as a nation is built on just such personal qualities.

And America's Savings Bonds are literally backed by them. It is the courage and character of 170 million Americans that make these Bonds the world's finest guarantee of security.

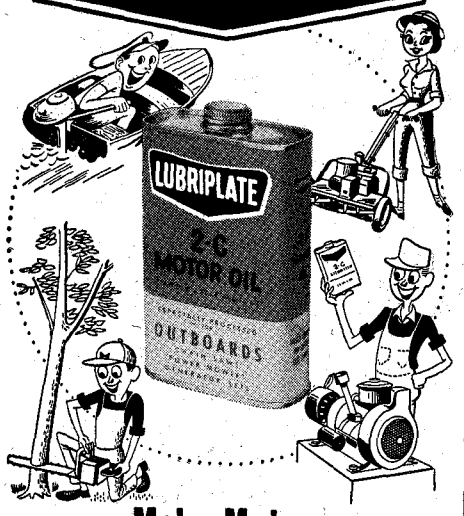
For in U.S. Savings Bonds your principal is *guaranteed safe*, to any amount—and your rate of interest *guaranteed sure*—by the greatest nation on earth. Buy U.S. Savings Bonds regularly where you bank or through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work. And hold on to them.

PART OF EVERY AMERICAN'S SAVINGS BELONGS IN U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

The U.S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LUBRIPLATE
LUBRICANTS



Make Motors Run Better... Last Longer

LUBRIPLATE 2-C MOTOR OIL is processed for use in both two and four cycle motors. Will mix easily with gasoline and stay mixed. Does a better lubricating job. Burns completely, keeps the motor clean. Does not foul spark plugs, thus assures quicker and surer starting.

Your equipment deserves the best. Use **LUBRIPLATE** . . . You'll see the difference immediately!

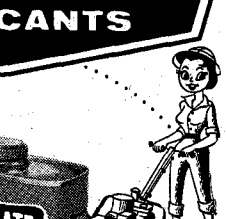
At Hardware, Sporting Goods and Marine Stores

OTHER LUBRIPLATE PRODUCTS
LUBRIPLATE OUTBOARD GREASES for underwater gears
LUBRIPLATE H.D.S. MOTOR OIL for cars, trucks and tractors
LUBRIPLATE AUTO-LUBE "A" for general automotive lubrication
LUBRIPLATE in handy tubes for sports and household uses
LUBRIPLATE INDUSTRIAL LUBRICANTS for every application

LUBRIPLATE DIVISION, Fiske Brothers Refining Co.
Newark 5, N. J., Toledo 5, Ohio.

Miracle Cushion Holds False Teeth Tight

Eases Sore Gums



Snug® brand Denture Cushions are a triumph of science, a sensational new plastic re-lining that gets rid of the annoyance and irritation of loose, badly fitting false teeth. Snug eases sore, irritated gums due to loose fitting dentures. Applied in a few minutes, makes the wobbliest plates stay firmly in place—gives perfect comfort. Eat anything—talk, laugh—plates "stay put." Harmless to gums or dentures.

Snug re-liners can last from 2 to 6 months. Stays soft and pliable—does not harden and ruin plate. Peels right out when replacement is needed. No daily bother with adhesives. Get Snug brand Denture Cushions today! 2 liners for upper or lower plates $1.50. Money back if not satisfied. At all druggists.

STOP FLOODING, STALLING AND GAS WASTE

MAKE YOUR AUTO RUN BETTER!

ASK YOUR MECHANIC TO INSTALL **FILT-O-REG®**

FUEL PRESSURE REGULATOR

Recommended by carburetor specialists for new and used cars. Only $7.95 plus installation. Sold by Auto Service Depts. and Garages. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

ALONDRA SALES, INC., LOS ANGELES 19, CALIF.

Mounties PHOTO CORNERS

LONGER LIFE FOR FAVORITE PHOTOS

10c & 25c SIZES AT CHAIN, DRUG, VARIETY STORES

Pals of My Childhood

(Continued from Page 36)

determined retreat into the house itself. Screen doors were no barriers to them, for the copper mesh melted under the raking impact of their talons as if it had been tissue paper. Both owls would then come bursting through the shattered screen into the kitchen, breathing hard and looking apprehensively over their shoulders at the wide outer world where their unwanted freedom lay. Consequently the back-yard cage became not so much a means of keeping the owls with us as a means of keeping them from being too closely with us.

The two fledglings were utterly unlike in character. Wol, the dominant member of the pair, was a calmly arrogant extrovert who knew that he was the world's equal. Weeps, on the other hand, was a nervous, inconsequential bird of an unsettled disposition, and plagued by nebulous fears. Weeps was a true neurotic, and though his brother learned to be housebroken in a matter of a few weeks, Weeps never could really be trusted on the furniture and rugs.

When they were three months old and nearly full grown—although tufts of baby down still adhered to their feathers—Wol effectively confirmed mother's first impression as to his ability to defend himself. At three months of age he stood almost two feet high. His wingspread was in the neighborhood of four feet. His talons were an inch in length and needle-sharp, and, combined with his hooked beak, they gave him a really formidable armament.

One summer night he was in a huff as a result of a disagreement he had had with our dog, Mutt. When darkness fell he refused to come down from a high perch in a poplar tree in order to go to bed in the safe refuge of the cage. Since there was nothing we could do to persuade him, we finally left him in his tree and went to bed ourselves.

Knowing something of the ferocity of the night-stalking cats of Saskatoon, I was uneasy for him, and I slept lightly, with one ear cocked. It was just breaking dawn when I heard the sound of a muffled flurry in the back yard. I leaped from my bed, grabbed my air rifle and rushed out of the front door.

To my horror, there was no sign of Wol. The poplar trees were empty. Suspecting the worst, I raced around the corner of the house, my bare feet slipping in the dew-wet grass.

Wol was sitting quietly on the back steps, his body hunched up in an attitude of somnolent comfort. The scene could hardly have been more peaceful.

It was not until I came close, and had begun to remonstrate with him for the chances he had taken, that I saw the cat. Wol was sitting on it. His feathers were fluffed out in the manner of sleeping birds so that only the cat's head and tail were visible. Nevertheless I saw enough to realize that the cat was beyond mortal aid.

Wol protested when I lifted him clear of his victim. I think he had been enjoying the warmth of his footrest, for the cat had been dead only a few moments. I took it quickly to the foot of the garden and buried it circumspectly, for I recognized it as the big ginger tom from two doors down the street. It had long been the terror of birds and dogs and fellow cats throughout our neighborhood. Its owner was a big man with a loud and raucous voice who did not like small boys.

The ginger tom was the first but not the last feline to fall into fatal error about Wol. In time the secret cemetery at the bottom of the garden became crowded with the remains of cats that had assumed that Wol was just another kind of chicken, and therefore easy meat.

Nor were dogs much more of a problem to the owls. Rather grudgingly, for he was jealous of them, Mutt undertook to protect them from others of his own race. Several times he saved Weeps from a mauling, but Wol did not really need his protection. One evening a German shepherd—a cocksure bully if ever there was one—that lived not far from our house caught Wol on the ground and went for him with murder in his eye. It was a surprisingly one-sided battle. Wol lost a handful of feathers, but the dog went under the care of a veterinarian and, for weeks afterward, he would cross the street to avoid passing too close to our house—and to Wol.

Despite his formidable fighting abilities, Wol was seldom the aggressor. Those other beasts which, like man, have developed the unnatural blood lusts that go with civilization, would have found Wol's restraint rather baffling, for he used his powerful weapons only to protect himself or to fill his belly, and never simply for the joy of killing. There was no moral or ethical philosophy behind his restraint; there was only the indisputable fact that killing, for its own sake, gave him no pleasure. Although perhaps if he and his descendants had lived long enough in human company, he might have become, in reality, as sanguinary and as cruel as we conceive all other carnivores, except ourselves, to be.

Feeding the owls was not much of a problem. Weeps ate anything that was set before him, on the theory, apparently, that each meal was his last. The future always looked black to him—such was his sad nature. Wol, on the other hand, was more demanding. Hard-boiled eggs, hamburger, cold roast beef and fig cookies were his chosen articles of diet. Occasionally he would deign to tear apart a gopher that one of the neighborhood boys had snared on the prairie beyond the city, but, on the whole, he did not relish wild game—with one notable exception.

It has been said, and publicly, by scientists who should know better, that the skunk has no natural enemies. It is just this sort of smug generalization that gives scientists a bad name. Skunks have one enemy in nature—a voracious and implacable enemy—the great horned owl.

There can be few animal feuds as relentless as the one which has raged between horned owls and skunks for uncounted aeons. I have no idea how it started, but I know quite a lot about the tenacity with which it is still pursued.

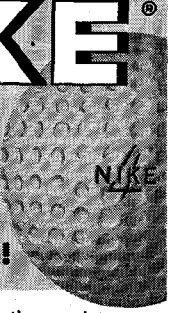
The faintest whiff of skunk on a belated evening breeze could transform the usually calm and benign Wol into a winged fury. Unfortunately, our house stood on the banks of the Saskatchewan River, and there was a belt of underbrush along the shore which provided an ideal highway for wandering skunks. Occasionally one of these striped atrocities would forgo the riverbank and do his arrogant promenading on the sidewalk in front of our house.

The first time this happened was in the late summer of Wol's first year. The skunk, cocksure and smug, as are all the members of his benighted species, came down the sidewalk just as dusk was falling. Some children who were playing under the poplar trees fled the approaching outcast, as did an elderly woman who was airing her Pekingese. Swollen with his own foolish pride, the skunk strutted

NEW Guided Missile of the Fairway—

NIKE®

the Golf Ball with the L-O-N-G Range for Only HALF the PRICE!



Here's a long-flight ball that's equal to, or better than, conventional golf balls now costing twice as much. Its liquid center and high compression assure accurate, long-lasting vitality. It conforms to tournament specifications and has successfully passed rigid tests by a leading research laboratory for hardness, distance, resilience and abrasion and wear resistance.

CAPRI NIKE—equal to a $1.25 golf ball, now only 69c . . . and the *CAPRI*—high-compression, live rubber center ball, just 49c

SEE THEM TODAY AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON, INC.
Established 1871
414 Park Avenue, Worcester 10, Mass.

WONDER-PASTE *makes paint removing easy*

. . . Just spread it over the surface with a paint brush. Softens any finish right down to the wood or metal. Use on furniture, woodwork, trim—indoors or out. Will not run on uprights. At paint and hardware stores. Over 5 million cans sold—long a favorite of painters.

• *Write for free Wonder-Paste folder* or send 25c for illustrated Manual on Refinishing.

Wilson-Imperial Co., 120 Chestnut St., Newark 5, N.J.

CURE "LAWN" BACKACHE!

Do all your lawn trimming and edging jobs . . . *standing up!* An hour's work in five minutes, with

Trim Master *Electric*
LAWN TRIMMER AND EDGER
BANTAM $24.95
TRIM MASTER $39.95
Write for literature.
At Hardware & Garden Supply Stores.
Order direct if dealer can't supply.
E. F. BRITTEN & CO., INC.
Cranford 19, N. J.

WHY WASTE GASOLINE?

Clean your **CARBURETOR** *with* **GUMOUT** *now!*

Just add to the gas—cleans as you drive.

GUMOUT • CLEVELAND 4, OHIO

70% of all Cartan clients are "repeat" customers

See your Travel Agent

CARTAN TOURS *Since 1899*

U.S.A. • Mexico • Canada
Hawaii • Europe • Caribbean

CARTAN TRAVEL BUREAU, Inc., Chicago 2

GAUZTEX BANDAGE or a TAPE

ALLOWS YOUR SKIN TO BREATHE—HEAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on until he came beneath the overhanging branches in front of the Mowat home.

Our windows were open and we were just finishing a late dinner. There was not much breeze, and by the time the first acrid warning came wafting into the dining room, Wol was ready to make his entrance too. He came through the open window in a shallow dive and fetched up on the floor beside my chair, depositing a defunct skunk upon the carpet at his feet.

"Hoo-hoohoohoo-HOO!" he said proudly. Which, being translated, probably meant, "Mind if I join you? I've brought my own lunch."

We never fully cured him of his vendetta against skunks. But it did not bother us as much as it might have done some families, for we were already cursed with a dog that was a skunkaphobe and, over the long and pungent years, we had become resigned, if not accustomed, to the almost perpetual aura of wood kitty in and about our home.

Owls are not widely renowned for their sense of humor, and Wol may have been an exception, but he, at least, possessed an almost satanic fondness for practical jokes, of which poor Mutt was usually the victim. He would steal Mutt's bones and cache them in the crotch of a tree trunk just far enough above the ground to be beyond Mutt's reach. He would join Mutt at dinner sometimes and, by dint of sheer bluff, force the hungry and unhappy dog away from the dish, and keep him away until finally the game palled. Wol never actually ate Mutt's food. That would have been beneath him.

His favorite joke, though, was the tail squeeze. During the searing heat of the summer afternoons Mutt would try to snooze the blistering hours away in a little hollow which he had excavated beneath the hedge on our front lawn. However, before withdrawing to this sanctuary he would make a careful cast about the grounds until he had located Wol, and had assured himself that the owl was either asleep or at least deep in meditation. Only then would Mutt retire to his cool repose and dare to close his eyes.

Despite a hundred bitter demonstrations of the truth, Mutt never understood that Wol seldom if ever slept. Sometimes the owl's great yellow orbs would indeed be hooded, but even then—though he might appear to be as insensible as a graven bird—he retained a delicate awareness of all that was happening around him. His eyesight was so phenomenally acute as to discredit completely the old canard that owls are blind in daylight. Often I have seen him start from what appeared to be a profound trance, if not a slumber and, half turning his head, stare full into the blaze of the noonday sky while crouching down upon his roost in an attitude of taut belligerence. Following the direction of his intent gaze with my unaided eyes, I could seldom find anything threatening in the white sky, but when I brought my field glasses into play they would invariably reveal a soaring hawk or eagle so high above us that even through the glasses it seemed to be no bigger than a mote of dust.

In any event, Mutt's suspicious reconnoitering before he gave himself up to sleep was usually ineffective and, worse than that, it frequently served to alert Wol to the fact that his favorite quarry would soon be vulnerable.

Wol was a bird of immense patience. He would sometimes wait half an hour after Mutt had slunk away to rest, before he began his stalk. He always stalked Mutt on foot, as if disdaining the advantage given to him by his powers of flight.

Infinitely slowly, and with the grave solemnity of a mourner at a funeral, he would inch his way across the lawn. If Mutt stirred in his sleep, Wol would freeze and remain motionless for long minutes, his gaze fixed and unblinking on his ultimate objective—Mutt's long and silken tail.

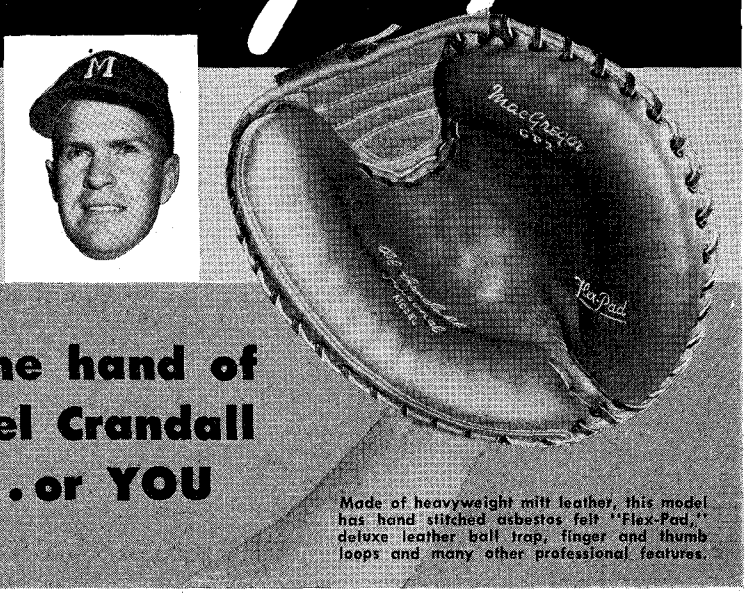
Sometimes it took him an hour to reach his goal. But at last he would arrive within range, and then, with ponderous deliberation, he would raise one foot and poise it—as if fully to savor the delicious moment—directly over Mutt's proud plume. Then, suddenly, the outspread talons would drop, and clutch ——

Invariably Mutt woke screaming. Leaping frantically to his feet, he would spin around, intent to punish his tormentor—and would find him not. From the branch of a poplar tree well above his head would come a sonorous and insulting "Hoo-HOO-hoo-hoo!" which, I suspect

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"In all fairness, I think I should let you know that I'm a big liar. . . . "

MacGregor®



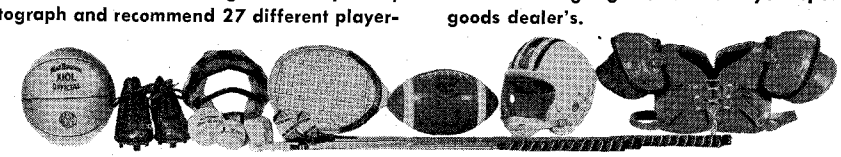
on the hand of Del Crandall ...or YOU

Made of heavyweight mitt leather, this model has hand stitched asbestos felt "Flex-Pad," deluxe leather ball trap, finger and thumb loops and many other professional features.

There's no better mitt than MacGregor

Whether it's on the hand of Del Crandall, Ted Kluszewski, Ferris Fain, Walt Dropo, Gus Bell, Richie Ashburn . . . or you, a MacGregor glove or mitt is made to deliver a top performance with every pitch . . . on every play. That's the reason these and many more major leaguers, all members of the MacGregor Advisory Staff, autograph and recommend 27 different player-designed MacGregor gloves and mitts.

There's a right one in this complete MacGregor line — from professional models to junior models—to help you improve your fielding average. So take a tip from today's baseball stars . . . choose the finest . . . choose a 1957 MacGregor glove or mitt at your sporting goods dealer's.

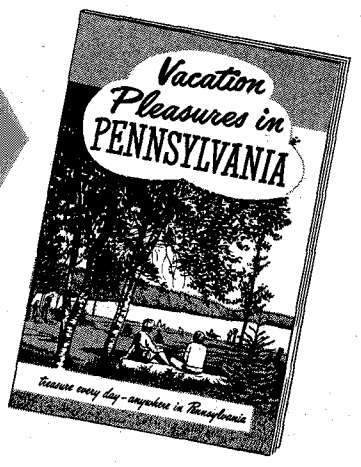


THE MACGREGOR CO., Cincinnati, 32, Ohio • BASEBALL • FOOTBALL • BASKETBALL • GOLF • TENNIS

GREATEST TRAVEL BARGAIN IN THE U. S.

More Scenery—More History—More Sports—More Fun . . .
in Pennsylvania, State of 1001 Vacation Pleasures

FREE!



From Philadelphia, "birthplace of American freedom" to the sandy beaches of beautiful Presque Isle State Park on Lake Erie . . . there's a thrilling panorama of Nature's wonders and superb vacation facilities waiting for you in historic Pennsylvania.

Truly, as millions of other vacationers have discovered, here is America's greatest travel bargain . . . for in no other state can you find Pennsylvania's matchless combination of glorious past and fun-filled present.

Mail coupon for free 28-page brochure containing dozens of breathtaking full color photographs . . . *an invaluable guide to the recreation, relaxation and inspiration you'll find in hospitable Pennsylvania.*

PENNSYLVANIA DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
671 State Capitol Building,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Send me a *free* copy of your 28-page full color brochure "More Vacation Fun for Everyone in Pennsylvania."

Name.....

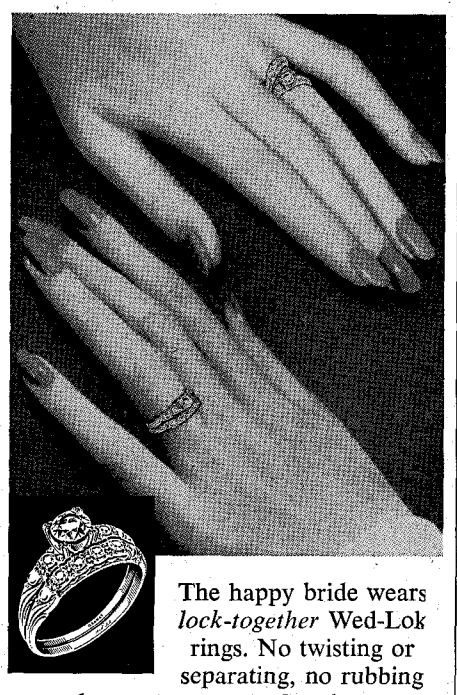
Address.....

City.....

Zone.....State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which is the happier bride?



The happy bride wears *lock-together* Wed-Lok rings. No twisting or separating, no rubbing together to cause wear. See the many exquisite Wed-Lok sets at your jeweler's soon. Or write us direct for free illustrated booklet.

Wed-Lok®

Protected by letters Patent
© by Granat

GRANAT Manufacturing Co.
San Francisco 8, California

Make Your Summer More Enjoyable with this Aluminum Cooler!

THIS aluminum chest will hold a full case of beverages. Equipped with a bottle opener, a drain plug, and removable food tray it is ideal for picnic or traveling enjoyment.

To earn yours send us three 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10 each, or five 2-year *Ladies' Home Journal* subscriptions at $6 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your home at the full advertised price. Both new and renewals count but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write your order on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance to us. Offer good in continental U.S. only, until July 31, 1957. Sorry, no cooler chests may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
967 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Rex Wheat Germ Oil-24yrs.
DOGS — CATS — BIRDS
STOP Misery! Itch, Eczema, Dry coat due to lack SKIN VITAMIN—Linoleic oil (50% in Rex). Add to food. Give Beauty, Brilliant Sheen to Coat or Feathers.
FREE LITERATURE, REX, MONTICELLO, ILL.

CORNS Easy-to-use liquid is medicated to dissolve even the toughest corns quickly, safely, painlessly! Don't suffer. Try GETS-IT today! GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER

is about as close to laughter as an owl can come.

It seemed to be inevitable that any animal which we took into our family would soon cease to consider itself anything less than human, and it was so with Wol. Very early in life he took note of the fact that we others could not, or would not, fly, and he thereupon accepted a terrestrial way of life for which he was but poorly adapted.

When I visited the little corner store, some three blocks from home, Wol would usually accompany me, and he would walk. Strangers who did not know him—and there were few such mortals in Saskatoon—were apt to be severely startled when they encountered him during one of these promenades, for he walked with a lumbering, rolling gait that smacked of a lifetime of alcoholism. Furthermore, he gave ground to no man. If a pedestrian bound upstream happened upon Wol going downstream, the pedestrian either moved aside or there was a collision. These collisions were not to be taken lightly.

I recall all too vividly an occasion when a new postman, wrapped in the perusal of the unfamiliar addresses on a bundle of letters, walked full into Wol one summer morning. The man was so completely preoccupied with his own problems that he did not even bother to glance down to ascertain the nature of the obstruction in his path, but blindly tried to kick it to one side. This, to Wol, was tantamount to deliberate assault. He rose on his dignity—which was immense—uttered a piercing hiss and banged the offending human on the shins with his mighty wings. Nor was this a gentle form of retaliation, for the power of Wol's wing was roughly equivalent to that of a medieval battering ram. There was a sharp crack. The postman yelped in sudden pain; peered down at his feet; yelled even louder—this time on a high, keening note—and promptly fled the neighborhood. It was left for me to collect the scattered letters and to pursue him with what I hoped were appropriate apologies.

When school began again that fall I experienced some difficulty with the owls, but in particular with Wol. My school was on the opposite side of the river, a good three miles from home, and I reached it by bicycling over the 25th Street Bridge. When I began going to classes in September the owls were indignant, for they, who had been my constant companions all that summer, were now left alone. They did not readily accept this new state of affairs and, during the first week of the term, I was late on three successive days as a result of having to conduct my tenacious pair of avian followers back home.

On the fourth morning I grew desperate and tried locking them in the big outdoor pen—which they had long since ceased to use. Wol was infuriated by this treatment and he tore into the chicken-wire barrier with angry talons. I sneaked hurriedly away, but before I was halfway across the bridge a startled shout from a pedestrian and the scream of brakes from a passing car alerted me to some unusual happenstance. I had barely time to apply my own brakes when there was a wild rush of air, a deep-throated and victorious "Hoo-HOO!" and two sets of talons settled themselves securely on my shoulder. Wol was breathless from the unaccustomed business of flying, but he was triumphant.

It was by then too late to take him home again, so I went resignedly on my way to school. I left him in the yard, perched on the handlebars of my bicycle and insecurely tied with binder twine.

My third class that morning happened to be French. The teacher was a desiccated female whose spiritual home may have been Paris, but who had never actually been farther east than Winnipeg. She was grotesquely affected, humorless and a tyrant. None of us liked her. Yet I actually felt sorry for her when, in the midst of the declination of an irregular verb, Wol whumped moodily in through the second-story window and slid to an unsatisfactory halt upon the top of her hardwood desk. The exclamation with which she greeted him was given in very old Anglo-Saxon, without even a hint of a French accent.

I had an interview with the principal after this incident, but he was a reasonable man, and the upshot was that I escaped corporal punishment on the understanding that my owl would stay at home in future.

I achieved this end, but only at the cost of giving the owls the free run of our house. Some ten minutes before I was due to leave for school I would invite Weeps and Wol into the kitchen, where they were allowed to finish off the bacon rinds left from our breakfast. Apparently Wol accepted this as a sufficient bribe, for he made no further effort to follow me to school; and Weeps, who always accepted Wol's lead, gave me no more trouble either. Mother, on the other hand, was not best pleased by these arrangements.

Although the majority of the human residents of Saskatoon knew about, and were inured to, our owls, there were at least two occasions when Wol and Weeps were the unwitting cause of some alarm and despondency to members of the human species. One of these took place in a prairie hamlet to the north of Saskatoon. It was in August, and my parents had decided that we should spend a weekend at Emma Lake, a resort area far to the north. We loaded our camping gear aboard Eardlie—our Model A convertible—and the six of us—mother, father, myself, Mutt and the two owls—set out.

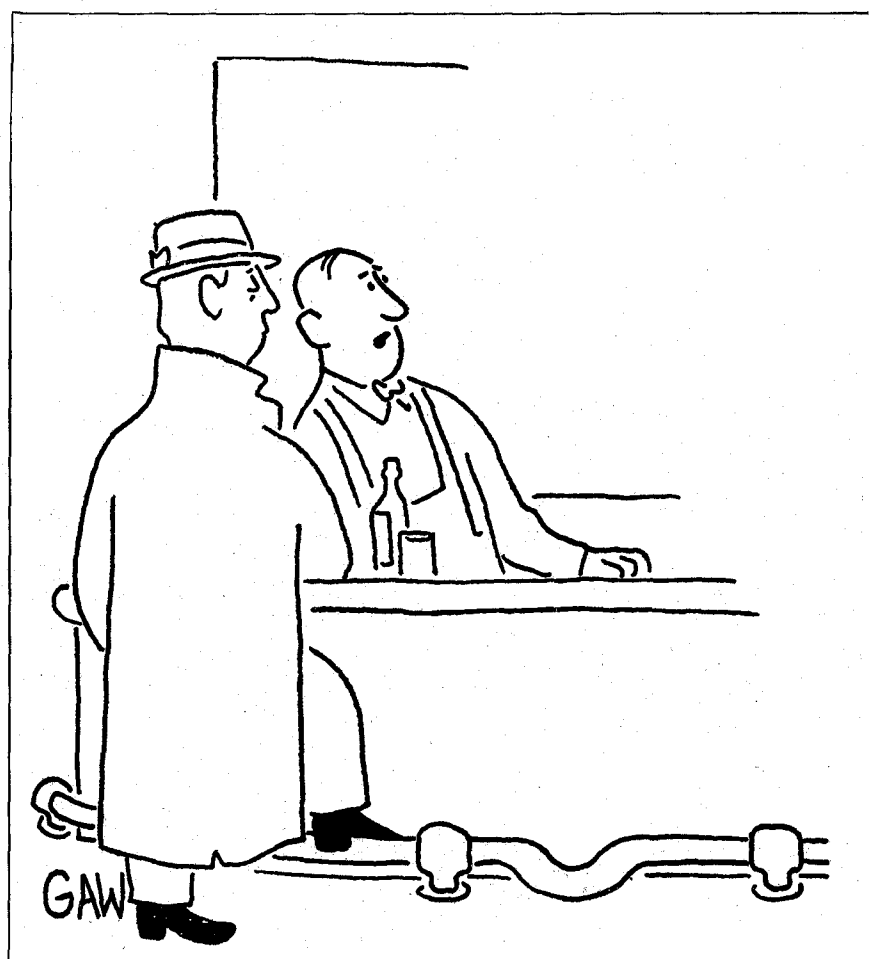
Having ridden in the car on several previous occasions, the owls had developed a preference in the matter of seating arrangements. Their chosen roost was the back of the rumble seat, where they were exposed to the full force of the slipstream. They loved it, for it offered them the same exhilarating thrill that all small boys experience when they thrust a hand out of a car window and let the wind act on it as it does upon the wing of an aircraft. My owls exploited this adventure to the utmost limit. As soon as the car was in motion they would extend their great pinions as if in flight. If they then slanted the leading edges downward, the rush of air would immediately force them into a squatting position. But when they tipped the leading edges upward they would be lifted clean off the seat, and only the grip of their talons would keep them from soaring aloft like kites.

There was not sufficient room to allow both of them to bob up and down together, so they learned to alternate. While one was going down, the other would be coming up in rhythmic frequency. Intoxicated by the rush of air, they would often break into song and my father caught up in the spirit of the thing would punctuate their excited hooting with blasts on Eardlie's horn.

Mutt also rode in the rumble seat, but he was too dignified a beast to take part in these unseemly proceedings. Mutt had delicate eyes, and in order to protect them from the inevitable prairie dust, my father had fitted him with a pair of motorcycle goggles. Thus the complete picture of Eardlie on the highways included a vignette of Mutt sitting stolidly between two active owls, and staring straight ahead through his out-size goggles with a kind of dour resignation.

At the time, I never considered the effect that this visitation must have had upon the drivers of farm wagons whom we passed, and upon the drivers of other cars who passed us. But I have since had many penitential thoughts about the matter.

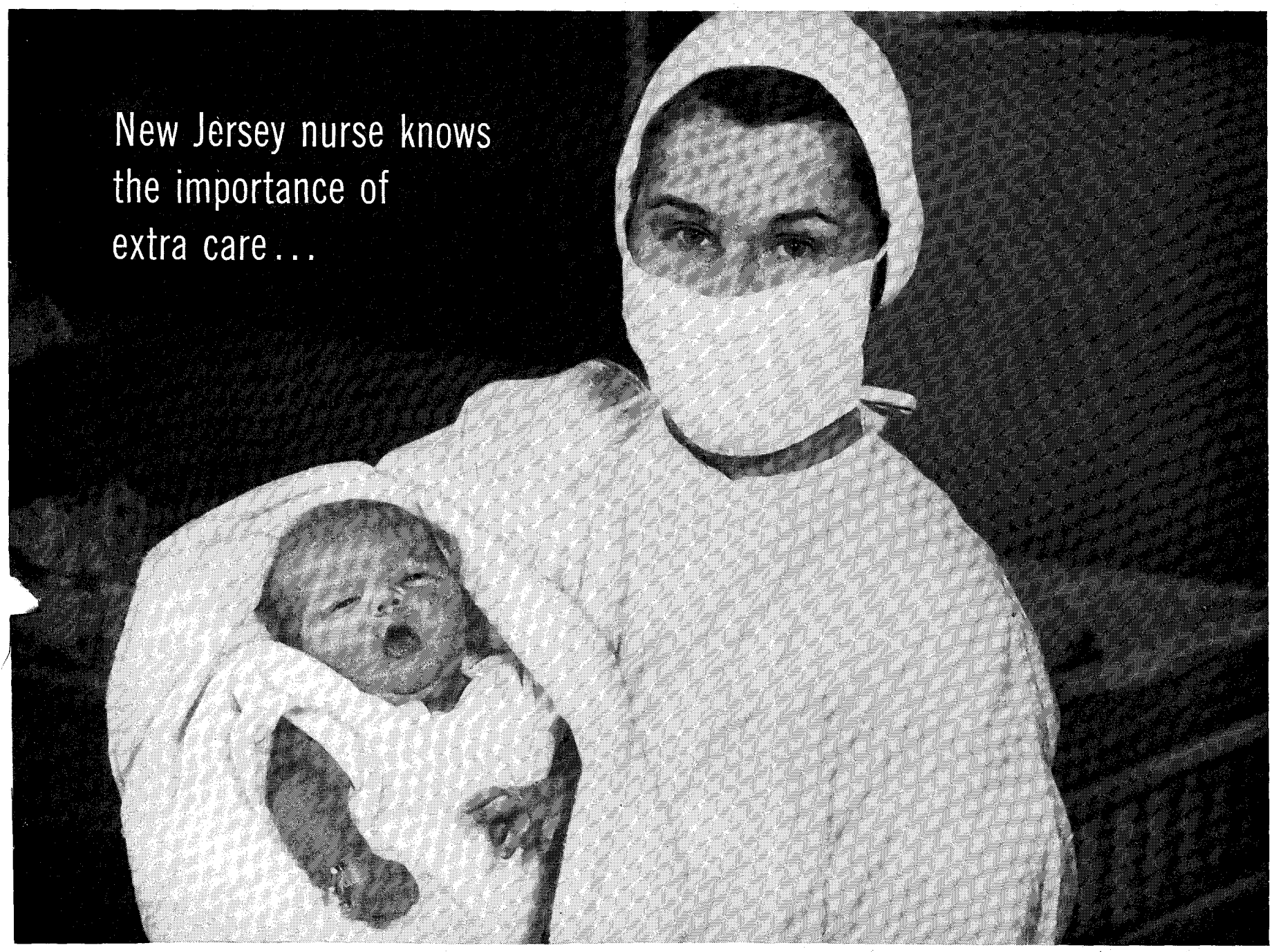
(*Continued on Page 138*)



"Sure was a big fellow, wasn't he?"

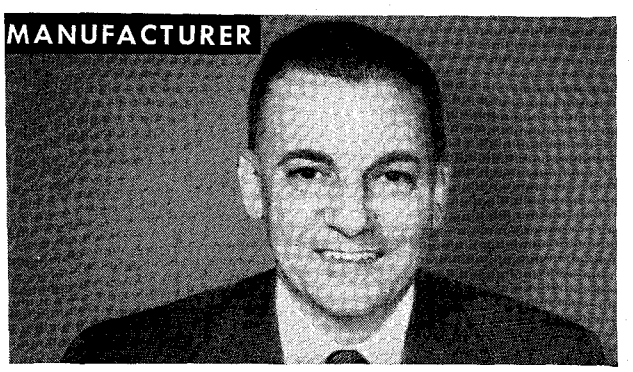
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

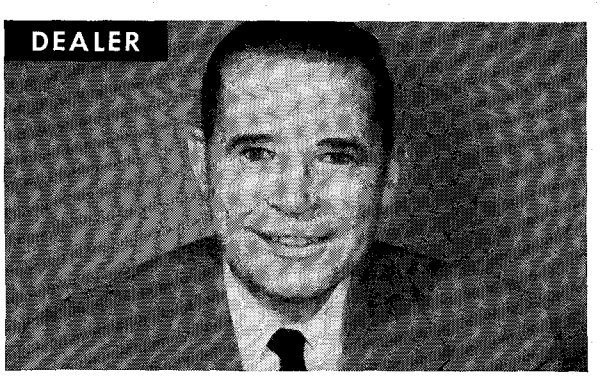


even when she shops she won't take risks...

She's always satisfied most with a BRAND that's made a NAME for itself!



"I MADE IT...and it's my responsibility to be satisfied hat it's the very best product possible. If it isn't the best nd the most up-to-date, people just won't buy it again. Satisfied customers are the only way I can build my business."



"I SOLD IT...and I know I won't run the risk of losing a customer. My customers feel more comfortable buying a brand name. *I* feel more comfortable, too—for satisfied customers build my business."

"I BOUGHT IT because I know I can depend on it. Advertised brands offer me the newest, most improved products, the best values, the biggest selection. I can even order them by phone without taking a risk."

BRAND NAMES **make it easy for you to buy the best**

BRAND NAMES WEEK
APRIL 28–MAY 4

THE BRANDS YOU SEE ADVERTISED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE NAMES YOU CAN TRUST!
THEY STAND FIRMLY BEHIND EVERY PRODUCT AND CLAIM THEY MAKE
BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION INC., 437 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 136*) On the day we started north the sky was threatening, and we had gone only fifty or sixty miles when a thin drizzle began to beat upon the wind screen. The drizzle quickly thickened, and we halted to erect the canvas hood over the front seat. By the time we finished, the rain had become a downpour, and when we drove off again the rumble seat and its occupants were receiving a mighty scourging from the storm. Mutt wisely hunched himself down into the seat well, where he was less exposed to the fury of wind and water, but the owls refused to abandon their exposed perch. They even seemed to be enjoying the pelting rain, although their feathers were soon plastered to their bodies and their great wings were sodden and drooping.

Eardlie was the one that really suffered from the deluge, and he began to cough and sputter alarmingly just as we entered one of those two-elevator, one-store, one-garage villages which sprout like toadstools on the western plains. The garage in this particular village was a scrofulous frame shanty with a single antiquated gasoline pump in front of it. A black doorway gaped in the façade and, presuming that this led to the workshop, my father wheeled Eardlie through the thickening gumbo of the street and straight into the interior of the building.

The garage was dark and gloomy. A single meager light bulb glowed dismally high up amongst the rafters, and by its wan and pallid rays we could barely distinguish the clutter of old tractor parts and rusted scrap that almost filled the place. The proprietor was not immediately in evidence, and we were about to dismount and go searching for him when my eye was caught by movement near Eardlie's rear right fender. A man was crouching in the shadows there, apparently brooding over an old inner tube. He had a tire iron in his hand and he seemed quite oblivious of our presence.

We waited with what patience we could muster until he finished communing with the tube and, very slowly, began to straighten his back and stand up to our level. His face came slowly into my view about three feet away from the rumble seat. I can see that face as clearly now as I saw it then. It was pallid, deeply lined and petulant, and smeared with grease that had stiffened a week-old beard. It was wearing a look of querulous animosity, but this began to change as the eyes slowly focused themselves on the car and its passengers. The pallidity of the face was suddenly accentuated in a startling manner. The jaws began to move as they might in a ruminant—though they were chewing on nothing more substantial than empty air.

It was then that Wol chose to shake himself. He spread his wings to their full extent, gave a little leap and sprayed water far and wide. The shake transformed him, increasing his apparent size about threefold as his wet feathers came unstuck. Even I found the transition startling enough, but when he concluded the performance by loudly clacking his great beak, by flipping the membranes sickeningly over his yellow eyes, and by giving throaty voice to his relief, the effect was devastating.

The garageman's face indicated that at least he found it so. The tempo of his jaws speeded up and his face registered a look of fearful and then desperate incomprehension.

Perhaps Mutt was as curious as were the rest of us, for at this moment he chose to thrust his goggled head over the edge of the car for a closer look, peering in his shortsighted manner into the garageman's face.

The man had had enough. He moaned low in his throat, threw the tire iron recklessly over his shoulder, but did not stay to hear the crash of broken glass as the sole window shattered. He was gone by then, running down the muddy street, his lank arms held high above his head and the rain beating into his face.

"Oh, Jesu!" he was crying. "Oh, Sweet Jesu! I never done it, that I'll swear!"

Mother was shocked. She felt that this was a foolish and sacrilegious thing to say. But how could she know? I have often speculated since on the nature of that man's hidden crime, for there must have been small enough scope for sin in that desolate and meager little village.

More than a year elapsed, and Wol had become a full-fledged member of the family, before he struck once more at human sanity. He had, by this time, become a house owl, making almost as much use of the house as we did ourselves. It was useless to try to deny him house privileges, for he had learned that when he came and banged on the windowpanes with his horny beak, we would hasten to admit him before the glass gave way. During the warm seasons we resigned ourselves to leaving one of the living-room windows permanently open, and by this portal he would come and go as the mood was on him.

In the summer of Wol's second year, Saskatoon was enriched by the arrival of a young curate who had just graduated from a famous divinity school in the East. The curate was of an earnest persuasion and he made it his first duty to pay a call on each and every one of the members of our parish—to which he was attached. It was a warm and balmy summer afternoon when he reached our house on Crescent Avenue.

He rang our doorbell, and mother was pleased to welcome him, for he was a well-favored youth. He had the high-domed forehead that is so often the mark of the stage cleric, but the hair above it was black and curly and in virile contradiction to the cloth he wore. Mother invited him into the living room for a chat and a cup of tea.

The young man made himself discreetly comfortable on our chesterfield, a massive and antique piece of furniture which was so placed that it faced the fireplace, while it turned its back on the open window some six feet behind it. Balancing a cup gracefully in his hand, the young divine engaged mother in conversation, the burden of which was concerned with my own lamentable absences from Sunday school.

Wol had been spending that afternoon ant bathing. This was a peculiar pastime in which he sometimes engaged, and which consisted of tearing an anthill apart and then fluffing the mixture of dust and angry ants through his feathers. He seemed to find the sensation gratifying, although its purpose seemed inscrutable to us. At any rate, he finished his bath about four P.M. and, feeling in an amiable mood, decided to come into the house and tell mother about it.

To this day, my mother swears she did not see him in sufficient time to warn her visitor. I believe that she saw him well enough, but was just too petrified to open her mouth. It is certain, in any case, that the curate had no immediate warning, and it is equally certain that his superiors had neglected to tell him about our owls during the brief time he had been in Saskatoon. It followed, then, that he must also have been unaware that Wol, in his maturity, had become a sentimental bird possessed of the endearing habit of leaping lightly to one's shoulder, there to balance himself while he tenderly nibbled the nearest human ear with his great beak, breathing harshly but affectionately into the face of his companion the while. Everyone who was acquainted with Wol knew of this habit, and some deplored it, for Wol was a carnivore and, as a result, he had the most atrocious breath.

The flight of an owl is noiseless; there is no warning rustle of pinions. Wol's arrival on the window sill was as silent as the arrival of a puff of thistledown. He paused a moment in the opening and then, spying a pair of tempting shoulders on the chesterfield, he forthwith launched himself across the narrow intervening space.

The object of his amiable attention shot straightway into the air and began leaping ecstatically about the room. It was an ill-considered action, for Wol lost his balance and his talons tightened convulsively.

The curate now demonstrated that he was both an athletic and a vocal youth. He howled and his bouncing became even wilder. Wol, clinging for dear life, and deeply disturbed by this rude reception, tightened his grip once more, and then—and it happened only because of his surprise and indignation—he forgot for the first and last time in his mature life that he was housebroken.

"Good night, Mrs. Walker, good night, Mr. Walker, good night, Mrs. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I do not recall any single catastrophe amongst the many which beset my family through the years, that caused us quite as much embarrassment as this one. Mother, who was a pillar of the church, suffered more than the rest of us, but my father and I were not exempt. I can but hope that the church officials duly noticed how well filled the Mowat collection envelopes were on succeeding Sundays. I hope, too, that the elders of the church had the common decency to reimburse their new curate for dry-cleaning expenses incurred, let us say, in the line of duty.

The stories of my family, and of Wol and Weeps, that I have so far related are no more than vignettes of a relationship which, on the whole, was a warm and rewarding one. Even my mother, who had less reason than the rest of us for such an attitude, was singularly fond of Wol, and she forgave him almost everything during the three years he was with us. Though our owls were often under foot, both actually and figuratively, we would not willingly have eschewed the chance to live with them.

But as it must be with the tales of most wild things which have been taken from the wilderness, the final fate of the two owls was a tragic one. When we left the West permanently in 1935, it proved impossible to take them with us; and so we reluctantly made arrangements with an acquaintance who owned a farm some 200 miles from Saskatoon to care for our old friends. It was, of course, out of the question to turn them loose, for they would have been as helpless in the outer world as new-born owlets.

For almost a year we had good reports of both our birds, but then poor, ineffectual Weeps somehow managed to strangle himself in the wire netting of his cage. Only a few weeks later Wol tore the mesh apart and vanished. I wish that he had vanished permanently.

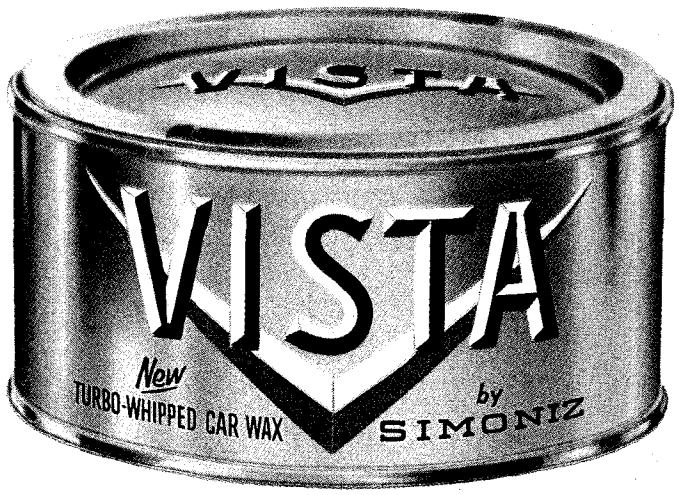
Before we left the West I had tagged both owls with marked and numbered aluminum bands supplied by the United States Biological Survey. One day I received a letter from the Survey informing me that a great horned owl, banded by me in Saskatoon in the spring of the year 1935, had been shot and killed in that same city in April of 1939.

The address of the man who killed the owl, and who returned the band to Washington, was given. It was the address of the house on Crescent Avenue where we had once lived with Wol and Weeps.

And so, in the end, Wol went back to that home which he had known so well. It took him almost three years to find his way, yet he succeeded. I can guess at his thoughts as he landed in the familiar old poplars and then dropped contentedly down to light upon the window sill, and to rap imperatively upon the glass with his great beak. . . .

I only hope that death was mercifully quick. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

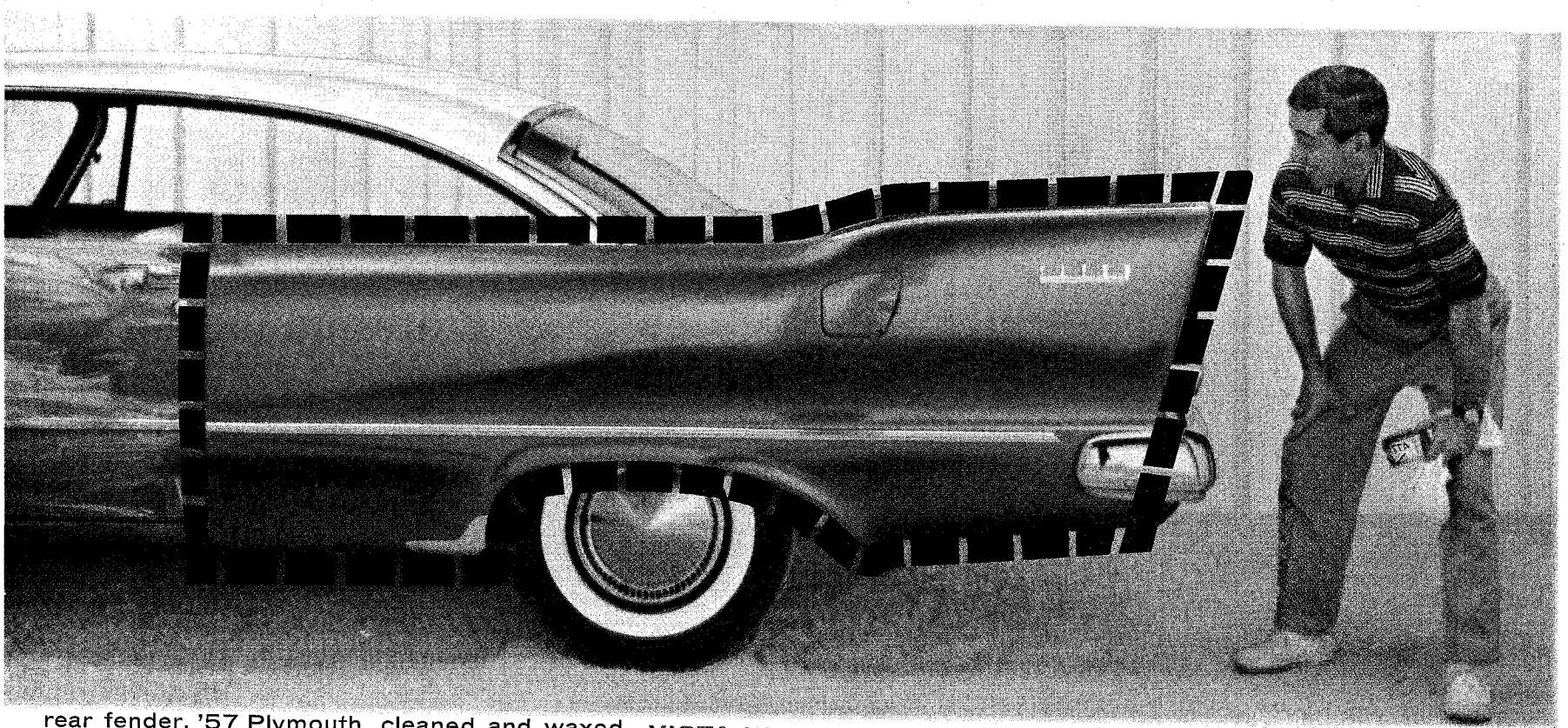


new!

all-in-one car wax and cleaner by Simoniz ...gives hard paste wax lustre and durability...yet cleans and shines with ease and speed never possible before!

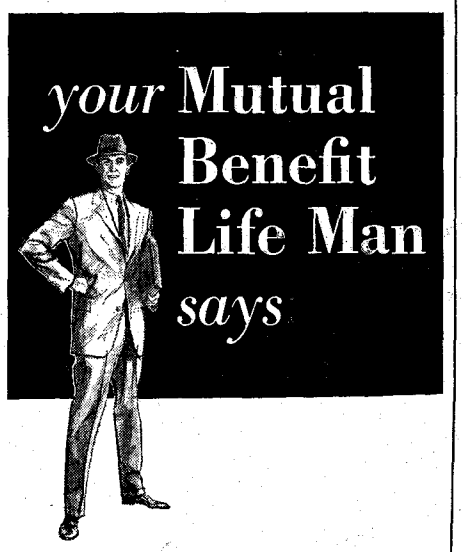
reason: VISTA IS TURBO-WHIPPED

VISTA is tough paste wax, plus cleaner, *turbo-whipped* together. This exclusive mixing process by Simoniz whips hard wax into soft particles . . . makes it possible to clean and wax in one easy application. Designed for today's gay car colors, turbo-whipped VISTA is ideal for *all* car finishes. Try it!



rear fender, '57 Plymouth, cleaned and waxed. **VISTA TIME: 4 MINUTES. DURATION: UP TO 6 MONTHS.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Good advice *now* can save many tax dollars *later.*"

Not one man in 10 realizes the tax savings possible through recent developments in the law. And to qualify for these savings it's often merely a matter of making simple—but *necessary*—changes in your present life insurance program. Because so much of their time is devoted to Estate Planning for clients, Mutual Benefit Life men like **Gordon Little of Baltimore** know exactly what to do, and their help is always available to you and your accountant or attorney.

The **Mutual Benefit Life** *Insurance Company, Newark, N. J.*

Keeping Posted

Two Generations of Posters

The ability to arrange words effectively runs in this family. That's novelist Conrad Richter, page 44, with Mrs. Richter and their daughter, Harvena, who has graced Post pages with stories and poetry. Richter himself reports from Pine Grove, Pennsylvania: "No news except that foreign translations of my novels, now in a dozen languages or more, have taken a spurt lately, including Turkish, Persian and a couple of the languages of India—or is this too literary and boasting?" No, it's just good news.

Willie Comes Through in the Pinch

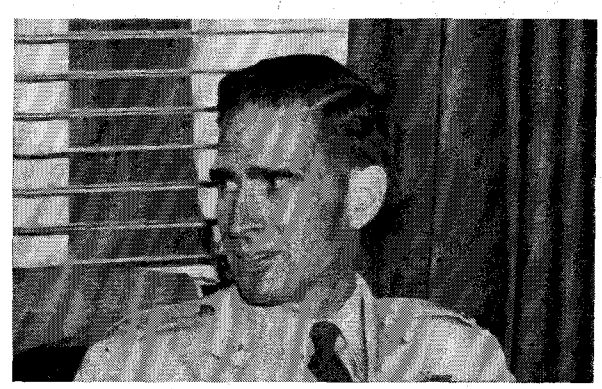
Mr. Linn, Mrs. Linn.

Edward Linn did most of his interviewing of Willie Mays, page 31, while accompanying him to his TV appearances; and there he found that Willie's shyness and great self-confidence combined to drive the TV people slightly crazy. One night when Mays was to do a commercial he was an utterly hopeless case during several practice run-throughs—he mumbled, stuttered, blanked out, always missed his cue and had to be pushed into camera range. When he did get a line right, he spoke utterly without expression. At camera time, the TV people were in a near-fainting condition—whereupon Mays proceeded to deliver his lines faultlessly, with delicate nuances of expression. Then the announcer, wh had been in an agony of apprehei sion about having to cover u Willie's fluffs, blew *his* lines, and h hands shook like aspen leaves.

You might like to know that Ed Linn, when he was in Boston Un versity studying journalism in 19 after three years of war, sold th Post the first short story he ever trie to write. He had a wife at the tim and she had a job. Today Mr Linn's job centers on youthf Michael and David, while Mr. L a free-lancer, is self-employed.

Two High-Flying Motion Pictures

Lindbergh—well, James Stewart—flies again.



Colonel Hess: autobiography reaches the screen.

When the movie The Spirit of St. Louis, based on Charles Lindbergh's story of his Paris flight, premiered recently in New York, reviewer William Zinsser, of the Herald Tribune, said, "The astonishing thing is that you keep wondering if he is going to make it. Everybody knows that he *did* make it." Obviously Warner Brothers has maintained the artistic level set by General Lindbergh in his Pulitzer Prize book (Scribner's), which ran in ten installments of the Post in 1953. Contributing to the screen success are James Stewart, who enacts Lindbergh; producer Leland Hayward, and director Billy Wilder, who with Wendell Mayes al did the screenplay. As the film crosses the U.S., t movie replica of Lindy's plane may fly with it.

Another new aviation cinema, starring Rock Hu son, is Battle Hymn, the remarkable story of Air For Colonel (and the Reverend) Dean Hess. Produc Ross Hunter tabbed this for Universal when Haro Martin wrote about Hess in the Post in 1951, and t colonel's subsequent autobiography (McGraw-Hi evolved into the picture. Hess' movie proceeds will go the Cheju war orphanage which he founded in Kore

Tulip Time in California

When Frank Taylor, page 42, and his wife were in Holland interviewing Dr. Egbert van Slogteren, the horticulturist asked if he might send them some tulip bulbs to run an experiment for him in their California garden, and that was fine with the Taylors. When the bulbs arrived, in a truck, they proved to be 5000 in number. Mr. and Mrs. T. had hardly recovered from planting them when the whole landscape blossomed into what would have been a perfect replica of Holland if Taylor had dug a couple of canals.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Belafonte Gives it All He's Got"

Says Harry Belafonte, who made folk songs pay off in *millions*, "It's taken me most of my 30 years to become 'an overnight success.'" The story of an extraordinary young man.

Printed in U.S

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED